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REV. JOHN C. KILGO.
PPESIDENT TRIN TY COLLEGE

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THE
Trinity Archive.

INAUGURAL NUMBER.

OCTOBER, * 1894.

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PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS,
TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Fidelity Bank of Durham, N. C.,

MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discounts \$233,846.77	Capital \$100,000.00
Overdrafts 27.04	Surplus 30,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures 2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid 5,440.29
Due from Banks \$31,021.05	Deposits \$149,586.74
Cash <u>26,997.41</u>	Cashier's Checks <u>4,444.51</u>
	Due Banks 154,031.25
58,018.46	Dividends unpaid 773.75
<u>\$294,851.77</u>	<u>\$294,851.77</u>

Calling your attention to the above Statement, this Bank solicits the accounts of Individuals, to whom we will extend every accommodation consistent with conservative Banking.

Respectfully,

JOHN F. WILY, Cashier.

B. N. DUKE, President.



CLOTHIERS

AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

100 West Main Street,

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, OCTOBER, 1894.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

Direct all matter intended for publication to G. T. ROWE, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and a half per scholastic year (eight issues) payable STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

K. P. CARPENTER, Business Manager,
Trinity Park, Durham, N. C.

SKETCH OF OUR NEW PRESIDENT— REV. JOHN C. KILGO.

Although President Kilgo has been with us but a few weeks, he is well known to the students, the faculty and the people of Durham. The history and character of some men are written in their faces. This is true of the subject of this sketch. His countenance is frank and open, and you seem to know him at first sight. He is free from any affectation. He is plain and unostentatious in his manners, therefore, he is an honest man. He does not wish to appear that which he is not, and he does not wish to conceal that which he is.

He is a man of unusual strength of character. He hates sham and humbug and loves sincerity and truth. He is not an imitator of other men, nor does he permit others to fasten their consciences, ideas or doctrines upon him. He does his own thinking and is guardian of his own conscience. He is not afraid of his own shadow, and when he forms opinions he has the courage to utter them or to defend them.

As a preacher, he possesses extraordinary force. All self-reliant men have originality. They are not repeaters of phrases, nor are they accustomed to accepting everything at second-hand. They think for themselves and therefore their discourses have the charm of freshness and are full of ideas

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not used by others, and full of new and striking illustrations. President Kilgo belongs to this class. He is a strong and logical reasoner. His arguments are uniquely arranged and enforced by powerful and original illustrations. He displays exceptional zeal and earnestness in his preaching. His sermons abound in pathos, good natured humor, and homely and classical allusions, while he rises frequently to the sublimest heights of eloquence. His face is very expressive and his manners are easy and attractive.

In the recitation room he is equally as entertaining and forcible.

President Kilgo does not govern the student-body by any rules. He has no faith in high fences nor in police government. But he has faith in the young men, and he trusts to their honor and to the moral atmosphere of the institution to develop them into manly characters. He is large hearted and magnetic, and it is needless to say that the students already love him, and that he already rules them by the example of his own genuineness and strength of character.

All the friends of Trinity College may rejoice over its future, made bright by the leadership of this noble and inspiring genius.

The following facts of his life, we copy from the *North Carolina Christian Advocate* :

“His great grandfather, Isaac Kilgo, and his grandfather, William Kilgo, were born and reared in Wake county, N. C. In 1809 they moved to South Carolina. His father was born in Chester county, S. C., Feb. 16, 1820. His father was licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1846, and in 1850 he was admitted on trial into the South Carolina Conference. In 1855 he was married to Miss Catharine Mason, of Fairfield county, S. C. His first two years of married life were spent in North Carolina. During his pastorate at Shelby, their oldest child, a daughter, was born. John Carlisle Kilgo is the fourth child in a family of eight

children, five of whom are now living. He was born at Laurens, S. C., July 22, 1860. He was born and reared in a Methodist parsonage. Not only was his father a preacher, but a continuous line of Methodist preachers have gone out from his maternal family. He joined the church when eight years old and was converted at the age of eighteen years.

October the 1st, 1880, he entered the sophomore class at Wofford College. At the end of this collegiate year he was forced to quit college because of a failure of his eyes, In 1882 he taught school, and on May 27th, of that year was licensed to preach. He was admitted on trial into the South Carolina Conference December, 1882. He was married to Miss Fannie Turner, Dec. 20th, 1892. His first year was spent as junior preacher on the Bennettsville circuit. 1884-'85 he was pastor of Timmonsville, S. C.; 1886-'87, he was pastor of Rock Hill, S. C. In 1888 he was pastor of Little Rock, S. C. At the close of 1888 he was appointed Financial Agent of Wofford College. On the resignation of Dr. A. Coke Smith in 1890, he was appointed to the chair of Political Economy and Metaphysics. In 1892 he received from Wofford College the degree of Master of Arts. He was a member of the late General Conference at Memphis, Tenn. He was offered the presidency of Hendrix College in Arkansas, but declined for reasons sufficient to himself.



CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

PRESIDENT'S KILGO'S ADDRESS UPON ASSUMING CONTROL
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

The world has gone forward as new men have trained themselves for higher and better thoughts. Every revolution and every new era of progress have been the product of a deeper and larger mental struggle; and every period of stagnation has been the exhaustion of the world's best thought, without any increase of ideas. For more than once has the world outlived its stock of thought, and such periods have always been marked by a decadence of institutions, and always culminated in a restlessness, out of which was born a deeper mind that rose up to set the march of civilization to a new and broader truth. Israel outlived its prophets; the days of Pericles were the golden days of Grecian history; Cæsar carried Rome to its heights; Erasmus, Rabelias, and Luther broke the chains of intellectual bondage, and set the world upon a new and broader history; and Bacon freed the mind from the syllogism of Aristotle, and taught the reason to grapple with facts. So it is that ideas have forged the world into their own image. When false, they have dissipated human energy and hindered human progress, and left their piles of ruin scattered through the earth. Where they have been true they have marshalled the forces of man, inspired a higher courage, projected a greater life, and diffused faith and progress through all the earth. Every thought has left its mark somewhere. If it has not begotten life, it has destroyed it. The world at any time will never be more than its stock and type of thought at that period.

But it is not my purpose on this occasion to make an apology for thought. It is too late in the world's history to

waste time trying to convince educational skeptics. The history behind us, and the hopes before us more than vindicate our institutions of learning against the withering doubt of their opponents. We are fully committed to it by everything that we hold dear in human history. And we are hopeful enough to believe that we have only entered on a work upon whose altars the South will lay its richest sacrifices of wealth and talent, till we become rich in all the glory of Christian intelligence.

Education is not the luxury but rather the necessity of our modern life. Science has so greatly changed both the character and extent of demands and resources as to make the luxuries of Charlemagne the necessities of the American laborer. Thus to live, even in a material sense demands larger preparations than in any period in our history. The Grecian schools have grown into our workshop of a struggle for existence, and has taken its place among the common furniture of our civilization. The problem is not, shall we educate, but how shall we educate? The conflict is over systems, ideals, curricula and modes; and almost any system finds defense. It is not my purpose at this hour to enter into the discussion of any of the various and delicate questions of educational systems. I will content myself with laying down this general proposition: that is the truest system that produces the highest and noblest type of man. I am aware that this leaves a large range for discussion, only to be settled by the contest of individual ideas. But even this does not effect the truth and strength of the general position which I have assumed. It is a fair proposition.

It is here that the Church finds its duty to educate. With faith in Christ as the only worthy type of character, and with an uncompromising purpose to hold to its faith and position, the Church seeks to develop this faith and produce this character among men. This is the ideal of its educational work, and is the only apology it has to offer for its colleges and uni-

versities. It is a great injustice to charge it with less and lower aims. The enemies of Christ and his Church have charged the Christian College with the purpose of conserving bigotry and religious strife. Sectarianism is the word with which they have impeached our sincerity. The charge cannot be resented with too much emphasis. The Christian community is left to choose in education between Cæsar and Christ, and deliberately they choose Christ. The difference is as widely marked as that between the Temple at Jerusalem and the Senate Hall at Rome. The Church College is therefore a test not of Church loyalty, but of the Church's faith in Christ.

This lays the necessity upon the Church to educate. Because education is ultimate, the Colleges and Universities have shaped individual and national life. Out from them have gone the influencies that have made us. They have given us, not only the basal truths of our institutions, but out from them have gone the false philosophies that threaten and jeopardize our liberties. No nation or age can get away from Colleges and Universities. England is what Eaton and Rugby with Oxford and Cambridge have made it. Germany draws its life from Leipsic and Heidleberg, Berlin, and its other schools. The University of France dictates to its national policy and shapes the social life. In America, Harvard, for more than two and a half centuries, has been pouring its life and thought along the arteries of our national organism. When the Church ceases to educate, it surrenders the claims to Christ into the hands of Cæsar, and cowardly retires from the struggle of Christly rule.

The Church College never had higher functions to perform in our national life than to-day. We have founded our institutions upon Democratic doctrines. They exist by the people and for the people, and America has always claimed large faith in the people. But democracy has reached a precarious point in its development. It has enthroned the people, and

that means that the masses rule without a ruler. Public opinion and public sentiment have laid violent hands upon our crown and sceptre, and every law appeals to public sentiment for enforcement, nor fails for the lack of the same power in its favor. The standing apology for judicial and legislative failure is the lack of public sentiment to support law. It is a pitiable sight to look upon the imperial senate chambers of Rome, degenerated into the bickering and trembling congressional halls of America. If the State has enthroned public sentiment and made it to rule, what is to rule and shape public sentiment? I answer, the Church Colleges and Universities. They have not surrendered to the masses and need not. The Church is not in the hands of the demagogue, and in this hour of national danger, the Church College, independent of every ballot and trickster, standing true to the high standards of right and justice, is the one hope of our salvation from the fury of the rabble and the helplessness of the multitude.

The problems that confront us are sociological. The world is full of them, and men everywhere are striving to solve them either by law or rebellion. When legislation is slow, the suffering masses with desperation seek a solution with shot and shell. Organizations are multiplying upon various platforms of social doctrine and trying to force relief in some form or other. Science offers us only two solutions, and they mark the extremes. It leaves us to choose between individualism or socialism. Both theories are false and impossible. The Church holds the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and they alone furnish the true solution of our problem. The Christian College is set to teach the doctrines of a true sociology, and hush the howl of the mob and send them to their places of toil by teaching them to do unto others as they would have others to do unto them. As men do not patronize Church Colleges for political preferment, and they are not debauched to political schemes, they are expected to espouse the cause of right and truth without fear or failure.

I have merely alluded to these items of vital moment in this panic-stricken age, to show some of the national functions of the Christian College. Their duty and value are equal to the authority and truths of Christ, and His claims are the full measure of their mission.

Christianity has been the inspiration of thought, and the educator of the world. The monastery and convent kept to the work of educating, while the nations warred for the extension of empire. And whatever educational enterprises we boast to-day are due to the energy and spirit of the Church. And where the Church has been left to influence the educational work of a people, the nation has been saved from the wild vegetables that threaten the overthrow of society and government. Germany may find in its system of education the essence of the socialistic ideas that hang like an awful cloud over its institutions. France and Spain may find the origin of the anarchy that threatens to undermine their governments, in the idea upon which they have founded their education. The truest patriotism is found among that people who have been taught self-trust and independence, and whatever influence inspires a Coxe's army, seeking from the public treasury the maintainance which personal energy and frugality should provide, pauperizes society and state, and hastens the overthrow of both. I do not hesitate to assert that it is the policy of the Church College to develop independence and self-assertion. The Church is too poor to undertake free higher education, and only on the basis of manly trust and self-endeavor does she attempt it. A man may be pauperized by sustaining benevolence for his independent courage and undertakings. And if education does not enrich every faculty of mind and purpose of heart, it should be discarded as a national and social peril. I doubt not that free higher education has done much to pauperize Europe, and what it has done beyond the Atlantic, it will do on this side. Let any nation assume the individual and parental

responsibility to educate by providing free higher education, and the door has been opened for Carl Mark to conceive the State's duty to provide food and raiment. His logic is not at fault, if the major premise is true. Whatever other policy may be decided upon in the future of Trinity College one is as unalterably settled as the Gibraltar; it shall be run in the interest of independent and courageous manhood. Let it never be said that a son of Trinity College begged at legislative halls for measures which a manly bosom and faithful hand should supply. And I promise my Church and State that so long as I shall stand at the helm, my voice and teachings will never give out from Trinity College men who have been robbed of manly independence. And I have pledged, as far as in us lies, to give back to North Carolina a manhood full of courage and self-defence. And on no other basis will we seek the patronage of that people who sounded the first note of American liberty, and made such rich offerings to its establishment.

The building of a college is no small undertaking. A bank may be put in operation in a few weeks; a factory may be put in motion in a short while; but to build a college or university is no holiday job. Brick and mortar are easily adjusted, but they form only a small part. Curriculum, apparatus, libraries, endowments, system, methods and standards are the important and difficult tasks. To maintain these and keep them up to the advance of scholarship, are the daily vexations. It is a work hardly ever to be finished.

The Southern Colleges have difficulties peculiar to themselves. It may not be amiss to speak of them.

I need not speak of their poverty. We have all heard the pleas in behalf of their support. Yet our people have not yet learned how to appreciate their needs. Almost with envious eye have I looked on the magnificent gifts to Northern Colleges and Universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins, and all the others with their

millions in endowments and equipments, and the annual gifts made them, make us long for some of the Northern spirit. It is the popular thing to include some College or University in the will of our Northern brother. It is a noble idea, but it does not seem to grow in our Southern climate. I am not ignorant nor unmindful of the munificence of Benjamin Wofford, Millsap, Paine, and your own townsmen, who by their noble generosity have stamped their names on the character and destiny of our people. They have been noble in their deeds, and their generosity deserves a large imitation. To invest money in a Christian College, is to make an investment in immortality. Certainly it is an inviting enterprise. We are waiting and hoping that our people will yet learn how to give. I believe the time will come.

The restlessness of our youth is no small difficulty in up-building our Southern Colleges. Sometimes I have been afraid that their seeming anxious to get into the world and do something for themselves, was not so much the eagerness to enter life as a laziness that dreaded to get ready for it. I have thought this because so many of them do so little after they get into the world. But be the cause what it may, it hinders the growth of educational institutions among us. The Southern boy enters College too soon. He does not prepare for it. He counts the time, and the almanac overthrows every argument, and half-prepared, he enters college to break down in the Sophomore year, and enters the world conscious of a fearful defeat. Hence not more than one-third of matriculates ever graduate. This weakens the preparatory schools, and to weaken them is to make the intellectual "structure insecure to the topmost pinnacle." Weak Colleges will be the inevitable result of hampered training schools. The College fights itself when it fails to uphold a strong system of preparatory education.

There is another effect which this restlessness has upon college life. Our young men want roads and short night cuts

in education, and many of our colleges, either forced by financial considerations or run mad over the idea of long rolls, have pandered to these demands, and compromised the best standards. The extravagant claims made in advertisements of schools, show an eagerness for patronage entirely too commercial. It promises no advance in the class of the work to be done by our schools. There is no greater evidence of the readiness with which our colleges are yielding to this restlessness than in the multiplication of degrees and electives. I am aware of the force in the argument that the old college curriculum lacked elasticity, but we make a poor trade when we purchase elasticity at the expense of integrity and scholarship. The day has not come yet when the college curriculum can be as æsthetic as that of the university and the college that attempts to don the robe of the university, sells itself to a sickly sentiment that will dissipate its energies and influence. It is not simply the work of the college to carry a student through a course, but a larger duty is to teach the public proper educational standards. Young men must be met at our college doors and cured of their feverish impatience. Or else the college must surrender the hope of doing the best work and fulfilling its educational mission.

The Southern College has been forced to lower its charges, till it has almost jeopardized its existence. That the Southern boy is poor we all acknowledge. But he is not as poor as he thinks himself. We are rapidly growing rich, and no section of this great country offers finer opportunities to a young man. We have scarcely begun to develop our immense resources. We are rich enough to luxuriate in much ease, and keep up an unnecessary extravagance. We have made our plea of poverty loudest at the doors of our colleges. And nowhere has collegiate work been so cheapened. Tuitions have been cut, salaries kept down, double work imposed upon teachers, and cheap board provided. I am fully in sympathy to keep every poor young man through college, and will gladly double

my duties, if by it I can help forward any worthy and ambitious young man. But we may as well begin to learn that education costs money, and that the expenses at college have been cut to the lowest point. The Southern father must learn some self-denial at home, and not impose it all on the College. And when we have learned this, the task of educating this generation will not be so herculean.

I will not violate confidence and tell you of the inside difficulties with which the Southern college is contending. I have tried to point out to you some of the obstacles which environ our work from the outside. I have done this that you may exert yourself to remove them as far as in you lies. No faculty can build a greater college than the public wants and will allow.

In accepting the position of President of Trinity College, I have not exulted in any conceit over the honor your confidence has conferred. You will pardon personal allusions. I know too well what your call means to congratulate myself upon any apparent honor. If you have placed an honor on me, you have placed a terrible responsibility and a heavy load of duty on my shoulders. I am too conscious of these, to feel anything else. I have looked at the magnificent buildings gracing Trinity Park, I have walked about them, I have gone from basement furnace to tower bell, I have measured its groves and studied its slopes, I have caught the great idea lying at the base of this magnificent plant, and these all have impressed and enthused me. But from the lofty tower I looked out not only on a rapturous landscape stretching away in the distance, but before me lay the rugged steep along which I and my colleagues are to carry your college to the success which your faith and hopes have fixed. Looking down upon us are the eyes of more than one hundred and twenty thousand Methodists in this great old State, anxiously waiting to see Trinity College put forward to the front with the leading colleges of the South. These are the thoughts

that weigh us down, and from them we get no relaxation to enjoy any conceit. We are not unmindful of what you have put on us as your faculty, but I speak our united sentiments when I tell you, we have vowed to do our best. While we realize fully the seriousness of our positions, there is not a man of us whose faith is timid. We believe in Trinity College, and hope beats high in our bosoms.

I need not review to you any of the history of the College. You are acquainted with it. I deem it best to tell you of some of our needs, and those to whom we look to for support. The hour would be more than wasted if I dealt only in flattery. I have no disposition to be insincere at this hour.

We need a college chapel. I need not tell you why. The reason you will know. Aside from this, I will not ask for any more buildings of any great cost. But the chapel I regard vital to our work, and I feel sure that the church is willing to give it. Truly there can be no fitter deed than to build at Trinity a Craven Memorial Chapel in honor to him whose fidelity to God and his Church laid the foundations of Trinity College. It is our crime that monumental character is not marked with monumental memory. We allow men of great deeds to serve us, and when they are gone we are content to utter a few phrases of commendation, and then look for the uprising of another. Some one has said: "If benefactors were more highly appreciated, benefactors would be more frequent." Among the heroes of North Carolina Methodism none towers above Dr. Braxton Craven. In the face of storm and disappointment, through the smoke and ruin of war, and without money, he held steadily to his faith in Christian education, expending his life for the sons of North Carolina's homes, till he had put his life on their cause. The history of Trinity is largely the history of his toils and sufferings. We owe him a debt of gratitude we can never pay, but here and now I call on every Methodist whom

he served, and every boy who sat in his class room, and every lover of Christian heroism to rise up and speak his name to future generations through a Memorial Chapel worthy of his memory. We cannot do less.

We must increase our library and apparatus. They are indispensable to our work. We have what we may justly term a good beginning. But a growing college, like a growing man, has increasing necessities. I have often thought of the great results that might be accomplished by every friend of a college annually presenting a volume to the library or some piece of apparatus to the laboratory. The tabernacle was built in the wilderness by the small offerings of Israel.

We must beautify our campus. Nature has done for it all we can ask, and it awaits the finish of human art. Hundreds of trees are to be planted, walks and drives are to be out, flowers planted, and grass grown. The beautiful campus of Vanderbilt University can be excelled at Trinity Park. In our rapidly growing city there is no Park, and the day is not far away when Durham must provide a place away from the crowded streets, where the overworked mother, and the pale-faced child can get a full breath of pure air. Such a place of recreation may be out there. The campus must represent the best taste of our Church, and with the help of all, we will make it a place of beauty.

Last but not least Trinity must be endowed. No College of high grade can be self-sustaining. Tuition fees form but a small part of a College's income. If no other source of income is provided, the destiny of the College is easily told. If we are sincere in our purpose to maintain a College for Christian education, we must put our money into it. The South has dealt our mere pittances to its educational work in the way of endowment, and there is not in all the South a well endowed College for the education of white young men. The richest college is a college for colored young men. We have much to learn in this regard. And when we learn to

appreciate brain above brawn, and mind more than money, our poverty will not impede us in our duty. We should never forget the heroic spirit of Leyden. When reduced to famine by the Spanish invasion, they refused relief from taxation, but out of their poverty paid the taxes to build a University from which Holland got its intellectual glory. We are poorer in faith and love than in money. The Methodists of North Carolina must endow their College. This is not the time to inaugurate schemes. I simply wish to speak of our duties.

I will not now ask for any increase in our working force. Your faculty is willing to do double work, if it will aid in bringing the Church to an equal sense of duty.

As to patronage we have a right to claim the Methodist boys of North Carolina. We claim them on the faith of their parents, not on Church loyalty. That is rather a slim foundation for a College. But we claim them on the grounds that their parents believe in a Christian school, as well as a Christian Church, Christian society, or Christian homes. We claim them upon the grounds of merit, and in this claim we enter into fair competition with any other Southern College.

I have pointed out some of our immediate and pressing needs. It will not be amiss to tell you to whom we look for support for our work.

Trinity College is essentially a part of Durham, and takes its place as a factor in the history of this city. It introduces a new element into your life and character. Durham is no longer simply a town of commerce and manufacture, but is also an educational centre. The College bell mingles its tones with the factory bell. The failure of Trinity College will be your failure, and the success of Trinity will be your success. I am not now talking of any commercial value which the College will bring to you. That is the smallest item. There is a value not to be weighed in scales, or meas-

ured by yardsticks and dollars. It is life and character to be judged by the best thoughts of coming generations. In Corinth they bought and sold, in Athens they thought and worshipped and carved, and from the proud capital of little Attica comes the fame of Greece. Tyre and Sidon and Babylon are gone, but the carving of Phidias and Michael Angelo have given to Athens and Florence a fame transcending all the wealth of those cities of commerce. Venus of Milo speaks out more glory than the conquests of Alexander or the campaigns of Cæsar. The glory of Cambridge is Harvard and the shame of New York is Wall Street. Greek is not a dead language as some declare. It can never die. It is the language of immortal ideas, and the pure and massive thoughts of its literature have made it immortal. It is thought alone that inherits eternal life. You are to look to Trinity College for the brightest and most enduring chapter of your history. Durham cannot stand away from us with folded arms. I have been led to believe by your cordial greeting and kindly words which I have received, that you are ready to give to Trinity College your most enthusiastic support. From this hour let every lover of Durham stand up for the defense and development of its College.

Upon our Board of Trustees rests much responsibility. I am glad they have been represented on this occasion. Let me say, Sir, the essential elements of a trustee is love for and faith in his trust, and these contributions we expect them to lay at our feet. I will not presume to say more. But be sure that the future of Trinity is the only sure test of loyalty to the trust committed into your hands. We will depend upon you.

You, Mr. Ivey, have brought the greetings and pledges of my Church. I am glad to receive them. Go back and tell my church that I have faith in them. And tell them in no ambiguous words that I am depending upon them. In this day of shrewd skepticism, when pretenders have donned the

priestly robes and come to the Temple, to make sacrifices at its altars, the Church must rise up against these impostors. The Church's life is its close adherence to its faith. The world is invading the shadows of our sorrows and prayers, and kissing our cheeks only to point us out to the waiting mob. If we surrender our colleges, and turn over our faith in the Son of God into the hands of the world, the day is not far away when infidelity will march against our altars and defame our sanctuary. Go, Sir, and arouse our people and tell them that Trinity College expects great things from them.

I will tell you a secret. It is a love secret, so keep it most sacredly. I am in love with my colleagues in the faculty. I am most fortunate in having with me men of such high character and scholarship. They speak well for the judgment of the Board of Trustees. I will not say that I expect their support; I already have it.

Trinity College is forty years old. She has a long list of sons—graduates and undergraduates. They were nursed in her poverty. To night I want to send them a message. Tell them that their Alma Mater loves them all. With maternal pride has she watched them take high rank in government halls, at the bar, in the class room, behind the counter, at the desk, on the platform, and in the pulpit. Tell them not to forget her. I expect the alumni to come with all their weight of influence and wealth and lay them under contribution to Trinity's success. The small gift of the Braxton Craven Memorial Hall would be a fitting expression of their love for their Alma Mater and the memory of that sainted man whom they justly honor.

Now to my fellow students. I would make love to you but for the crowd. They might laugh at us, and love is too serious to be joked. I said the other day that North Carolina sent her best sons to Trinity College. I mean it. You hold in your hands the fair name handed down to us from four decades. All the purposes and traditions of the College

have been placed in your hands for keeping. I demand, in the name of all the past, that you give them over to your successors as spotless as you received them. The reputation of Trinity is your personal reputation. No College can have a fairer name than its students. An idle, profane, carousing howling body of students will defame any history. I have promised myself that Trinity students shall be known by their gentility. I ask you to join me in keeping this pledge, I place on your shoulders to-night a large responsibility. I beg you not to betray me.

I have entered into the labors of Drs. Craven, Wood, Crowell, and their associates. Whatever success I may have will be due largely to their fidelity and toil. They have set a high standard for me. Before I will compromise their faith and character, I promise to surrender back the office I cannot grace. I have faith in our college, and I expect to go from the mountains to the sea and put Trinity College in the hearts of our people. And now I commit myself into the hands of my church, and above all into the hands of my father's God, in whose mercies and grace I fully trust.

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ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE TRUSTEES OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

By JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

We are here, under bright auspices, to inaugurate what might be termed the third administration of this college. With the exception of the brief administrations of Prof. Heitman and Dr. Wood, in the 43 years of its existence it has had but two Presidents. Each was singularly—I may say, providentially adapted for the times in which he was in charge of its fortunes.

Dr. Braxton Craven was the founder, the creator of the Institution. The church was without means to start a college

and hardly aware that it needed one. Dr. Craven satisfied the church that it did need it and without means himself he somehow created the means. The beginnings were humble. But in his hands the Institution prospered and grew. Difficulties again and again threatened to overwhelm it. Weaker men would have gone under, but from each rude shock of the adverse wave the craft emerged, riding the storm and guided by its fearless pilot, without resource save in his sublime faith in himself, in Methodism and in North Carolina, Dr. Craven made resources, organized progress and conquered success. Countless useful and successful men in every department of life owe their education to the opportunities furnished by Trinity College, and Trinity College would not have existed but for Braxton Craven. His name deserves to live in the history of his native State. He had many elements of success. Among them it was said, half in jest, that no young man ever went to Trinity College who did not become imbued with the conviction that Dr. Craven was the greatest man in the world and that his students were next to him. Well, this is no bad idea for a College President. When Dr. Busbee, the famous Head Master of a great school at Rugby received a visit from the Prince Regent of England and was showing him through the school, he kept his hat on. When the Prince was leaving Dr. Busbee explained to him that he had meant thereby no disrespect to Royalty but that he knew if he once let his boys get the idea in their heads that there was any man in the world greater than himself he would never be able to rule them again. College students, especially American College Students are very democratic. They bow to superior ability but to nothing else. Yes—they will sometimes bow to young ladies if they are all pretty, and they are all pretty in this part of the United States.

Dr. Craven created and sustained the College and established it. What help he had he fully earned. It is safe to say that no other man could have done for the College all that he did.

When he died the time had come for a wider life, a greater expansion. Our University had been built out in the country. The railroad was prevented from being built nearer than ten miles of it. Davidson, Trinity and Wake Forest were in like manner built distant from all towns. The latter, though on a railroad, was not at a station. The men of that generation made a misaiake. They underrated the American college student. They did not have the confidence in him they should have had.

We have come to comprehend that among the young men to-day painfully toiling up the hill of learning are the destined chiefs of the State and Nation who shall guide the people along the stormy pathways of the future.

This generation has tried to rectify the mistake. A railroad has been built to Chapel Hill ; a railroad station is now at Wake Forest. But Dr. Craven was so identified with the struggles of Trinity that he was attached to the spot. He could never have brought himself to remove the College. Yet its best interests demanded its removal. It had reached its full possibilities of success in its old location. It needed to be brought out and set in the midst of modern, busy, practical life. It was then that Dr. Crowell became the second President. North Carolina has never had a finer school genius nor education a more useful worker than John Franklin Crowell. Pulsating with modern activity, energised by contact with men of the great business centres, he saw at once that if the college was to grow and expand it could only do so by being in contact with the busy currents of life, not remote from them. Removal to a great business centre, where the College would be more accessible, where the great activities of everyday life should be object lessons to the students and where endowment would become possible; was a necessity. He had a difficult task before him. There was a natural sentiment of attachment among the Alumni and other friends of the Institution, to the spot where the college had so long stood and

which had become consecrated by the labors, the trials and the final success of Dr. Craven. But the tact and practical business judgment of Dr. Crowell overcome these difficulties. He succeeded in removing the college to a great business centre; to one of the liveliest, indeed probably the liveliest town in North Carolina and possessing certainly the most liberal business men in the State. He met with a hearty welcome here. He received princely and practical recognition of the college. Over \$100,000 in money and 60 acres in land are a testimony of the value which the public spirited, liberal minded, leading men of Durham set upon the advantages of education. They were willing to encourage institutions of learning and they knew how to do it. The college was removed to this great business centre. Its magnificent buildings were completed. The second stage of its existence was passed. It was now time for the roots of the transplanted tree to strike down deep, and for its branches to spread out and grow. At this juncture Dr. Crowell, feeling that his special work was done, and this his call was now elsewhere, left us. The college is greatly his debtor.

We have earnestly sought a worthy successor of our two Presidents we believe, aye more, we *feel* that in the providence of God we have found him. In predicting the happy results of our reign I will not quote that magnificent passage in the 6th book of the *Æneid*, so well known to you, further than to say in its concluding words, that in our hopes and our prayers "*Tu Marcellus eris.*"

In behalf of the Board of Trustees acting in the name of the great Methodist Church in North Carolina we now entrust to your care this casket of our hopes. Under your wise and fostering government may the College steadily grow and develop in numbers, in usefulness, in wise and beneficent influence.

From its walls may there go a living stream, ever widening and deepening, which shall make glad the land in which we

dwelt. Over the great entrance of the College there may now be written the proud motto of the Italian republics, *Esto perpetua*. Craven planted and watered. Crowell transplanted and enriched, under the blessing of God may it be yours to husband rich and abundant fruit.

ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE METHODIST
CHURCH OF NORTH CAROLINA.

By REV. T. N. IVEY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

On an occasion like this, dedicated to the cause of higher Christian learning it is strikingly appropriate that the noble institution which furnishes the basis and inspiration of the occasion should be so variously represented. It is only natural for us to expect a message from those men who, with a commendable spirit of self-sacrifice, have ministered and are now ministering as priests at the alters of the institution.

It is only natural that we should bow our heads to catch the tones of those who in the past, year by year, have been passing through her portals to carry the strength and inspiration of her training into the storm and stress of life. It is highly appropriate that we should catch the tones of the active young manhood now stirring and striving within her walls, and listen to that older and wiser manhood which vigilant and brave, is standing on her watch towers.

But Mr. Chairman, there would be a sad vacancy on this occasion if North Carolina Methodism were not present to see her cherished child honored and honoring with a new relationship. Yes, North Carolina Methodism is present this evening as a mother. She comes with a mother's joyous pride, and a mother's tender love and would brighten with a word of cheer this auspicious occasion.

Away back in the latter part of the fifties, the institution, now known as Trinity College knocked at the door of the North Carolina Conference. The shadows were lengthening and deepening under a sky dark with the clouds of war, and already the shrill blasts of a northern tempest were sending their creeping chill through the frames of our civil and ecclesiastical economics. The door was opened, and Methodism found on the threshold one young in years, but strong in spirit, bearing the marks of poverty, but with the light of self-reliance flashing from the eye claiming recognition rather than relief, and proudly promising to give as well as to receive. It was no time for uncharitable questioning. Right then and there, this foster child known as Trinity College was taken into the heart and home of North Carolina Methodism and she is this evening—not a dependent and shrinking waif, but a daughter, mature in years, robust in health, and rich in fruitage.

The Methodist church on this occasion is honored with a double mission, she performs one part of this mission when she approves and emphasizes her abiding interest in Trinity College. She would not be so hypocritical as to affirm that her interest has been as practical as necessity required. Nevertheless this interest has been and is now one of pride, sympathy, solicitude and expectation. When the Methodist Church of our State first grasped the hand of her adopted child, she rejoiced to find the impress of the master minds of a York and Craven. She lost no interest in the dark days of the early sixties when a Ganaway was at the head of affairs. She looked with pride upon the advancement she made under the guidance of Braxton Craven, that man of heroic mould, of peerless intellect, and dauntless purpose. And when the news was flashed over the confines of our commonwealth that he had fallen like a Roman Soldier at his post, Methodism bowed her head and wept, she dried her eyes and looked with fortitude into the future as the institution went forward under

the successive guidance of Pegram, Heitman, and Wood. Those were days that tried men's souls, and Methodism appreciated with all the strength of her great heart, the fidelity of those men who stood true to their duty as professors, and the noble charity of those laymen who stood around Trinity as a financial "wall of fire and mountain of rocks." The Methodist Church of North Carolina received with outstretched arms that noble gift from the State of Pennsylvania that wise tactician and profound scholar Jno. F. Crowell, whose energy and wisdom have left their impress upon Southern Educational life. And when Trinity with the itinerent instinct of her mother wished to "move," the mother after prayerfull deliberation consented. Yonder are her towers, and in the name of Methodism, I wish to affirm that as long as the spirit of John Wesely moves in the hearts of our people, so long as there is such a thing as gratitude, so long will there linger in our minds and hearts the memory of the magnificent generosity of those laymen who have provided such a magnificent home for Trinity in this the "Queen City" of Mid-Carolina.

But Mr. Chairman, Methodism in North Carolina does not base her interest in Trinity College altogether upon mere sentiment and feeling of affection, but also for certain great cardinal principles which must ever uphold the true relationship of the church and christian education. One of these principles is this: *The Church of Jesus Christ possesses, and must ever exercise, an educational function.* Her mission is to teach and preach. Her function therefore is duplex, she owes its exercise as a duty not only to Christ but to earth's teeming millions. She recognizes that the problems of labor, liquor, loyalty, race, and religion are to be solved by the gospel of Jesus Christ, breathing in her homes and schools. Beautifully and powerfully has this principle materialized in the past history of Methodism. She was born in a university. She revived the genius of popular education in Eng-

land in the last century, and has set her seal and signet upon the intellectual energy of the present century. She rejoices in the record which shows that for every decade of her existence, she has built twenty institutions of higher learning. Many of her sons have planted the banners of truth on the shore, while others have traversed the deserts and scaled the mountains to discover Balboa like, the great Pacific of knowledge beyond. From her colleges and universities are pouring forth year after year vast armies of educated, conserved thinkers, to carve a way for the soul to mount to grander destinies. So the Methodist Church in North Carolina looks to Trinity College as the material, vital, pulsating expression of her adherence to the great doctrine that the church must educate.

Another principle on which North Carolina Methodism bases her interest in Trinity College is that *the denominational colleges is necessary to the State*. The church is not opposed to the State, therefore the church has no war to wage against State institutions. She rather looks upon the State institutions as her allies in the fierce war against ignorance. But the denominational College plays a part which the State institution can never play. The absence of the denominational College from our civic fabric, would be fraught with disaster to church and State. Shut the doors of our church college, pull down their towers, and though the State institutions might have all the glories of the universities of England, Germany and America, there would be heard from one end of our Rama to the other the voice of the Rachel of christian education weeping for her children. So North Carolina Methodism, while not fighting any State institution, would plead for a "right of way" and with all earnestness, discountenances any policy civil or ecclesiastical, that would devitalize the energies of Christian education through a drastic and unjust competition. So she would say to the State, "We ask no practical aid from your coffers for Trinity Col-

lege, but she is our child, and you must throw nothing in her way. She is one of the pillars of your strength and my strength, the hope of your glory and my glory."

North Carolina Methodism bases her interest in Trinity College on still another principle, and it is this: *The denominational college is necessary to the church.* As the rivers roll their waters into the great reservoirs of the oceans and seas only to receive them back from the great reservoirs of the skies, so the church pours her treasures into the laps of her schools only to receive back a richer manhood and a diviner strength. Notably has this been the case in the experience of the Methodist Church of North Carolina. For over one-third of a century she has given her treasures to Trinity College only to become richer through the gift. Trinity College has given to Methodism more than she has received, preachers in the pulpit, teachers in the school room, representatives in the halls of Congress, judges for the bench, and hundreds of other workmen in various fields of labor have been existing in behalf of the noble principles of Christianity, influences which received their baptism of power within the walls of Trinity.

So because Methodism loves Trinity, and because she holds to the great principles announced, she pledges her loyalty, her sympathies, and her prayers. She holds it as one of her highest prerogatives to show her appreciation, not by merely giving Trinity the myrrh and frankincense of moral support, but by giving her the gold of practical aid, until her foster child can boast of a patronage and endowment worthy of her character.

The mission of North Carolina Methodism is not ended until she turns to you, Honored Sir, and tells you that geographically she is bound by Atlantic waters on the East, the ramparts of the great Smokies on the West, by the Virginia line on the North, and the South Carolina line on the South, that she has over 125,000 members loyal in trust to the

genius of christian education, and that here under the towers of Trinity College she needs you and greets you on the plain of brotherly love. She does not meet you as Jehu met Jehonadab with the question, "Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart," but knowing that your heart is right and that your head is right, she extends her hand and with it her heart with its love and sympathy.

We feel that you are no stranger. The fact that your grandfather was born in the county of our capital city and that your honored father held aloft the banner of Jesus under the shadows of our mountain peaks makes us feel that on leaving the land of Marion, Sumpter, Wightman, and Capers and coming to the land of Macon, Morehead, Doub and Craven, you are simply coming home and that your foot is on your native heath.

You doubtless, know that in the ancient Corsican town of Ajaccio in the crypt of a small chapel in that town there is a tomb sealed with black marble and containing the ashes of that woman who gave birth to the world's greatest captain. The visitor looks in vain for words of eulogy. He sees only the words *Letezia Bonaparte Mater Regum*, Mother of Kings! What nobler epitaph could be written! We trust sir, that you will never have the occasion to read the epitaph of Trinity dead, but trust that as Trinity living and triumphing under your guidance sends out the youth of this State and farther States she may point with pride to the simple thrilling fact written in letters of living light upon the lives of her sons that Trinity College is a "Mother of Kings"—men royal in thought and feeling, in word and deed, ruling themselves and the glorious destinies of Church and State.

ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE FACULTY OF
TRINITY COLLEGE.

By PROF. PEGRAM.

Mr. President :

The Faculty of the College has requested me, the senior member, to bear to you on this classic and auspicious occasion, our greetings and congratulations, and the full assurance of our cordial support and hearty co-operation in all that pertains to the interests of the College, and in executing the purpose of the Board of Trustees in placing you at the head of the institution. Your presence among us for a brief period only, and your work thus far, justify the wisdom of the Board in your selection, and give promise of a wise, wholesome, popular, and inspiring administration. We trust that in the Providence of God it is an example of the man for the occasion and the occasion for the man.

You have come, sir, to an institution that has an eventful career; its stages of growth and transformation, its heroic struggles, and its brilliant victories. From an ordinary school in a log house of the ancient type on the head waters of the Uwharrie in Randolph county, it developed in 1838 into Union Institute. In this stage through the fourth decade and into the fifth it experienced extraordinary growth in the number of its pupils and in the expansion and elevation of its curriculum. In 1851 it acquired the name of Normal College, and in 1853 gave to the world its first graduates, two brothers, Rev. Dougan C. Johnson, of precious memory, and Prof. L. Johnson, who still wields the chalk in Trinity High School.

Gradually laying aside its Normal feature, in 1859 it emerged from all its metamorphoses into a full-fledged College—Trinity College—the highest stage of its existence, co-ordinate in its curriculum and functions with Randolph-Macon, Emory and Henry, Wofford, and all first-class Colleges in the

South. This type and this relative standard it preserves to the present day.

You have come, sir, to an institution, as already indicated, of the best type and the highest standard; an institution that has had for its primordial purpose the co-ordinate culture and development of all the powers and possibilities of young men. In addition to secular education and all the training and culture that make up the limited sphere of secular institutions, Trinity College, as an institution of the Church, undertakes the conservative and culture of the religious element in men, the scope of its ministrations is nothing less than the scope of man's entire nature and relations, and the best interests of man in every phase of his being, both temporal and eternal. What institution or type of institution can boast of a platform broader or more liberal than this? And yet it is the fashion in certain circles and with certain types of men to flaunt in the face of Church Schools the charge of "narrowness," "sectarianism," and "illiberality;" while in truth, an impartial jury would convict the accusers of their own accusation.

The failure to provide in secular schools for this large element in man's nature—the religious element—is a reflection and discount upon the culture of the religious house and of the church, and tends to sap the foundations of all our civil, social, and religious institutions. It has been well observed that "Church Schools are the salt of the educational world." Of such is Trinity College,—a college whose great seal bears for its central figure the Cross, the emblem of Christianity, and beneath this emblem the words "*Eruditio et Religio*;" a college that emblazons on the banner of one of its Literary Societies "*Theos kai Themis*," and on the banner of the other "*Ingenium usu Splendescit*;" a college that points to God, that holds up the Cross, that emphasizes the Right, and that calls upon young men to exercise their powers and all

the potent elements within them, that they may grow thereby into the noblest Christian manhood.

Your predecessors, sir, have been able, devoted and self-sacrificing men. The roll of honor includes Dr. B. York, the Pioneer, Principal of Union Academy from 1838 to 1842; Rev. B. Craven, the author of transformations already noted and thus the Founder of the College, Principal and President from 1842 to 1882; Prof. W. T. Gannaway, acting President from 1863 to 1865; Dr. M. L. Wood, President from 1883 to 1884; [Prof. W. H. Pegram, Chairman of the Faculty, 1882-'83. Editor]; Prof. J. F. Heitman, Chairman of the Faculty, from 1874 to 1887; and Dr. J. F. Crowell, President, from 1889 to 1894.

These co-laborers, our predecessors, furnish a roll of honor also worthy to be called in this honorable connection:

	TUTORS.	PROFESSORS.
Dr. A. S. Andrews,		1851-'54
Hon. W. M. Robbins,		1851-'54
L. Johnson,	'53-'54	1854-'84
J. L. Wright,		1855-'65
W. T. Gannaway,		1857-'92
O. W. Carr,	55-'63	1866-'78
J. H. Robbins,	55-'59	
R. H. Skeen,	58-'60	
Dr. Peter Doub,		1866-'70
W. C. Doub,		1866-'74
R. S. Andrews,	70-'71	
J. K. Tucker,	61-'72	
J. W. Young,		'73-74
C. P. Frazier,	78-'79	
J. D. Hodges,		1879-'82
J. M. Ashby,	82-'83	
J. F. Heitman,		1883-'91
N. C. English,		1885-'93 ✓
J. M. Bandy,		1885-'93 ✓

H. H. Williams,	1885-'86
A. W. Long,	1885-'87
C. N. Raper,	1886-'88
J. L. Armstrong,	1887-'93
J. Hathcock,	1887-'88
Wm. Price,	1888-'89
F. E. Welch,	1889-'93
Rev. L. W. Crawford,	1890-'93
J. M. Stedman,	1891-'93
H. A. Aikins,	1891-'92
S. B. Weeks,	1891-'93
B. C. Hinde,	1891-'94
B. B. Nicholson, 1891-'92	1893-'94
Hon. A. C. Avery,	1892-'94
C. L. Raper, 1892-'93	
J. L. Weber,	1893-'94
E. T. Bynum, 1893-'94	
A. H. Merritt,	1893-'94

Of this galaxy of educators the central figure is that of Dr. Craven, the illustrious founder, a man who had faith in Trinity College, and loved it for its own sake; who had faith in young men and loved them for the actual and potential merits they possess; who subordinated everything, perhaps life itself to the idol of his heart; and whose great mind and heart are crystalized in the college that has been transmitted and entrusted to us of this generation for our love and devotion and sacrifice. The work that these men, with their co-laborers, have accomplished, and the lines of influence they have established, with all the hallowed associations that adorn the life of the College, and all its victories over prejudice and debt and doubt, and the prizes it has won in intercollegiate contests with splendid rivals in oratory, in debate and on the athletic field; all these and more constitute a rich

heritage—a royal domain, of which any man might be well be proud to rank as chief.

Every administration is an epoch in the life-history of the College, and every chief stamps upon it the impress of his individuality. On him more than any other depend the status and efficiency of the College; he inherits all the past; in him all lines of influence and hopes center; from him and through him all influences radiate; to him comes the lion's share of all laudations and maledictions; and well may we call *him* chief who proves himself equal to all these high demands. May your administration rank with the best epoch of the past in all the essential elements of power, and may you excel your predecessors as your opportunities and facilities in this the crowning decade of the nineteenth century surpass theirs in preceding years. Of them and you we quote the lines,

"Excelling others, these were great:
Thou, greater still, must these excel."

And now again North Carolina has spoken to South Carolina, not in the language of traditional story, but in language that has brought from the domain of our ardent Southern sister a position of her most sacred treasure—a son, a *man*, the best contribution that State can make to State; the best endowment a college can receive. We shall hold you, sir, not as a hostage, but as an heir,—heir to the broad and strong dominion of Methodism in the Old North State. We expect your great and lovable and magnetic character to exercise an inductive and formative influence on all the minor elements of success. To-day, "All things are yours;" yours potentially; yours as talents to improve; may all thing you now inherit, with tenfold increase, be yours on the coming day.

ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE ALUMNI OF
TRINITY COLLEGE.

By CHAS. E. TURNER.

Mr. President, it gives me very great pleasure on this inaugural occasion, to extend to you in behalf of the honored alumni of Trinity College a welcome warm, and greeting cordial. I speak in behalf of a class of men, noble, faithful, true. A class who have watched with almost bated breath the recesses and successes of their *Alma Mater* throughout the past; men engaged in every honorable calling and vocation of life. Those who cultivate the farm and are not ashamed to be called *farmers*; mixing their brains with their soil, a more productive fertilizer than has ever yet been compounded of chemicals. Those who "teach the young idea how to shoot," differentiating the faculties of the mind and preparing it to work out a grander destiny. Those who toil behind the counter and in the counting room, grand examples of constant and untiring endeavor. Those who wield the pen, more mightily than er'e the plumed knight wielded the sword for the putting down of wrong and the exalting of right, the dispersing of darkness and scattering of light. Those who minister to the sick and dying with a Christian hand, physicians of both soul and body. Those who sit in legislative halls, solving the ponderous problems of their country. Those who sit upon the judicial bench wearing the judicial ermine spotless and unsullied. Those who become advocates for their fallen fellows and who suspend judgment until proof is had. Those who preach the everlasting gospel of peace and eternal happiness to man, binding up the broken hearted, lifting up the fallen and cheering the faint. Sir, it is in behalf of this noble body of men scattered throughout the length and breadth of our country, and especially throughout the grand old Commonwealth of North Carolina, that I bring you welcome and greeting.

Trinity College is one of the great educational and moral factors in our State's economy. Her sons enrich our borders from the mountains to the sea ; unostentatious and unpretentious in their lives and manner, yet possessing those sterling qualities of manhood and deep moral conviction, which are the safeguards of law and order. Their influence is silent yet all the more powerful on account of that silence.

As the head of this great institution of education, it is yours to thoroughly organize its powers and energies for the accomplishment of the greatest possible good ; to make it a great centre of christian education, around which the almost innumerable Methodists of the State shall cling, even as the molecules and atoms of the physical world cling together, making the great Methodist church a solid whole for the support of its Foster-child, and christian education.

Not only so, sir, but it is yours to supervise the great work of the mental and the moral training of those entrusted to your care. You deal not in the material but in the spiritual, nor is your work temporal but eternal. The intellect is not only to be trained, but the morals as well. The great crying demand of our age is for an education that carries with it a *greater moral responsibility*. It is this that will do more to solve the perplexing social problems of the hour than any other agency that could be set in operation. Mind culture without moral culture is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal ; as salt that has lost its savor, worthless except it be for the working of detriment and hurt. You and your able faculty are building structures of character that are imperishable and indestructable ; temples whose well rounded domes and beautiful turrets pierce through the clouds of time, and into the glorious sunlight of a never ending eternity.

No grander sight has ever greeted human gaze than that presented by a young man fresh from the hand of God with the unspent energies of the eternity locked up in his soul. It is your grand prerogative and privilege to enter the secret

chambers of such souls, pull down the obscene and the profane and bedeck its hallowed walls with honor and with truth.

No more responsible or delicate task has been committed to man, and none recognize this fact more fully than do the alumni of the institution of which you are now president. In the arduous labors which await you, we pledge our hearty support and co-operation. Our shoulders are broad, our arms are strong, and our hands are willing. We have faith in Trinity's future ; we have faith in Trinity's president, and again say to him God speed and welcome.



ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE STUDENT BODY.

By P. T. DURHAM.

Mr. President :

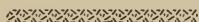
In your first address to the students a few days ago, you said that we had become a part of yourself and that in us was wrapped up the great purpose and inspiration of your life. I have been commissioned by the student body of Trinity College to reply to that sentiment to-night.

When it was known that the President whom we had learned to love had severed his connection with the institution for which he had done such distinguished service, to say that we were deeply interested as to his successor would be but an idle attempt to express our real concern. The Alumni and the Church awaited the issue with the eager expectancy of institutional pride, but to us it was fraught with a deeper meaning, an interest that springs not alone from college loyalty and love but also from the knowledge that to an incalculable degree our characters and very destiny were wrapped in Trinity College and its President. It is neither cant nor falsehood when we say that we love the institution of which we are the students. We love its associations, its memories

and the traditions that cling about its walls. And all the love we bear it we lay at the feet of its President and into the great place in the hearts of the students which Trinity holds, we admit you, sir, to-night. You will find, in the course of your successful labor a triumphant administration no more zealous fellows than we. And if the cup of Trinity's agony is not yet full and if you must guide us through yet other crises and other shadowed periods you will find in the hour of your need no more devoted adherants or willing co-workers. We are proud, ladies and gentlemen, of the record that we can bring to our President to-night and promise to repeat. We may not count our members by the hundreds or boast of our superiority, but in all that is moral and manly we shun comparison with no institution or student body. No man among you can stand up and truthfully accuse us of aught that has been criminal, ungentlemanly or unkind. Not only so but it is with pride that we tell him that in all State inter-collegiate contest we have for near a decade been almost uniformly the winners. In oratory we have had a fixed monopoly, and out of the five times that we have met our distinguished cotemporaries across the way upon the athletic field, four times have we hung their scalps as trophies upon our walls. And we promise that if history does not in this respect repeat itself, it shall be no fault of ours.

Now, sir, there is no need that I should say that the choice of the Trustees has our unstinted approval. Our presence to-night is of that sufficient proof. We might tell you of the hope that beats high within us, might express the perfect confidence with which we face the future, believing that it holds for us the institution we love a greater triumph and a grander destiny. But we go beyond vague phrases and feeble expression and show our belief, our hope, our confidence by giving into your hands all that we are or hope to be, and praying your counsel and care. We place in your keeping our characters and destiny and ask you to fashion us into a

nobler and more exalted manhood. We bid you lead us through the bewildering mazes of life's early and discouraging problems and over the way in which we grope and stumble in the darkness and uncertain light of manhood's morning into the brilliant sunlight and full day of knowledge and truth.



SKETCH OF PROF. LOCKWOOD.

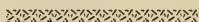
Marquis Hartsell Lockwood was born on the old homestead in Marshall County, Kansas, August, 21, 1870. When he was six years of age, his father quited the farm and entered the mercantile business in Marysville, and a few years later moved with his family to Rock Port, Mo., where young Lockwood attended the graded school and graduated with class honors, June 1887. Then for two and one-half years he served as clerk and book-keeper in his father's store. In September 1889 he entered the University of the State of Missouri, selecting as his course that of Electrical Engineering. During the Junior year he was elected assistant in the department of Geology and Mineralogy. The year following he was elected to assist in the Department of Physics also. In June 1893 he graduated with class honors, receiving the degree of "Electrical Engineering with Distinction," his average grade for four years being 96 to 100. The year following he retained his position as assistant in Department of Physics, and in the Department of Geology and Mineralogy, in the University of Missouri. After the death of Prof. B. C. Hinde, Prof. Lockwood applied for the place made vacant by his death, and was elected to the chair of Physics and Biology in Trinity College.

Prof. Lockwood is a young man, and brings with him all the zeal and earnestness which characterizes energetic young

manhood. He is characterized by a strong individuality, and believes in doing original work.

An instance of his original work in the fact that last year he made a miniature dynamo, one-half inch in diameter, which worked perfectly, and which elicited complimentary comment at the Missouri University. This is but one instance out of several which shows him to have the true spirit of his profession. He has already won the high esteem of the Faculty and students of Trinity College.

T. A. S.



PROF. EDWIN MIMS.

Richmond, Arkansas, has the honor of being the birth-place of Prof. Edwin Mims, who now occupies the chair of English in Trinity College. His boyhood days were spent in preparation in an excellent school at his home, and at an early age, he entered the famous Webb school at Bellbuckle, Tenn., where he remained for three years. His early life, unlike that of most men, contains no period, in which his mind was not progressing, and though he was in school almost continually, he did not become tired of student life, but grew to like it more and more the longer he engaged in it. Though one of the youngest students in the schools to which he went, he was always to be found in the front ranks, and impressed his instructors as being a boy who would take his place among the wisest and best men of his country.

In the fall of 1888, he entered the Freshman class at Vanderbilt University and was graduated from that institution in 1892. While there, he maintained his high standard of scholarship, and honor after honor was heaped upon him. He was a member of the Dialectic Literary Society, in whose hall he was a faithful worker, and to whom he brought many honors. He was her representative in the annual debate and

oratorical contest, and he was Class Historian and Valedictorian.

Prof. Mims devoted much of his time to literary work, and took great delight in reading the masters of the English language. He was the successful contestant for the Observer prize, which is a reward offered by that magazine for the best literary production. The Vanderbilt Observer was under his editorship, and it was all that a college magazine could wish to be. During his entire stay at Vanderbilt, Prof. Mims was a Christian and a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, which he, at one time, served as Vice-President. Immediately after graduation he was offered a fellowship, which he accepted, and he remained at Vanderbilt during '92-'93 as assistant in the School of History and as a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, which degree he received in June '93. During the following scholastic year he was a fellow and assistant in English at Vanderbilt, until he was called to Trinity in March to fill the vacancy caused by Prof. Weber's resignation.

Prof. Mims came to Trinity with the highest recommendations, and an excellent reputation, both as a gentleman and a teacher. During the time in which he has been there, his reputation has not only been maintained, but has largely increased, and he has impressed every one, both students and his fellow professors, as being a perfect gentlemen and a man worthy of their highest esteem. Prof. Mims is thoroughly prepared for his work, and the enthusiasm which he displays, shows that he loves his work and realizes how important it is. It is no longer a possibility for a young man to go out from Trinity College without having become acquainted with the great writers of English and without having learned to appreciate them, because Prof. Mims teaches a student to love his work.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD.

Professor Malcom Hartwell Arnold, now Professor of Latin in Trinity College, is a native of Virginia. With the exception of seven years, 1887 to 1894, spent in North Carolina, he has lived in his own native State.

In 1886 he entered Washington and Lee University, where, in 1890 and 1892, he took the degrees of A. B. and M. A. respectively. In 1890 he was elected instructor in Latin, in which capacity he served for three years. The session of '92-'93 was devoted by him to the study of English, German and History. In the fall of '93, having obtained, through the influence of Doctor James A. Harrison and H. A. White, a Virginia Scholarship he went to Johns Hopkins University, but remained there only a few months on account of protracted illness.

In the spring of 1877, his father, Rev. J. D. Arnold of Greensboro, N. C., moved his family from Danville, Va. to Jonesboro in this State, where he, under the auspices of the Methodist conference, established what is known as Jonesboro High School. Three years later he was stationed at Tarboro. Here he lost his wife, but amid friends that in those dark days stood faithfully by him. In 1883 he was recalled to Jonesboro and here it was that his son, Prof. M. H. Arnold, began the study of Latin under the tutorship of the late Prof. Doub a scholar of wide research.

Professor Arnold comes to Trinity fully qualified to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of his predecessor, Prof. Merritt. His long course of training has made him master of his profession. The members of the Board have shown great wisdom in choosing a man so young and energetic and of such stability of character as, without doubt, Prof. Arnold will prove himself to be.

R. S. H.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	-	-	-	Assistant.

EDITORIAL.

IT IS truly with fear and trembling that we assume the responsibility of standing at the head of our college paper this collegiate year. We realize our inability to conduct it as it should be conducted, and were it not for the hearty co-operation of the Senior class and of the other classes now in Trinity College, we would feel like giving up in despair. But we enter upon our work having faith in the young men now at this institution of learning. We have faith in their ability, we have faith in their willingness to work, and we believe that they will take due interest and pride in this, their college magazine. We shall endeavor from time to time to get from men away from Trinity such articles as shall be of interest, but the greater amount of matter will be prepared by men now at this college. It is our object to make the ARCHIVE reflect the life and work of Trinity College, and in order that this may be done, it will be necessary for our boys to prepare articles for it. There is enough undeveloped talent now among us to make the ARCHIVE one of the best magazines in the South, and we hope and trust that no one will shrink back from doing his whole duty in this matter.

There are those, even Seniors, who say they cannot write an article fit for publication. To them we will say that it is an injustice to their college for them to go out from her walls without having learned the simple, yet most profitable, lesson of writing out their thoughts. There can be no better time

than now, and there can be no better opportunity than that which is offered to you through your college paper. You may not make a Ruskin or a Carlyle, but certain it is, just so near as your thoughts approach to theirs, just so near will you come to making a writer like them. Students of Trinity College, take the ARCHIVE. It is yours and it remains for you to say what kind of magazine it shall be.

THE STUDENT'S DUTY.

While no one doubts that there is an abundance of College patriotism and spirit among us, still it is a sad truth that the ARCHIVE has never received the support of the student-body that was justly due it. Those who have been connected with the magazine in the past have labored honestly and earnestly to bring it up to its present standard of excellence, and it shall be our constant care to improve it constantly in whatever way that may be in our power. A college journal cannot thrive without the enthusiastic support of every student in the institution in which it is published. It is a duty incumbent upon every student in college to take his college magazine; it is a duty that you owe to your fellow student, a duty that you owe to your college, and it is a duty you owe to yourself. There sometimes appears a peculiar and despicable specimen of the dead-beat who refuses to subscribe for his college magazine, but who invariably goes to his friend's room and borrows a copy which he reads with great pleasure. Among all the different classes of bums and dead-beats this man represents the most detestable type. We trust that we have no such men in Trinity College, but if we are so unfortunate we say to you one and all that what we have said applies to *you* personally and not to your friend across the hall.

Let us all work together for our mutual benefit and for the good of Trinity College. Let the lower classes contribute to

the pages of the ARCHIVE, and all aid in the maintainance of a journal worthy of the institution from which it is issued.

'95.

It is with a feeling of sadness mingled with indignation that we see that the degree of Doctor of Divinity will soon cease to be an honor. The time will soon be, and even now is, when this Degree is looked upon as signifying nothing whatever. We have often doubted the wisdom of conferring honorary Degrees, but it is not because D. D. is an honorary Degree that it is losing its significance. It is because certain third rate colleges are abusing the privilege of conferring this degree, and are flooding the country with Doctors of Divinity whose names and capabilities Doctor of the Plow Handles would fit much better. How often we read that a "certain college has conferred the Degree of D. D. upon a most worthy and deserving divine," when if it were resolved into more appropriate language, it would read that "Rutrun College, a preparatory school, which is able to carry a boy through the Freshman class of our more prominent colleges has conferred the Degree of D. D. upon Rev. Narrowbrain, at the earnest solicitation of his many friends. Mr. Narrowbrain is a *good* man, but we doubt whether his degree will fit him." We have no advice to offer as to what should be done to remedy this evil, but certain it is, that soon men who deserve this Degree and have it because they deserve it, will become ashamed of their title, and men, who are worthy of it, will decline the honor of having it conferred upon them.

WERE it not for the fact that Prof. Cranford has left us for only a short time, our hearts would be filled with deepest sorrow, but realizing that he has gone away for his and our good, we forget the parting, and look with joy to the time when he will be back among us to stay. Yale may rejoice over her temporary gain, and Trinity may mourn over her

loss for a season, but soon Trinity will receive her beloved Professor again, and Yale will know his face no more. No man has a place nearer to the heart of Trinity than Prof. Cranford, and no one loves her more than he does. When such true, noble and learned men as he devote their lives to Trinity's service, we must believe that she has a great future before her, and when you ask, "Can any good come out of Trinity," we point to him and answer, "Come and see."

THERE are business men in Durham and elsewhere who do us the favor of advertising in the ARCHIVE, and it is our duty to do them the favor of buying from them in return. All owners of papers patronize those who advertise with them. The ARCHIVE is owned by the Senior Class of this College, and the members of every class have a vital interest in it. Let every one be loyal to his College magazine and do his trading with those who advertise with us. Read every advertisement and then do your duty. This is not a demonstration of a spirit of narrowness on our part, but simply an attempt to favor those who favor us.

EDUCATION DAY AT THE STATE FAIR.

The committee appointed by The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly to arrange and supervise a programme for "Education" day at the State Fair met in this city a few days ago. The date of this programme is Tuesday, October 23rd, and it is proposed by the committee to make it both interesting and conducive to good results in the matter of popular education.

There were present at the meeting Prof. E. A. Alderman, of the State University, Chairman; Prof. D. H. Hill, of the A. and M. College; Dr. L. W. Crawford, of Trinity; President, C. D. McIver, of the Normal and Industrial School; Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College; President, L. W. Hobbs, of Guilford College; Prof. Moffet, representing

Elon College, Prof. E. P. Moses, Principal of the Raleigh schools.

The discussion of desirable features for the day was earnest and resulted first in the adoption of the following resolution:

“That an educational conference be held in Raleigh on Tuesday October 23, the first day of the State Fair, for the purpose of suggesting means for increasing the public school fund in North Carolina.”

Prof. E. A. Alderman, was chosen to preside at the conference.

The following programme was formulated:

Address by Hon. J. M. L. Currey at the Fair grounds at 11 o'clock.

General Conference in the city in the House of Commons at 7:30 o'clock p. m., for the discussion of the great question of “Local Taxation for Public Schools” under the following programme:

“The Independence of Public Schools in North Carolina.” Prof. E. A. Alderman, of the State University.

“How the States Have built up their Public School Systems.” Prof. E. P. Moses, Raleigh.

“The Progress of Local Taxation in the South.” Prof. L. L. Hobbs, of Guilford College.

“Needed Legislation to Provide for Local Schools.” Hon. Jno. C. Scarborough, Superintendent Public Instruction, and Hon. Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court.

General discussion will follow the addresses and papers on the subjects named with a limit of five minutes for each speaker.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That all Educational Institutions that may find it practicable to do so, be requested to make Tuesday, October 23, a holiday, and attend “Education Day” at the State Fair in a body.

THE following message borne to the family of Dr. F. L. Reid, by Professors W. H. Pegram and M. H. Arnold, on the day following the death of Dr. Reid, voices the sentiment of every student at this College:

The Faculty of Trinity College has requested us to bear to you and to your children our cordial sympathy in this dark hour of bereavement, that is brought to your home in the death of your husband and our friend, Dr. F. L. Reid. In his death we feel that the State has lost one of its most prominent citizens, the church one of its most consistent, devoted and efficient members, and Trinity College, his *Alma Mater*, one of her most prominent sons, and faithful friends. In every sphere and place of life he ranked among the noblest and best of men.

Would that we could fully express to you the keen sense of loss and bereavement, and the deep-toned Christian sympathy that are manifest on the Park among both Faculty and students, showing how widely and well he was known, how highly esteemed and warmly loved. A prince has fallen. The head of our sister institution has been called from labor to rest. A valiant leader has been summoned from serving his generation to a resting place with his honored ancestors. His mantle is fallen; and even in the presence of the great host of his splendid cotemporaries, it is no invidious distinction to say that his mantle few can so worthily wear. We deplore the loss we sustain in his departure; yet in our sorrow comes the cheering and impressive thought that "All is well," and as we bear his body to the tomb and speak the last words to him seemingly still, we exchange the dirge of woe for the peace of joy.

"Servant of God, well done:
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy.

LOCALS.

THE ARCHIVE is now under the control of the Senior Class.

"The darkest hour is just before dawn." Last Spring we were saddened by the resignation of Dr. Crowell, now we rejoice under the leadership of President Kilgo.

Several of the old students have visited us recently. Among the number were Gill, Creech, Wadsworth, Brem, and Woodward. Come again boys, we are always glad to see you.

Mr. A. S. Webb, class of '95, has accepted a professorship in Davenport College.

Some of the class of '94 have been heard from.

R. G. Tuttle, has entered Vanderbilt University.

L. T. Hartsell is in the law department of the State University. P. Stewart is hustling Marsbville Academy. E. C. Brooks is the Washington correspondent for the News and Observer. T. C. Hoyle is principal of Hartland Academy. Charles Edwards is at Tulane University, New Orleans. J. L. Woodward is principal of Georgeville Academy.

Mr. J. P. Turner stopped a few days with us on his way to Baltimore, where he is attending the University of Maryland.

The Park is being beautified by new walks and drives. Few colleges can boast of as handsome buildings as Trinity, why not make the grounds correspondingly beautiful?

Prof. W. I. Cranford left for Yale University on the 24th, of September. We regret very much to part with the professor even for one year, but we are consoled with the hope that he will return to us next year still better prepared for his work.

We are glad to note that the Library has been fitted up with new shelves. Another valuable improvement is being made in having the old magazines bound. The Library is now in charge of the efficient librarian Mr. R. A. Myrick.

It is a little out of the usual order of things for the gentler sex to take up arms, but there is a rumor afloat that a certain young lady in Durham periodically arms herself with a "Gatling" gun.

The Lecture Committee of the Faculty have decided to give another series of concerts and lectures this season. They are going to make this year's series even more successful than the other two if possible.

A very pleasant and profitable lawn party was given on the campus by the ladies of Main Street Missionary Society on the evening of the 14th. Such occasions are always enjoyed by the students.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Historical Society, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. S. Bassett; Vice-President, Prof. Edwin Mims; Corresponding Secretary, Robt. B. Crawford; Recording Secretary, S. S. Dent; Librarian, J. L. Bost. Some very interesting papers are to be read before the society this year and it is hoped that the whole student body will attend.

One feature of the ARCHIVE, the Exchange Department, is omitted in this issue. This is due in part to a scarcity of exchange material and in part to a want of space. The Exchange Department will be a regular and, we hope, an interesting feature of the ARCHIVE throughout the year.

Among the number of visitors who come to President Kilgo's inauguration were Rev. J. M. Rhodes, Littleton; Dr. Jessie Cunningham, Raleigh; Dr. D. Atkins, Greensboro; Mr. R. T. Gray, Raleigh; Prof. C. W. Carr, Trinity; Mr. J. H. Fern, Randleman; Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord; Dr. W. S. Black, Littleton; Rev. V. O. Sharpe, Stem; and Rev. M. A. Smith, Concord

On the evening of Sept., 19th, in Stokes' Hall, Prof. J. C. Kilgo was formally inaugurated President of Trinity College. Capt. E. J. Parrish presided. Dr. W. S. Black, of the North Carolina Conference led the audience in prayer. Prof. W. H. Pegram delivered an address of welcome to the new president in behalf of the faculty; Mr. C. E. Turner, in behalf of the alumni and former students; Mr. P. T. Durham, representing the student body; Rev. T. N. Ivey, in behalf of North Carolina Methodism; Judge Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina represented the board of trustees. President Kilgo was then introduced by Dr. E. A. Yates and delivered his inaugural address. All the addresses delivered on this occasion are published in this issue of the ARCHIVE. The speeches were interspersed with music by the Durham Orchestra. The hall was filled with the best citizens of Durham.

Mr. R. O. Fry, who has formerly been attending Wake Forest has entered the Senior Class. We welcome him the more because he comes from Wake Forest. Mr. Fry is by no means a member of the "small fry" and if a good look at him will not demonstrate this tackle him on the football team.

Mrs. T. G. Cozart and daughter, Miss Hallie, will spend the fall and winter in Winston. This is quite a disappointment to Mrs. Cozart's Sunday School Class, and sad news to Miss Hallie's friends. We wish them, however, a pleasant sojourn in Winston. Miss Louise Goodson will remain in Durham to the delight of her many friends.

The newies! the newies!! the newies!!!

What are we going to do with so many newies?

Hustle them in and hustle them out,

For it would never do to put the nobility to rout.

Next to good preaching is good music. The violin has been called the king of instruments but that was in a time when there were no modern pipe organs. The music at Trinity Church is often soul inspiring indeed. The organist, Miss Parrish, deserves the thanks of every one for her perfection in so rare an accomplishment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“And he gets that tired feeling.”

This life is not a gilt-edged book of poetry, but a paper backed volume of prose.—*Ships That Pass in the Night.*

Some people try to attend to their own business, and to that of everybody else too. This is the kind of man, who is the president of a college, and who wrote a letter to the trustees of Trinity College, urging them to elect the principal of a certain high school to the Presidency of Trinity. Did he think that our trustees were simpletons?

“I will not speak longer gentleman, because there are several other distinguished men to follow me.”

All actual heroes are essential men, and all men are possible heroes.—*Browning.*

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time.—*Chesterfield.*

Real good children die young—they are not worth raising.—*Never.*

Be not simply good, but be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

A drop of ink may make a million think.—*Byron.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney.*

Work is not man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—*George Sand.*

It is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its attainments help to new conquests.—*Daniel Webster.*

Swelling Senior.—(Jimmie): Mr.—I am a—etc., etc.

Freshman.—I am glad to meet you, I have always had a fondness for animals.

Freshman! How sweet the word! how rhythmic the flow that falls on my ear. It has an indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accents of an angels whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence.—Thanks

to the Goddess of Liberty and the Conscript Fathers, he has enough sense to turn over in the bed though.

Progress: The stride of God.—*Victor Hugo*.

It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world, to die is not sport for a man.—*Carlyle*.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the streams of the world.—*Goethe*.

No matter how strange it may seem, it is a fact that Alex has a bed seven feet and two inches long.

Some one wants to know is the hospital near the college being erected for the special benefit of the Chapel Hill football team, when they come to play Trinity.

Newie B. wants to know if the clock is run by water works.

R. began to wonder why P's oil can needed filling daily, and upon examining found that it contained "salvation oil."

P. will now return to the shoe box trick.

—••—

A FRESHMAN'S LOVE SONG.

—
BY BILLY PARKER.
—

1. I'm sad and lonely to-night love,
The hours drag slowly by,
On leaden wings they seem to move,
Oh! would that they would fly.
2. I've been from you but short three weeks
And yet it seems a year.
My heart responsive only speaks,
Would I were with you, dear.
3. At night when all is dark and still
Your voice I seem to hear;
It seems my very soul to thrill,
It seems my heart to tear.
4. Oft at night from slumber I wake,
Your face me thinks I see
But you are gone and I'm alone
With the night so dark and lonely.
5. Oh, time, go fast I pray thee,
Go fast and bring the day
That will take me to my Janie
Now a hundred miles away.

And a Freshman can't get used to the electric light. The latest is, "does the smoke from the light go up that string."

"Gaily" Daily wanted to know if Economics was not Junior Mathematics.

One of the class of '98 thought that one of the professors who was lecturing was talking directly to him and so kindly encouraged the lecturer by nods and words of assent.

"The Seniors don't know it all. "Simon" wanted to know what part of the dialogue "thou shalt not lie" occupied.

Man is never satisfied. Not content with smokeless powder, some one now wants smokeless cigarettes.

Agnosticism: Half chaff and half chaffing.—*Cook*.

Some one asks if we can correctly say that an old maid is entirely *self possessed*.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God to remove from the living, John A. Rackley, who was an honest and Christian man and a true and loyal Hesperian, be it


Resolved, 1st. That in the death of John A. Rackley, the Hesperian Society loses one of its best members.

Resolved, 2nd. That in his death the Alumni of Trinity College sustains a severe loss.

Resolved, 3rd. That we extend to his family our most earnest and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, 4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy to the following papers for publication: *Christian Advocate*, *Sampson Democrat* and the Trinity ARCHIVE.

C. C. WEAVER,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
G. O. GREEN,		
K. P. CARPENTER.		



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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

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 2. Scientific Department including Pharmacy and Medical Courses (B. S.)
 3. Theological Department (B. D.) based on A. B.
 4. Engineering Department, Civil and Electrical (C. E.)
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 6. Law Department (LL. B.)
 7. Commercial Department, including School of Finance, Economics and Administration.
-

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Bleached and Brown Sheeting, Ticking and Shirtings,
Rubber Circulars and Inveness and Mackin-
toshes to arrive soon.

Shall be glad to sell you these articles, or any others you may find in my stock of General Merchandise, at reasonable prices.

Yours truly,

H. H. MARKHAM.

THE
Trinity Archive.

NOVEMBER, * 1894.

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PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

TRINITY PARK, COLUMBIA, S. C.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Fidelity Bank of Durham, N. C.,

MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES.	
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Overdrafts	27.04	Surplus	100,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	5,442.79
Due from Banks	\$31,021.05	Deposits	\$140,586.74
Cash	26,097.41	Cashier's Checks	4,241.51
	58,018.46	Due Banks	154,031.24
	\$294,851.77	Dividends unpaid	2,000.45
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THE GREEK AND THE PURITAN.

[An address delivered by PROF. EDWIN MIMS, at the Commencement of the Webb School in Tennessee May 24, 1894.]

Emerson has said: "You shall not tell me by languages and titles what books you have read. You shall make me feel what periods of history you have lived." To think that the whole history of the world is an experience by which we may guide our lives, that whatever has been done by men and people is our heritage, is a sublime idea. Will you go with me to-day as I bring before your minds two periods of history that seem to me of transcendent importance in your lives and mine—two modes of life, two lines of thought that have influenced individuals, as well as nations.

As in days of old the traveler approached the city of Athens from the Aegean Sea, long before he came in sight of that beautiful city, he could see the flash of the sun's rays from the golden-tipped spear of the colossal figure of Athena that crowned the heights of the Acropolis. In the commanding presence and calm dignity of that statue might be seen the highest expression of Greek art in its attempt to represent the divinity of Athens. The patron goddess of Athens was not Aphrodite, who sprang from the evanescent foam of the sea, beautiful as she was in form, but on every building, in every work of art, yes, in every Athenian heart

and home, could be seen the figure and spirit of the Goddess of Wisdom. I would to-day that I might picture to you the people who worship at the shrine of this goddess.

We will suppose that it is the Age of Pericles. Greece with Athens at her head has just passed through that great struggle for her existence, when the bravery and intelligence of the few have resisted the countless hordes of an Eastern monarch. In that contest Athens first felt her power—through her veins rushed the blood of a new life. Pericles is now at the head of the government—a man, noted alike for his bravery in war, statesmanship, oratory, and above all his superior culture. He has conceived as the ideal of Athens supremacy over all the other cities of Greece—not in material prosperity, not in military prowess, but in an unwavering desire for culture, that shall pervade all classes of citizens. To this end he proposes to make every artist, every philosopher, every poet in the city to contribute, Athens was to be governed by a democracy, but an intelligent one.

It had for a long time been a stigma for any citizen not to educate his children. The Athenian boy did not have the multiplicity of books that the printing press has given to the modern world; but as soon as he had learned to read, the great works of the poets were put into his hands—the sublime epic of Homer, the songs of religious worship and devotion, the lyrics of passion and love that still charm the ear of the reader, these books not to be looked at, but to be declaimed and more than that to be taken into his very life. The education of the Athenian did not end with the pedagogue, however,—that was but the beginning of an everwidening sphere of knowledge. They had slaves to do their menial service and thus led the lives of gentlemen of leisure. Athens was free from any material or mercantile spirit, because her business was transacted at her sea-port, Piraeus. She was a city pre-eminently suited to the most extensive developments of culture. The adult citizen had all around him means of

extending his knowledge. There were banquets at which the lyre was passed around, and the songs of poets chanted; symposia, where the philosophers talked of the highest questions of man's being; there were the market places, where the quick-witted citizens stopped under the columns to talk of the latest news; shady walks inviting to conversation or meditation; there was the theatre out under the canopy of heaven, where even the poorest citizens not only saw the finest art of the dramatist displayed, but in those sublime tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, learned of duty to their State and to their Gods. We might imagine a crowd here listening with rapt attention to some rhapsodist, reciting their much loved poems; or watching eagerly a work of art as it progresses under the hands of Phidias. There was the political assembly where they were trained in the arts of citizenship, and the Bema from which flowed the most eloquent words that ever fell from mortal lips. In this varied life of culture the Athenians lived. One of the proudest days in the history of Athens was when the people were to decide a contest between Aeschylus and Sophocles. Well might we say with Macaulay, we know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education. Nor need we be surprised when a modern historian has said that the average intelligence of the Athenian citizen was greater than that of the House of Commons at the present day. Athens became the home of art, of literature, philosophy and science, not only for the world in which she lived and ruled, but for all times—so that he who would attain excellence in these lines must go, in spirit at least, to sit on the steps of the Parthenon, and try to catch once more the genius of those people. A remarkable fact about Greek scholars was that they did not hide their lights under a bushel—there was no estrangement between the lives of her scholars and the masses of the citizens; “no estrangement between civic life and that which devotes its attention to arts and sciences”—An age which witnessed the lives and work of Herodotus and Thucydides, Aeschylus and

Sophocles, Pericles and Phidias, every one of whom marks an epoch in the history of the world, witnessed them as active influences in promoting the culture of the city.

What is the idea of these people? What is the great principle of their lives? Let one of their great philosophers answer. "He who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms, and, first, if he guided by his instincts aright to love one such form only; out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same, and so he will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honorable than the beauty of the outward form, then the beauty of institutions, and of law and science; drawing toward and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts in the boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he waxes strong and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. He who has thus learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession when he comes toward the end, will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty, a nature which in the first place is everlasting; not growing or decaying, or waxing and waning; not fair in one point of view and foul in another, but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple and everlasting, using the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards to the beauties of heaven. This is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute." To the Greeks the good was the beautiful; beauty was the light of the world of thought and feeling.

It was this ideal of absolute beauty that caused them to develop the physical form to its highest perfection; that every sculptor say as he looked upon the marble, whether

he were fashioning the form of man or God. It was this ideal of beauty that every artist saw as he looked on the canvass, tho' he tried in vain to express it in all its beauty; it was this ideal that hovered before the minds of philosophers as they thought of man and nature and God. Yes, and this idea of proportion or harmony entered the sphere of morals—"Nothing in excess" was a motto that applied to good as well as evil. A man must not be too good or too bad—in either case Nemesis would overtake him and wreck his life.

Ruskin says that the dominion of Greek art was in this world, and he might have said the same thing of their lives. The Greeks saw only this world in its beauty; their joy was a sensuous one—they saw and revered beauty in the physical form, they delighted in the powers of the mind, they loved nature so much that they gave every brook and every tree a spirit. They had no thought of immortality, except of fear. Achilles says to Odysseus in the realms of Hades, "Better be the hireling of a stranger, and serve a man of mean estate whose living is small, than be the ruler over all those dead and gone." There was no morbid feeling of any kind—none of those spiritual struggles that man must pass through to attain the highest spiritual blessing.

In striking contrast with the Greek is the Puritan. We feel at once that we are in a new world. In order to bring before your minds what Puritanism was, I have thought best to speak of two men as representatives of a much larger number of men. "I was of a low and inconsiderate generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all families in that land. I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen. Nevertheless, I bless God that by this door He brought me into the world to partake of the grace that is by Christ in His Gospel." This was a youth to whom the visions of terrible earthquakes and scorching flames and

judgment days were very vivid. Now in the ways of sin, he is suddenly awakened by a voice, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?" This was a man into whose life had come a terrible conviction of sin, and a vivid realization that there is a God that rules the world. That man was John Bunyan, whose life he has given us in his own immortal Pilgrim. Yonder is another serious, melancholy young man, with "specters" appearing to him. Giving up the sins that he committed when quite young, he marries and settles down as a farmer; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants around him to worship God; and preaches sometimes to his neighbors. That man was Oliver Cromwell. I for one am glad that Thomas Carlyle with that keen eye that he had for a real man, has changed the views of people with regard to Cromwell.

To some these two men stand as the representatives of fanaticism run mad; to me they represent one of the greatest movements in history. Many a man in England in the 16th century, like these two, began to read the Bible. If the Catholics placed authority in God's Church, the Puritans placed it in God's Word. All the enthusiasm that the Italians had shown in recovering to the world classical art and literature, the Puritans of England showed in recovering the truths of the Word of God. The Bible colored their conversation, affected their social life, and gave impetus to religious zeal. For the first time in centuries it was believed and known that there was a God in the Heavens, and that His law must be the law of human society and human government. They saw corruption in the King, in the court, and among the masses, and they knew it was all contrary to the Divine will. So they said, Close up your theatres, stop your May-day celebrations, observe the Sabbath, serve God. The Church of England had gone through a semi-reformation. Henry VII had abolished monasteries and had taken the power of the Pope into his own hands. Here were people who demanded that each man must worship God

as he pleased, and said that each man was responsible to God. More than these, however, there sat upon the throne of England an arrogant, cowardly king, who advocated the Divine Right of the Kings: saying, "as it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do; so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that." The Puritan said we admit the first proposition; but we deny with all our energies and, if need be, with our lives the second. There is but one King to whom we bow.

I ask you to consider with me for just a moment Cromwell's army. When it seemed for a while that the forces of the Royalists would be victorious, it fell to Cromwell's lot to organize an army that would conquer Charles I. "They looked on themselves not as swordsmen, to be caught up and flung away at the will of the paymasters, but as men who had left farm and merchandise at a direct call of God." In the words of their leader it was a "lovely company"; no blasphemy, drinking, disorder or impiety were suffered in their ranks. They had prayer-meetings in camp and charged the hosts singing psalms of praise. After a great emergency through which they had passed, Cromwell said, "I sought the Lord day and night." Is it a wonder that this army could defeat the hosts of Royalists and cause the name of England to be honored throughout the world? Thos. Carlyle has said, their motto was not I think, therefore I am, but I believe, therefore I can. As they advance to battle, hear their leader exclaim: "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered," or after the victory has been won: "God made them as stubble to our swords." Do you make light of this army? Listen to what John Richards Green says of it: "For the past 200 years, England has been doing little more than carrying out in a slow and tentative way the scheme of political and religious reform which the army propounded at the close of the civil war."

I am aware of the fact that this is not the prevailing idea as to the Puritan. We think of them as long-faced, narrow-minded,

hypocrites who sang psalms thro' their noses, and found no joy in this world; but I consider it as one of the best days in my life when my views changed as to the Puritan Revolution. The real struggle for English liberty was not in 1688, but in 1642, not under William of Orange, but under Oliver Cromwell. I admit that there is a great deal that is unattractive about them. It must have been hard on the gentleman of that time, not to kiss their wives on Sunday; and not to eat mince-pies on week-days. But as Geo. Wm. Curtis says, if the root was gloomy bigotry, the flower was liberty and truth.

When the Jewish nation had fallen into a state of confusion and decrepitude, when the idols of heathen nations were more honored than the temples of God, great prophets arose to bring the people to righteousness. One of the saddest cries that come to us across the centuries is that of Isaiah—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." They are only paralleled by those lofty and yet tender words of the Master, as he stood on the mountain, looking at his beloved but unfaithful Jerusalem. All along through the ages there had been partial responses to these words, but the fullest response that the world had yet seen to these words came, when Puritanism took up the struggle for righteousness in England. The cause for which they struggled was seemingly defeated—only Cromwell's life would have made it victorious. The century that followed was one that should cause every Englishman to blush with shame. Cromwell and all the leaders of Puritanism were scorned, religion gave way to skepticism and rationalism, society followed in the wake of French debauchery and licentiousness. It seemed that the God of the Puritans had hid his face in shame. But away from London among the middle classes of the people the Puritan ideal was attained. Hence came the Wesleyan revival, hence came that great moral sentiment that to-day characterizes the English people. In the words of Mr. Green, "Slowly but steadily, Puritanism has introduced its own seri-

ousness and purity into English society, English literature and English politics. The whole history of English progress since the restoration on its moral and spiritual side, has been the history of Puritanism." It is this Puritanism, let us trust, that as the crowning climax of the reforms of this century will never allow the corrupt and profligate Prince of Wales to mount the throne of England.

The greatest triumph of Puritanism has been in our own country. Unlike a great many of the early colonists the Pilgrim Fathers were not led hither by the desire of adventure or wealth, but by the longing for a land of freedom and religion. It was no Utopia of ease and pleasure that hovered before their minds as they were tossed about on the storm-swept ocean, but an ideal which contemplated Faith and work as its two characteristics; work, that has made the wilderness to bloom and the barren shores of New England to blossom like a rose. Faith in God and man that has given us liberty and toleration. It has become the great moral sentiment of our country. It swept away slavery from American soil, it sustains Dr. Parkhurst in his fight on Tammany Hall; it demands the observance of sacred things, and demands morality in public and private life.

I have thus tried to bring before your minds the Greek and the Puritan, and I trust that you have found much to admire in each. Surely, we would say, the high culture, the intense love of the beautiful, the habit of right thinking will lead to the very highest moral character. On the other hand, the love of God, the high estimate of purity and liberty, the obedience to our conscience, loyalty to duty, would blossom forth in noble thoughts and high art and literature. But it has not been so. One of the saddest facts in history to me is the alienation of these two ideas. Intellectual and artistic excellence has been compatible with moral faults. I should hate to destroy in your minds the bright picture of the Athenians that I drew, but it

must be done. While some of their great teachers reached heights of moral perception that approach to divine revelation, the masses of the people were deficient in some of the first principles of morality. The very structure on which their society and government was founded, that which made leisure and culture possible, was a false one. Cruelty in war, degradation of woman, ill-treatment of children, contempt for old men, licentiousness in private and public life are but some of their faults. And so it has been throughout the ages. In that period of the Revival of Learning, when man's mind freed itself from the superstition of the middle ages, in that glorious time where art and literature and the love of the beautiful flourished once more as in the days of Athens, the Italians became grossly immoral in their lives; corruption, gilded with refinement and culture stalked abroad in all the cities of Italy. Certainly that period of reason in the 18th century, with Voltaire as its prophet and Alexander Pope as its poet, was not conducive to the highest moral conceptions. And in our own day, when immorality has become greatly diminished among educated classes, there is in the circles of thoughtful men something strangely antagonistic to the spiritual side of man's nature as shown in Christianity.

But on the other hand has not that force which makes for righteousness, whether we consider it in the Jewish nation, the early Christians, or Puritanism, been strangely alienated from the idea of the beautiful? Has not man's moral nature and his interest in another world been considered too often as the one thing necessary? Christianity expressing itself in the asceticism of the middle ages, making light of, yes, despising the things of this world, and looking only to another was repulsive to the highest minds. Did you hear Bunyan say that he had never been able to read Plato and Aristotle, that he was almost an ignorant man? What would Cromwell have done with Chaucer or Shakespeare? These men got hold of the greatest fact in man's life—the existence of a personal God,

but I say to-day that they did not attain the fullness of man's being. There are many men high in the councils of church to-day who are making the same mistake. We use the Greek, or knowledge that he stands for, as a rhetorical foil for the establishment of the idea that the Christian is greater than the Greek; at the same time we satisfy our intellectual nature in a half sort of way. The difference between these two ideas has been so well expressed by another that I give it in his words. "There shall be two men, one of whom has started on the road of self-improvement from a manly intellectual interest, from the love of art, literature, science or from the delight these give, but has not been actuated by a sense of responsibility, to a higher than himself. The other has begun with some sense of God, and of his relation to them, and starting from this centre has gone on to add to it all the moral and mental improvement within his reach, feeling that, beside the pleasure these things give in themselves, he will thus best fulfill the purpose of Him who gave them, thus promote the good of his fellow-men, and attain the end of his own existence." While, therefore, we regard the standpoint of the Puritan much more in accordance with man's highest life, I contend that he is not living up to the highest demands of human life till he has developed all the powers that his God has given him, till the Greek idea has been incorporated into his life.

Will there never come a time when the Greek and Puritan will become reconciled, when they shall sit under the same roof, or rather, uniting form the fuller man? I believe there will. All along through the ages there have been men who caught the light of both worlds. The true, the beautiful and the good have blossomed in single hearts, if not in nations and peoples. Socrates, uniting a zeal for teaching his fellow-men equal to that of St. Augustine to a love of the beautiful equal to that of Plato. Michael Angelo, uniting a genius for art greater than that of Raphael to a genius for religion equal

to that of Savonarola. John Milton, than whom no man has ever had a deeper insight into classical art and literature, an intense lover of whatsoever things are beautiful, yet giving up twenty years of his life to a struggle for truth and liberty, and in his old age writing the Epic of Puritanism. John Ruskin, whom we have all heard talk of the masterpieces of European art, of the glorious cathedrals and the palaces of Venice, but whom we have also heard preaching that sermon of his boyhood days, "People be good." No man in this century has preached the gospel of mercy and brotherly love as Ruskin has. Phillip Brooks, that lover of knowledge and literature, but intensely spiritual and lofty in his utterance. All these and many more all along through the ages are examples for the future progress of humanity as a whole. We stand to-day as "heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," and my heart beats with joy, and my eyes kindle with enthusiasm as I catch the vision of the future union of the Greek and Puritan throughout the ages to come.

I would to-day that every one in this audience believed as truly in a God as did Cromwell and Bunyan. I would that we might carry Him into every act of our lives and like Daniel in Babylon be able to say "there is a God in Heaven." But I would also that we might love knowledge and culture as the old Greeks did. Do you love the beautiful? Do you love to stand out in God's great temple of the universe, and pay homage to Nature's God? Do you love the works of art? I would that we had all around us works of art as the Athenians had—it is a shame on our American civilization that with all our wealth we have not spent more on works of art that ennobles man's life. I long for the time to come when I can cross the ocean, and see those moss-covered ruins, and grand cathedrals and palaces, pictures and statues that tell of the march of culture. But there is a world of the beautiful in which we all live, or pretend to live. Yonder in that little room are the noblest thoughts that ever passed through the mind of man; lives of men that tell of character chrystalized

into heroic deeds; historic deeds of nations that tell of the march of civilization from darkness into light; poems that contain the highest expression of man's spiritual nature. Do we love our books like the old Greeks loved their few? Listen to Ruskin: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for entree here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always." Have you read Shakespeare, and been with him into the very depths of human nature, until you felt that he was one of God's spies to look into your own heart? Have you read Milton and heard him sing of a time before all time, of angels, and archangels, of the throne of God, of the conquering chariot of the Messiah, or of this old earth when the sun first shone on it, or the dews of the first night rested on the garden of Eden? Have you heard Wordsworth talk to the daisy and the butterfly as if they were his children, or heard him say that he has learned the still sad music of humanity from nature's voices? Have you read Tennyson, and heard him sing the grand faith song of the nineteenth century, and seen him struggling yonder in the realms of darkness and doubt, but climbing ever upwards, till he stands on heights of spiritual joy and peace, and waves the banner of victory to all those beneath him? Here are experiences for you the world knows not of. I sometimes feel, as I come face to face with some great thought of some great fact, as if I had been "whirled about empyreal heights of thought, and came on that which is and felt the deep pulsations of the world." Or like Keats did, when he first looked into Chapman's Homer,

"Then feel I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific."

"ONE LIFE ONLY."

[Graduation Oration of R. G. TUTTLE.]

The life we now live is the life that pre-eminently demands the thought of the human race. In order to find mystery to challenge our most powerful efforts we need not seek the depths of biology to find the origin of life ; for the easiest way to explain what will most probably always remain a mystery, is to admit that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul. In order to find sublime heights for his intellect to scale, the philosopher need not let his imagination run wild in the mysterious darkness beyond the river of death, for I believe that an immortal soul, guided aright on earth, will find its destined home in the land of spirits.

There are mystic cells in the social tissue of the world that the scientist has never discovered; there are sublime heights in the life of humanity that the most varied speculations of philosophers have never touched.

The human race as a whole has never seen beneath the surface of its existence ; only the noble few whose lives have been living sacrifices for their fellow men, and whose hearts have beat in unison with the needs of humanity have been able to catch a glimpse of the infinite depth and meaning of life. Ask the average representative of every age and every land *what is life*, and the answer is vague and meaningless.

Go to the banks of the sacred Ganges, as the Hindoo mother tosses her infant into the turbid waters, and ask her the meaning of life ; you have the silent though significant answer in the blind sacrifice of innocence to superstition.

Go to Islam's Empire of the east, where nature clothed in robes of verdure, speaks of purity, peace and love ; where the spicy breezes sweeping across the rippling bosom of the sun-kissed bay fans the flushed cheek of the weary toiler in the evening hours ; seek the monarch in his palace upon whose gilded dome the beams of the oriental sun play in varied col-

ors of crimson and gold, and ask him the meaning of life. He sees not beyond the wall of his palace, has never heard the voice of the omnipotent in nature and upon his countenance is written the answer, *pride, ambition, pleasure.*

Go to yonder humble hut and there ask what is life, the simple inmates whose anxious days have been spent in toil and who know not the pleasures of life, answer that is the struggle for daily bread. They, like the rest, have never realized what it is to live.

But if the thought of the world in the past has never solved the mystery, where shall we go to fathom its depths; shall we go to the field of philosophy? Philosophy has speculated in vain, without even solving the problem. Shall we take that cold reason which God has endowed us with and find the much coveted treasure? Men may laud reason as they may, it is given—but reason is the instrument of a human mind; the products of reason may be expressed in words, but beneath words, beneath reason, there lies that higher instinctive knowledge, that moral sensibility, that feeling, the noblest most divine sense that links the life of man to the life of God himself with a golden cable whose shining strands reason can never climb but which she may put to the severest test and at last in despair, surrender to that simple sublime faith, that looks through darkness up to God. And through that darkness there comes a mysterious voice that says to each man, *thou art thy brother's keeper*, and reason herself, cold and formal though she be, catches the eternal truth of the statement and proclaims the infallible fact that catholicity shall rule the world and that charity lies beneath the noblest actions of man.

Man's will is free and in that freedom lies the sublimity of life. The fullest life demands that we shall not only receive but give, we shall not only claim rights from others, but know that the world claims rights from us. And when each man sees that his life helps to make up the life of the race

and joyfully hastens to perform every duty, then duty and right will coincide and catholicity shall rule the world.

And when we speak of catholicity we mean that spirit that sees the virtues of the race and forgives its faults, that spirit that holds out a hand to a fallen brother and helps him to rise ; the spirit that strews the path of humanity with flowers and binds up the bleeding feet of the weary heart-sick wanderer giving the cooling cup of water in the name of heaven. In order to have that spirit a man need not surrender his creed or party. We ask no man to leave his church but to see the noble and true in all churches. We ask no man to betray or forsake his party, but to recognize the right and just in every party. We ask no man to surrender his god-given convictions, but to do the right for the sake of his own noble individuality. The noblest existence demands that we stand up for the *noble*, *just*, and *true*, in our party, in our church, and in ourselves. On the other hand, the curse of the political world is the knave who fights under no banner but who drifts with every change of time and plays upon the ignorance of men for his own selfish advancement. The knave of the church is the man who claims no church but who maliciously tears the robes of faith and love from the mind of his fellow man and leaves him to wander alone on the dreary waste of doubt and skepticism without a beacon light to guide his desolate soul to a haven of rest. The knave and pest of life is the wretch who betrays himself, the noble instincts of manhood and the commands of conscience who scorns mankind who sneers at the spirit that uplifts humanity, and who thinks only of self when he hears around him the bitter agonizing cry of the world for aid and guidance.

But there is a higher life that in selfishness and self-interest predominate. Progressive development is a law of life. The human race has passed through many stages of development, but in the future is to come the grand moral stage of mans

existence, the culmination of the development of humanity, and in that stage, man will stand forth what he really is—the masterpiece of creation.

The pessimistic views of some cause them to say that the race is retrograding and man is becoming more depraved. But the student of comparative history knows that such is not the fact, and that every law of development leads to a higher life. How absurd to think that the omnipotent creator of the universe would allow man to become more weak and vile, when his grand purpose, “which has through the ages run” is to develop him into that noble, God-like being that shall adorn the earth in its beauty.

When I speak of that development I do not forget the evils of the present. But were there no such a being as a God; if Darwin had spoken the truth and had man been evolutionized from the most hideous ape that ever roamed in an African forest, still judging from the laws of development that have placed man in the position he occupies to-day, we have no reason for saying that the growth will stop here, and the inevitable conclusion is that a more perfect life lies yet in the future. How much more sure the development, how much more glorious the destiny of the race when we know that an infinite mind rules the world, and that a God in fatherly love shapes the destinies of men.

That noblest existence lies yet in the future, but the hope that springs eternal in the human breast can catch faint glimpses of its beauty. That life will never be attained by the surges of maddened mobs and by the impulsive demands of anarchy and socialism, but the steady, progressive thought of the world will lead the onward movement and the advancement to that higher life will be controlled by earnest, sober minded men, whose hearts beat in sympathy with the needs of the world. And when the noblest efforts and thoughts of the world are directed toward the attainment of that grand object, then will the race move upward and the

restless tide sweep onward bearing mankind upon its bosom. But when a type of life is set forth, the model must be forthcoming. In order to show you the model I simply ask you to look backward nearly twenty centuries. When the despised Gallilean struggled up the rugged slopes of Golgotha and in the dying agonies on the cross cried out "it is finished" then it was that the model life for the development of the race was complete. There is a peculiar and senseless prejudice against any one except a preacher drawing lessons from the life of Christ and against connecting it with any subject except one that is eminently religious. But such an idea is absurd, and when I speak of that life as the model life for the world I say it not because Christ was the founder of the christian church, not because he was the son of God, but because that life was what it was independent of every other fact. Had the wreathing scathing lightings of Gods eternal wrath written *treachery*, blasphemy, upon his brow in the midst of his dying agonies, and had the rending earth shot forth tongues of fire to proclaim him a base imposter, still, that life would have remained what it is, the noblest life ever lived. And when in the vales of Palestine he said to his disciples, "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," he set forth a truth that omnipotence itself could not have changed, had it proceeded from the mouth of the basest wretch on earth.

And from those sacred vales of Gallilee where once echoed the words of the meek and lowly Nazarene there comes a voice that bids us struggle manfully onward to the higher moral existence of the race.

How glorious the destiny of life, when that noble task is accomplished. When man shall cease to close his eyes against the beauties of the world and when he catch the rapturous strains of the music of the universe, while nature pulsating with life whispers to him the secret of existence, then is that catholicity shall forever solve the social problems that vex the world.

O for the day when men shall see beyond the narrow bounds of their own existence and catch glimpses of glories beyond. When selfishness shall take wings and seek her dark abode in the realms of evil and when fraternal love and charity shall shed their calm sweet influences upon the minds and hearts of men.

The days are past when sword and bayonet achieve man's noblest victories and when the fiery spirit of Mars is characteristic of his truest greatness. Fair women, no longer pluck your most gorgeous flowers to shower upon him who does some daring feat of war but wreath them into a garland of beauty to crown the noble head of him whose hand has dropped the sword to lave with cooling water the fevered brow of the sick and dying and whose lips no longer echo the battle cry, but whispers the gentle words that bid a despairing soul seek life anew.

The noblest work of man is to seek his fallen brothers on life's stern battlefield, give the balm of sympathy that will sooth a wounded heart and send them on to nobler tasks.

The noblest life of woman is not to linger within the walls of her own garden and walk amid her own blooming lilies and roses, but let her wander out on the fields of life and seek her discouraged sisters—down-trodden flowers with stems broken and petals crushed, let her lift them tenderly up—bring back life, freshness and bloom of beauty, and the eternal fragrance of the act will ascend on angels wings and mingle as sweetest perfume with the wreathing smokes of incense before the throne of God.

Oh! the grandeur of life! Oh, the sublimity of living. Poets may sing in sweetest words of its beauties and never reach the deep meaning of life. Orators may speak burning words of eloquence that brand themselves forever upon the mind of the enraptured hearer and never reach the height and breadth of life. Philosophers may search its most intricate depths and soar to infinite heights and never comprehend its fullness.

Life is measured in infinity and lost in the eternal being of God himself. Its sublime grandeur and infinite glory can be measured only by the throbs of the great beating heart of the universe of God whose pulsations thrill every atom of being from the great central disk to the chaotic blackness where the simmering rays of the farthest sentinal star of creation are lost in the unmeasured darkness of endless night. Oh! may the time soon come when man shall see the depth and meaning of his own existence, when the soul shall feel that there prison doors are being broken, when she can catch the fragrance of the pure atmosphere of heaven and where she can look forth and see mankind a nobler and grander race than ever before, with the opening vista of the future beckoning on to greater realms of love and wisdom.

Then oh! thou immortal soul then canst know what it is to love and in thy freedom thou canst seek thy last abode before the pure pure white throne of incarnate Deity.

Then build the noblere mansions
 O my soul,
 While the swift seasons roll.
 Leave thy low vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving the out grown still by life's
 unresting sea!

CLASS DISTINCTION.

Every college should have class distinction. There ought to be lines of distinction drawn in every institution of learning, not imaginary like those of the celestial sphere, but real and visible, like those setting bounds to spectators in a menagerie. A college without class distinction fails to make that everlasting imprint of college life and association upon the mind of the student, so pleasant to be remembered by him in after years.

While this distinction should be clearly made, yet it should not, by any means, debar communication and association among the classes, nor should it deaden the feeling of common brotherhood that ought to exist. It should not exist to such an extent that the Freshmen be bound to make obeisance to the Seniors when they meet, or that they go bare-headed on the campus, or run errands for Seniors as has been the custom in days gone by, but, emphatically, it should exist to the extent that each class have profound respect for the classes above it in order of time and station. The idea that a Freshman, Sophomore, or Junior, should become so self-conceited as to think himself superior to a Senior in any respect is simply absurd and will not bear the light of common sense and reason. There ought to be that outward expression, on part of the lower classes toward the higher ones, of the inward feeling characteristic of the relation of younger brothers to older ones.

Class distinction should not exist because of an individual element. Don't respect a Senior because he happens to be the son of a man of wide reputation, but because, whether he comes from the high or low circles of life, he is a member of that class. Let the genius of the Freshman class respect and honor the dull members of the Senior class simply because that class is composed of the true and tried. Many a hare has taken his long sleep the first year of college life, while a few tortoises have plodded bravely on from one year to another, making slow but sure progress toward their cherished goal. Ah! Freshman, however fleet footed and nimble limbed you may be, take heed. That dull Senior, whom you are not disposed to honor, has scaled many rugged heights and descended into many dark vales you have yet to encounter upon the heights or in the depth of which your poor bones may yet bleach or mould. Honor him because he is capable of giving you good advice, honor him because he is able to lead you to high eminence from which you can get

a clear view of your surroundings, and from which you can see, possibly, beckoning hands of time worth calling you to higher and nobler achievements; honor him because you hope, some day, to stand where he now stands and think the thoughts, or perhaps better ones, that he now thinks. In short the lower classes should respect the higher, because it is becoming to all to honor and respect our superiors. Let this be the case and the "gay Fresh," the "conceited Soph," the "arrogant Junior" will be no more.

How is this grand utopia to be attained? Surely not by hazing; in days gone by, this was a determinate factor, but now, when the tendency is to lock the last relics of barbarism in the darkest dungeon, it will not suffice. Haze a new man and you stir up his animosity, and he wants to haze some one else. He would just as lief it would be his class-mate as any body. Half advanced Sophmores haze half advanced Freshmen and they in turn haze the Subs. So this by no means, tends to give the ideal class distinction. Scorn and contempt on part of the higher toward the lower classes will avail nothing. We want mutual not forced distinction among the classes. The spirit of bitterest enmity is often clothed with the garb of force. Whip a dog and he will cower in your presence, but, for that reason, will not love you. The ideal class distinction does not come by might or by power but by the spirit of kindness and brotherly love.

Many things might be mentioned that would tend to secure and preserve the best kind of class distinction. Class pride is a great factor in bringing it about. The boy who does not wish his class to excel in every contest, whether intellectual or upon the athletic field, is seriously lacking in loyalty to his class. Likewise, we add by way of parenthesis, the boy who can not manfully suffer an honest defeat of his class is lacking in loyalty to his institution. A loyal class is bound closer together by victory and made stronger by defeat. All this comes of honest pride of which there can not be too much. If a boy is a member of the Freshman, Sophomore,

Junior, or Senior class let him be proud of the fact and not ashamed to own it. His class pride should lead him to put forth the most strenuous efforts to make his class carry off the palm of victory in every contest, and when it has won the victory he will honor the conquered, if he have the right kind of pride.

Class organization is another matter to make mention of in this connection. Every class should be thoroughly organized by having its president, vice-president, and secretary. It should make a record of all its meetings and present to each of its graduates a copy of these records for his future pleasure and gratification. This thorough organization would enable a class to deal resolutely, intelligently, and expeditiously with any question that might arise concerning its interests, and to defend its rights and advocate its claims.

What about insignia? Will they tend to class distinction? Most assuredly they will. Caps and gowns, badges and walking canes, caps, etc., are all appropriate things where they belong. The crown and royal robe distinguishes the king or queen from the subjects; the cocked hat, fine clothes, and general bearing distinguishes the English gentleman from the peasant, and why not the cap and gown distinguish the Senior from the Freshman? The use of these things can be carried to excess, but with moderate and modest use they are never out of place.

It can readily be seen that if this pride and organization, and these insignia were possessed by each class in the proper spirit it would rightly adjust class distinction. No force, no trickery, no selfishness, no deceit can ever be the means of attaining it, but honest pride and ambition, brotherly kindness and charity, will acquire that which is more to be desired than perishable things.

Let the means for securing class distinction be what they may, some of our institutions are sadly in need of it, because there is a growing disposition among college men to break

over the bounds of common courtesy and claim for themselves honor and distinction long before they deserve them.

R. S. HOWIE, '95.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

[Graduation Oration of PLUMMER STEWART.]

The important thing to every human being is not the origin but the destiny of life. It makes but little difference with me whether I sprang from the Biblical Adam, the Darwinian monkey or the polliwog. But what am I to do and whither am I to go, do concern me. I may have evolved from the monkey; but I am not one now, notwithstanding my peculiar resemblance. A man is not responsible for his appearance on earth, but he is for his conduct after he gets here. He is not responsible for the shape of his nose, but he is for its color.

This is pre-eminently an age of pessimists, and whitlings who would decay, discourage and tear down every thing. The universal complaint is, "we can find nothing to do." The young men graduating from our colleges have caught up the spirit and prolonged the cry, "we can find nothing to do, no opportunities in life." Nothing to do! You cannot walk out in the streets of this progressive city without finding enough to keep you busy for a life-time. *Nothing, to do!* and the greatest question of our national existence, the Negro problem, is threatening—furiously threatening. *Nothing to do!* and every day are landed on our shores two thousand worthless beings, a dangerous element composed of Chinamen and the scum of Europe. *Nothing to do!* and the dark continent, wrestless amid the wilds of nature needs to be dressed and made to yield abundantly to the glory of God. The benighted souls of the barbarous inhabitants of that lone weird region musky darkness curtains the intellectual and spiritual heavens, need but the touch of civilization to kindle the fire

that will blaze forth and make Africa the wonder of the world. The harvest is ripe and the labors are few.

No doubt, some avocations are overcrowded greatly overcrowded—one of these and chief among them is the business of loafing and tramping. The ranks of the Coxeyites are full. There are not enough crumbs thrown out of the back door of civilization for them to satisfy their hunger; not enough stale beer left in beer kegs in front of a saloon to slake their thirst; not enough cover, sheds, barns and cellars to supply them with beds at night; not enough cigar stumps along the side walks to furnish them with after dinner smokes. So there is no opportunity for the college graduate in this line of work. Such an occupation would soon destroy a graduate's shining intellect and wear out his *sole*.

Another overcrowded business is that of merchants who sit out in front of their stores, whittle sticks, discuss politics and play checkers. The supply of these men far exceeds the demands of every town in the United States.

Another overcrowded profession is that of a certain class of school teachers who had finished their education when they left college, who use the same text-books, the same methods, the same ideas, and palm off on the poor students the same old anecdotes from year to year. There is no opportunity in this age for that type of the pedagogue.

Another overcrowded calling is that of a certain class of clergymen who are living outside of humanity, who do not keep abreast of the age, are not acquainted with its thoughts and its literature, who do not know the economic condition of the people, their hopes and aspirations, their despairs and privations, who persist in dragging themselves along *behind* their flock instead of marching *in front* of the procession. There is no room for a ministry that does not minister; no room for men seeking agreeable surroundings, high salaries, luxurious honor, fine churches, and always trembling lest they step on the toes of some man with a large purse. There

is no room for the college graduate in that sort of ministry.

Another overcrowded profession is that of politicians who are followers, not leaders of men, who stump the State and profess undying allegiance to the, *dear old party and its principles*,—all for the sake of a share in the distributions of the spoils. There is no demand for sickening demagogues, wire-pullers and sap-suckers in this age of crises, strikes, socialism and universal unrest. The daily dispatches show that we are on the eve of a change—a great change, discontent among all classes; political brawls, and social wrangles at almost every political gathering; a mass of wretched people swearing they will have relief if they have to wade through blood. There is no demand for an inactive Senate, for a Congress that have to be indicted in order to get a quorum.

Another overcrowded profession is that of dudes,—social bulleys—those fine gentlemen who keep afloat by the wealth or prestige of their ancestry. This age already has more dudes than it knows what to do with. Society would sell this class cheap in a job lot if only a purchaser could be found.

Many other fields are overcrowded, such as lightningrod travelers, book agents, quack doctors and office seekers. But all the opportunities are not gone; all the laurels are not won; all the songs are not sung; all the poems are not written, nor are all the possible achievements of man performed. There never was a time when real men were more in demand in all occupations, callings and professions.

This is a progressive age and there is no demand in any business for the man who doesn't keep up with the times. What do we want with the worn-out idlers of the last generation? This age doesn't travel in the stage coach drawn by the ox; nor does it make its clothes with the spinning-wheel and loom of our grandfathers and grandmothers. Neither is this age guided by the back numbers of magazines and newspapers. What do we want with last year's almanac? What could the women do with last year's hoop-skirts? Well, per-

haps the small boys could use them for circus tents. How would one of us gentlemen look on this occasion with a short tail coat of last season?

This age doesn't want back number in men nor women. It doesn't want those who are out of fashion nor those who allow themselves to become covered with rust. This age wants men with their faces to the rising not the setting sun. It wants optimists not pessimists. It wants men with faith in their fellow-men, men with hopes for our future,—not brooders over the mistakes of the past. It wants bold, brave, self-reliant men—men who are not parrots repeating the words of others, nor imitators who ape the deeds of heroes whose lives are ended and whose missions are fulfilled. The world doesn't need but one Shakespeare, one Martin Luther, one Cæsar, one Lee, nor but one Vance. But it needs men just as great for achievements just as grand and immortal.

Emmerson says; "That which a man can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. The ark in life which offers the greatest opportunities is that which nature points out in man's capacities and environments. Do that which is assigned thee and thou canst not hope too much nor dare too much. Men do not differ so much in their intellectual power as they do in courage. Men dare not express an *unpopular* opinion lest they receive the lash of *public* opinion. They are afraid of their own thoughts. There are untold honors awaiting men of this generation if they but have the courage and daring to act and speak. But, alas! the opinion they fear to utter and the acts they fear to perform will doubtless be carried to braver and truer men of another generation.

Whatever field of activity the young graduate enters, he should ever be found standing and battling at the post of duty. There is nothing more beautiful in man or woman than the cheerful performance of duty. Let us be true to this obligation and there will be no lack of opportunities. Let us be true to this obligation and commerce will have new life, and

all industries will so increase their production that all our essential wants will be supplied. Let us be true to this obligation and the labor problem will soon be solved, the burdens and hardships of the toiling masses will be studied and remedied; the rich will cease to oppress the poor and the poor will cease to envy the splendor of the rich. With increased activities, we will have greater wealth; and with wiser legislation and purer administration of the laws, we will have more just distribution of that wealth. Let us be true to this obligation, and the individual self will be exalted. Let us be true to this obligation and there will be greater contentment and happiness; education and religion will unite humanity into our common brotherhood. All classes will then participate in the great banquet of life. Duty is a stimulant that never fails, yet never intoxicates.

In all lands and in all human story.

The path of duty is the way to glory.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	-	-	-	Assistant.

EDITORIAL.

WE were impressed with a remark made recently by a gentleman of long experience and observation, to the effect that when a man makes a specialty of seeking popularity, he makes a signal failure in obtaining it. The statement is true, and is often strikingly exemplified. If a man goes ahead and does his duty, not catering to the opinions of others nor withholding honest opinions which should be expressed, his popularity is safe. Horace begins one of his best odes by saying that the "man upright in life and free from crime" needs no protection—he is a defence within himself. If you faithfully perform your duty, and show by your actions that you are sincere, you need have no fears but that your fellows will esteem you and recognize the true worth which you possess.

IT is a lamentable fact that students so often have a misconception of the relations that should exist between them and their professors. It seems sometimes that they look with suspicion and distrust upon their instructors, instead of with confidence, and feel that because professors put hard work upon them, that they are acting unkindly toward them. Students are in their own light when they begin to regard it as a God-send when they can skip a recitation, or can skim lightly over a book without the professor finding it out. Boys come to college to work, and if they do not work, it is their loss, not the loss of the teacher. Every student should consider that it is *he* that is the looser when a recitation must

be missed, and that it is to his best interests when his professor takes pains with him and endeavors to draw his mind out by hard labor. It must be admitted, however, that the professor owes much consideration to his students. We believe there are clear cases where boys have been discouraged to despair and carelessness on account of professors giving unreasonably long lessons, and expecting an undue amount of work from them. Let us give both sides justice.

THE fact that a circus performance took place near the College grounds a short time since brings up the question as to whether it is wrong to attend them or not. The student is here to learn all he can, no matter from what source it may come, provided it is truth. No harm can come to that man, who attends for the purpose of studying animal life and human nature, but it is better for that youth who attends from a far less laudable motive to stay away. If the student goes to learn, let him go. We are not commanded to separate ourselves from the world. The day of the stern, Puritanic morality is past, neither are we limited by a Mosaic Law, and the individual conscience, guided by reason, now determines the right or wrong of the circus as well as of everything else. However, "if eating meat makes thy brother to offend," eat no more meat as long as you live.

SOME writer in the *Biblical Recorder* has sent up a mighty wail against Senior caps and gowns as a class distinction, saying that they indicate a weakness of mind and body. Trinity Seniors wear caps and gowns, and these "effeminate" Trinity men show no signs of weakness as yet. As proof of this, we simply cite the Morehead contests, in which, four times out of five, Trinity has come out victorious. If there are others who think that caps and gowns indicate weakness of body, we point with pride to our foot-ball record to convince them that such weakness is foreign to Trinity. When

anyone is mad and desires to make a "fling" at some college, he should choose a weaker point than caps and gowns to strike. The writer in the *Recorder*, in his eagerness to condemn caps and gowns, rushes blindly to the conclusion that all people should wear the same kind of dress; the man who shovels dirt should dress like the man who sits in the governor's chair; the preacher should dress like a grocery clerk. Let him preach that doctrine; his converts will soon see his folly.

THE new student upon entering college, should enter upon a course of silent observation. It is the best thing for himself as well as for others. He should not be disappointed if his opinions are not sought for, and if the boys do not gather about him and do him reverence as his fellows at the high school which he has just left, did. He should not approach strangers with that familiarity with which he used to approach his old friends; perhaps his familiarity might "breed contempt." He should not get "gay" before he is fully initiated. Certainly we do not think he should go around and say nothing, never smile, and be frightened all the time. But the thoughtful boy will always wait till he learns before he acts; will not be too forward in any matter, will attend to his own affairs, and in other words will take somewhat of an unassuming and modest position till he is capable of taking a higher.

LYNCHING IN THE SOUTH.

The foolish, headlong career of one dusky Ida Wells, is again bringing before the minds of negro-lovers the subject of Lynching in the South, and an English society, of which she was the cause, has appointed a committee to investigate this "barbarious practice." We do not know how this committee is progressing in its investigation, but we would say to that august English body, "Go slow." The American people have always been able to attend to their own affairs, and have

always looked with a suspicious eye on foreign interference of any kind. Had it not been for too much interference, the United States might have been to this day English possessions.

The great trouble with those who are crying out against lynching is that they are trying to remove the *effect* without removing the *cause*. They do not see the awful crime on account of which the criminal is lynched, but see only the negro hanging from a limb. While Ida Wells is calling upon the world to protect the criminal, the South would call upon the world to protect its pure mothers and daughters from treatment far worse than death, far more cruel than any lynching or burning at the stake. We do not favor lynching ; indeed, we positively oppose it. But surely the fate of the women of the South is of far more importance to us than the most base criminal. The criminal is a thousand fold more guilty than the mob that lynches him ; and yet people cry out against that mob and pass by the fiendish criminal. Theoretically, it is wrong to lynch ; but let this matter come home to a man ; let his sister or mother be the victim of the negro's devilish lust, and all the human nature in him, however good he may be, will pant to stretch that negro's neck around the world. All the organizations and societies in the world will never be able to stop lynching until the cause of it is removed. Therefore, Northern brother, hush your raving, and come and help us remove the cause and the effect will take care of itself.

LOCALS.

The second of the College Lecture and Concert Series, will be a lecture given about the last of this month.

Much interest is being manifested in the Trinity Epworth League by the students. The first issue of the League paper was out some days ago. Mr. Robert B. Crawford is Chief Editor, and Miss Hattie Freeland Assistant Editor.

The paper read at the recent meeting of the Historical Society by Dr. J. S. Bassett, on "History and Political Science," was a very interesting, valuable and instructive one. You cannot spend an hour better than by attending the Historical Society.

Several of the students attended the State Fair and report a most enjoyable time. A certain Senior rode an elephant around the menagerie ring. If he had had on his cap and gown it would have been quite a picture.

Prof. Boggess was more than a happy man when he read that there was a little baby girl waiting in New York to see her papa for the first time. We trust that it will not be long before we will have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Boggess and her little Ladyship to the Park.

Several young ladies down town are pursuing studies parallel to regular college work. We would like it understood that we would be glad to come down and help them "get up" their lessons, or rather, we mean, have them help us "get up" ours.

It was very much regretted that the exceedingly inclement weather prevented many professors and students from attending the Musical Recital, given in Stokes Hall by Miss Annie D. Peay, assisted by Miss Lily Parrish, Miss Blanche Morgan and Mr. Will Yates. Those who attended report a real musical treat. Miss Peay has a rich and melodious voice and captivated her audience. Miss Parrish was perfection, Miss Morgan inimitable and Yates thoroughly enjoyable. We hope the young ladies will favor us with another recital soon. By that time we will have grown more used to Main street's mud and will be more gallant.

We have again tasted the bitter cup of defeat in foot-ball, but we are not conquered. We hope to meet our friends on the battle field again next season. Defeat makes victory the sweeter when it comes.

The circus has come and gone. A few boys will remember it with regret when ever they see scarf pins. C. and G. can tell you why.

Prof. Boggess is making an addition to his house. The Prof. makes his evening exercise count double.

Mr. S. was afraid his light would burn out before he returned from church unless it was turned off.

Hartsell and Coxie from U. N. C. paid us several visits last month. We are always glad to welcome them to Trinity.

Truly the way of the Freshman is hard. Especially is this true of the small in stature. Two of this character called on some Durham girls not long ago. They were shown into the parlor, but the servant received instructions from the sitting room to tell them that the little boys had retired. Of course the instructions were not obeyed.

Mr. R.—Miss—have you any red ribbon? No, but here is a “Reddy” I would like very much to be rid of.

We are glad to see that the Y. M. C. A. meetings are well attended on Sunday evenings. The college boy cannot afford to neglect the religious part of college life.

R. G. Tuttle class '94, writes that he is well pleased with Vanderbilt. “Tutt” still plays foot-ball.

It was a gala day for Trinity boys when, in '92 they celebrated the burial of monthly examinations and placed an epitaph on their tomb pronouncing a terrible curse on him who should dare to disturb their peaceful repose. No one knows how it happened, but they have again come to life. Now, not monthlies, but weeklies haunt the Fresh. and Soph. in their dreams and meet them face to face in their working hours.

Who dares not speak his thoughts is a slave.—*Bonaparte*.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.—*Holland*.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—*Ruskin*.

It was the same book but alas! the cover was different and “Jimmy” could not find the place.

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—*Gascoigne*.

What did “Hal” dream about when he put the wedding cake under his pillow?

Calamity is man’s true touchstone.—*Beaumont*.

“Cush” looking at himself in the glass. “And yet they call womam the fair sex.”

Of all of our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us. A man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.—*Franklin*.

A young lady: “Mr. Thomas why do the young men call you ‘Reddy’?” Thomas: “Oh, because I an so prompt on recitation,”

"Ducky" to his girl: "May I have a good night kiss?"—"I suppose so, you must miss your nurse awfully, don't you?"

And the Freshman can't get used to the electric light. Hear one of them: "How did they get that hair pin in that bottle?"

Less judgment than wit, is more sail than ballast.—*William Penn.*

The Faculty are requested to give "Cholly" three minutes notice next time and he will have an excuse for missing chapel.

Oh, that memorable night to Freshmen!

Fresh. B. hopes he can take a ten years course at Trinity. Perhaps he will.

An important newie asked Toby to put one of those little boxes (partitions) into his room.

Prof. M—Mr. H. what did Mr. Hall preach about Sunday? Mr. H. (laconically) about two hours, professor.

P. wants to know which is the higher, Sub-Fresh or A. B.

What made "Mac" on astronomy say "tropic of camphor"?

Senior hailing two quarrelling Preps. What is the matter, boys? Prep. No. 1. The subject of a verb is in the nominative case, isn't it?—Yes—There now, John, I told you so.

Professor on Economics, going to the door—"Thaddie" we dont want that singing out here. We don't object to the noise, but the quality of the sound.

Well, it takes many many years for some Freshmen to learn anything. One was recently heard to ask, what "woman? in black dress" that was walking across the campus.

Sophomore—A man must be a fool to wear a "gown."

Senior—Yes, but not all fools can wear them.

"Gaily" Daily—Is the dynamo open?

Junior—Yes, why?

Gaily—There is where them chemicals are, aint it?

"Billie" wanted to know why he couldn't turn off his light by tying the chord.

Famous Cap says he attended the High Schools forty years before he came to Trinity.

Prof. B.—Who can get up a historical paper on the Klu Llux in N. C.?

"Cap"—I can get you one, professor.

Prof.—Where will you get it?

"Cap"—I will get it from experience.

Prof. A.—Why, Mr. B., what is the matter out here?

Mr. B.—(quite obstreperous) who in the d—are you? It is you, is it professor.

Prof. on Astronomy—Now, young men, if you get these systems and lines down well, you will then be *at home in the heavens*.

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again.”

In the parlor on the sofa,
Looking very sweet,
Sat a young and lovely maiden
waiting him to greet.

In he walked, a blooming Freshman,
Gaudily well dressed,
Fondly round he clasped the maiden,
And her lips he pressed.

Am I first,” he fondly asked her,
In his joyous mirth;
“Thou art first” she quickly answered—
Truth was crushed to earth.

“Am I first,” in turn she asked him,
O, must tru’h be slain!
“Thou art *last*,” he then responded—
Truth arose again.

Heaven pity the man who is wrapt in the false embrace of sentimental love. The charming face and comely figure of a silly maiden may capture or a season; but admiration for only worth and intellect can last through out eternity.

In-ibus yard-ibus
Boy-ibus sun-um,
Bumblebee com-ibus
Boy-ibus run-um.

Boy-ibus run-ibus
Catch-ibus quick um
Into his pocket the
Boy-ibus stick-um.

Pocket had in-ibus
One little hole-um,
Under his jacket the
Bumble-bee stole-um.

Bumble-bee mad ibus,
Turn in to fight um,
Boy-ibus jump-ibus
High as a kite-um.

EXCHANGES.

On account of the late arrival of exchange matter, it is impossible to devote much time and space to the exchange department in this issue of the Archive.

In order that this department be made a marked success, the editor thereof must devote a great deal of time to the perusal of college monthlies. They must be good critics. Good judgment must be exercised lest some thing be overlooked that deserves to be mentioned. The present editors, being non-egotists, do not claim to fully possess all these good requisites, and, consequently, can not expect to offer to the public their ideal exchange department.

The Wofford College Journal comes to us from the "Palmetto State," laden with the same characteristics possessed by our honored president, Prof. John C. Kilgo, who hails from that state, namely high literary merit and purity of thought. The articles "The Philosophy of English Literature" and "Literary Immortality," deserve special mention and commendation.

We trust that Wofford and Trinity are more closely bound by the ties of reciprocity than ever they have been heretofore.

We recommend that all colleges interested in journalism, make a special study of the plan and management of the Nashville Student. It is a new investment in college journalism, and bids fair to prove a grand success, and possibly revolutionize the method of conducting college papers and magazines. Why not every state have one general college organ?

The Wake Forest Student has entered another year of experience with a promising outlook. The Archive extends its sympathies to the Student on account of the death of Prof. Maske.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly has an interesting department, *Athletica*, in which are discussed all athletic interests.

The college student kicks his way
To glory and clean through it;
If he's not the king of foot ball now,
He's hair—apparent to it.—*Ex.*

"When may I sleep?" he cried,
As the baby began to squall;
And a saucy answer echoed back,
"After the bawl!"—*Ex.*

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THE
Trinity Archive.

DECEMBER, * 1894.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

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—OF THE—

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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

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Overdrafts	27.04	Surplus	30,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	5,440.29
Due from Banks	\$31,021.05	Deposits	\$149,586.74
Cash	<u>26,997.41</u>	Cashier's Checks	<u>4,444.51</u>
	58,018.46	Due Banks	154,031.25
	<u>\$294,851.77</u>	Dividends unpaid	4,606.48
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NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By HON. WALTER CLARK.

North Carolina has always known how to make history. She has never troubled herself to write it. Hence much credit due her is unrecorded. There were certainly "brave men before Agamemnon." But we know not their names nor their deeds. They serve not to arouse the heart. For posterity they have in effect not lived while Achilles, Hector, Nestor, Ulysses are alive to this day, more truly and more effectively alive, as regards their impress upon the age than many men whom we meet on the streets.

There are many forgotten chapters in North Carolina history which if recalled would brighten her fame. Among the many creditable incidents of her colonial history are the patriotism and enterprise shown in sending her troops on the successive expeditions to St. Augustine, to South America and to join in Braddock's march to the Ohio. We will in this paper be restricted to the South American expedition. The only time troops from any part of the United States have ever served beyond the limits of this continent was in the expedition to Venezuela in 1740, known as the Carthage expedition. North Carolina was represented there and both by sea and land her troops did their duty. She

sent 400 men, a contribution as large in proportion to the population of the colony at that time as if the State were now to furnish 50,000 troops. We know that these men served, that they took an active part in the sea attack upon Boca Chico and that they subsequently aided in the deadly assault by land upon the fort of San Lazaro, when half the storming column was left dead or wounded on the field. We know that not a fifth of the gallant 400 returned. But we know not with certainty the name of a single officer or man of these brave North Carolinians. Indeed the expedition itself is almost unknown to the North Carolinians of the present day.

It may not be amiss therefore to recall the little that has been left to us of this early display of patriotism by the Province of North Carolina. In 1790 Great Britain, then at war with Spain determined to strike a blow at the Spanish Colonial possessions. An expedition left Spithead, England in October 1740 for the West Indies, composed of 15,000 sailors commanded by Admiral Vernon, and 12,000 land troops under Lord Cathcart. There were 30 ships of the line and 90 other vessels. On arriving at the West Indies these were joined at Jamaica by 36 companies containing 3,600 men raised in the North American Colonies. Had Admiral Vernon proceeded at once to Havana as intended, he could have easily taken it and Cuba would have passed under English rule. But with strange incompetence he loitered until Havana was fortified and garrisoned. He then sailed to attack Carthagena on the coast of Venezuela. On the way he fell in with a French fleet. France was still at peace with Great Britain though not very friendly. This fleet refused to show its colors. A fierce fight ensued in which many men were killed and wounded. The next morning the French fleet showed their colors whereupon the Admirals gravely apologized to each other and each fleet took its course. This is a characteristic incident of these times. Smollett, the

celebrated historian and novelist, was serving in the British fleet as assistant surgeon and has left us an accurate description, it is said, of this sea fight in the naval battle depicted by him in Roderick Random. The fleet finally arrived before Carthagena whose fortifications had 300 cannon mounted. Admiral Vernon unaccountably delayed five days till the Spaniards had fortified and reinforced. He then attacked and carried the passage of Boca Chico at the mouth of the harbor but with heavy loss of life, among them Lord Aubrey Beauclere who commanded one of the ships. Sailing into the inner harbor he disembarked the land forces. Lord Cathcart having died the command of these forces had passed to Gen. Wentworth. The ill feeling and rivalry between Wentworth and Admiral Vernon thwarted every movement. An attack was made on fort San Lazaro, but it was not aided by the fleet and was repulsed losing half of the twelve hundred men of the storming column on the field, among them its gallant leader Col. Grant. The whole expedition was shamefully mismanaged. The troops were brave but the leaders were incompetent. The heat and diseases of the climate slew more than the sword. The army finally withdrew but it numbered on reaching Jamaica only 3,000 of the original 15,000. Of these only 2,000 survived to return home. The loss among the sailors was also heavy. The number of North Carolina troops who returned home is not known but it is presumed their ratio of loss equaled that of the rest of the army. Of the 500 men sent by Massachusetts only 50 returned. Such in brief is an outline of this ill-starred expedition. Admiral Vernon incidentally touches later American history by the fact that his name was bestowed by Lawrence Washington (who served under him) on his residence which afterwards took its place in history as Mt. Vernon. It is the irony of fate which thus links his name with immortal fame for few men so incompetent ever trod a quarter-deck as that same vice-admiral of the Blue, Edward

Vernon. He was subsequently dismissed from the service—cashiered.

Prior to 1760 the regimental rolls were not preserved in the British War Office, hence we know very little of the distinctive composition of the American contingent. We know that there were eight Regiments of British troops and four Battalions of Americans. The latter was composed of thirty-six companies and contained 3,500 or 3,600 men. Of these, it appears from the letter of Col. William Blakeney to the Duke of Newcastle of October 23d, 1740 there were four companies from Virginia, eight from Pennsylvania, three from Maryland. These were to go out under Col. Wm. Gooch the Lieut. Gov. of Virginia. There preceded these, five companies from Boston, two from Rhode Island, two from Connecticut, five from New York, three from New Jersey. The four companies from North Carolina arrived last of all. On arrival the Northern companies were to be commanded by Col. Gooch and those from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina were to be commanded by Col. Blakeney. On the 14th, of December 1740 Col. Blakeney wrote from Jamaica that Col. Gooch with the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia troops had arrived and the North Carolina troops were daily expected. They subsequently arrived but exactly when is not known. Lord Cathcart died at Jamaica, December 20th 1740 and was succeeded by Gen. Wentworth. From a letter of Gov. Gooch to the Duke of New Castle it appears that the Colonial companies were placed in battalions without reference to the respective provinces from which they came and were distinguished as the "American Regiments." From an extract of a return of Col. Gooch we find that in the 2nd. Battalion was Col. Coletrain "with the remainder of his company, viz., two Lieutenants, two Sergeants, two Corporals, one Drummer and forty Centinels from North Carolina." This is the only name of an officer which is distinctively given as being in command of North Carolina troops. It is

unlikely that even he was from the State for in one of the published accounts of that day it is stated of these "American Regiments" that the field officers were all men of long service, named by his Majesty, and sent from Britain. The companies were chiefly raised by the interest and at the charge of their respective captains; of whom some were members of the Assembly in the provinces where they resided; others lived upon their own plantations and had commands in the militia; and some few had been concerned in traffic." His Majesty, it is further stated, "sent out thirty cadets of family who were provided with positions as Lieutenant in the American Companies." It was charged by a pamphleteer that "the greatest part of the private soldiers enlisted in North America were either Irish Papists or English who had been under a necessity of leaving their own country." This if true as to any of the provinces, could not have been so as to the North Carolina companies. Gov. Johnston of North Carolina, in his letter to the Duke of Newcastle, Nov. 5, 1740, says: "I have good reason to believe that we could have easily raised 200 more if it had been possible to negotiate the bills of exchange in this part of the continent, but as that was impracticable we were obliged to rest satisfied with four companies," which he further states, "are now embarked and just going to sea." He states also that three of these companies were raised in the Northern part of the Province, i. e. in the Albemarle section. The other it seems was recruited in the Cape Fear section. There is some reason to believe that Col. James Innes of subsequent fame served as Captain of this company. All four companies embarked on transports in the Cape Fear Nov. 1740, and sailed directly for Jamaica where they joined Admiral Vernon's squadron.

The contribution of men by North Carolina to this expedition was as large in proportion as her levy of men. On 21 August 1740 Gov. Johnston informed the Assembly of the King's desire that North Carolina should assist in the war.

This the Assembly promptly assented to and a tax was laid of 3 shillings on the poll, but owing to the scarcity of money it was provided that the tax could be paid either "in specie or by tobacco at ten shillings the hundred, rice at seven shillings and six pence, dressed deer skins at two shillings and six pence the pound, tallow at four pence, pork at seven shillings the barrel, or current paper money at seven and a half for one." Warehouses for receiving the commodities were directed to be built in each county.

The most striking incident of the campaign—apart from its terrible mismanagement and loss of life—was the land attack upon the fortification of Carthagena. Gen. Wentworth in a note to Admiral Vernon April 2, 1741 demanded that a detachment of 1,500 Americans should be landed, under the command of Col. Gooch to assist him. On April 6th, he acknowledges the landing of the Americans who it appears took part in the attack on San Lazaro. This is thus described by Smollett; "Stung by the reproaches of the Admiral (Vernon) Gen. Wentworth called a council of his officers and with their advice he attempted to carry Fort St. Lazaro by storm. Twelve hundred men headed by Gen. Guise, and guided by some Spanish deserters or peasants, who were either ignorant, or which is more likely, in the pay of the Spanish Governor, whom they pretended to have left, marched boldly up to the foot of the fort. But the guides led them to the very strongest part of the fortifications; and what was worse, when they came to try the scaling ladders with which they provided, they found them too short. This occasioned a fatal delay, and presently the brilliant morning of the tripics broke with its glaring light upon what had been intended for a nocturnal attack. Under these circumstances the wisest thing would have been an instant retreat; but the soldiers had come to take the fort, and with bull-dog resolution they seemed determined to take it at every disadvantage. They stood under a terrible plunging fire, adjusted their ladders and fixing

upon points where they might climb; and they did not yield an inch of ground, though every Spanish cannon and musket told upon them and thinned their ranks. One party of grenadiers even attained a footing on the top of a rampart, when their brave leader, Col. Grant, was mortally wounded. The grenadiers were swept over the face of the wall, but still the rest sustained the enemy's fire for several hours, and did not retreat till six hundred or one-half of their original number lay dead or wounded at the foot of those fatal walls. It is said that Vernon stood inactive on his quarter deck all the while, and did not send in his boats full of men till the last moment when Wentworth was retreating. The heavy rains now set in and disease spread with such terrible rapidity that in less than two days one-half the troops on shore were dead, dying or unfit for service." The expedition was then given up and the survivors re-embarked and sailed for Jamaica.

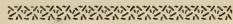
It cannot be doubted that North Carolinians were among the American troops taking part in the assault. It also appears from Admiral Vernon's reports that the American Colonies contributed several sloops to the fleet but how many and by whom commanded is not stated. After his return to Jamaica he writes the Duke of Newcastle 30 May 1741 that "without the aid of some of the Americans we could not get our ships to sea." Yet he also had the effrontery to write suggesting that the survivors of the Americans should be colonized in Eastern Cuba as "North America is already too thickly settled and its people wish to establish manufactures which would injure those at home" (in Britain). In fact many Americans, probably sailors on the sloops, were drafted to the British ships going to England.

Thus early in her career, 154 years ago this month, North Carolina came to the front. She responded to the King's call for aid, with men and means to the full of her ability. Her soldiers served as they have always done since, modestly but faithfully. Beneath the tropical sun, in the sea fight, at the carrying of the passage of Boca Chico, in the deadly assault

upon San Lazaro, North Carolinians knew how to do their duty and to die. The merest handful returned home. But their State has preserved no memento of their deeds. The historian has barely mentioned them. Not the name of a single man has been preserved. The recollection of so much heroism should not be allowed to die. North Carolina should yet erect a cenotaph to these her sons, to the

“Brave men who perished by their guns
“Though they conquered not”—

to the “unreturning brave” who sleep beneath the walls of St. Augustine, by the tropical summer sea at San Lazaro and amid the rolling hills where Braddock fell.



THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

A young man has many experiences to relate; many pleasant as well as unpleasant events in his life, but none have a deeper hold on his mind and soul than the thoughts of by gone college days.

In after life they, in fancy, come back to him with all their true meaning and significance as indeed treasures of the past. Those are, indeed, days never to be forgotten and in whatever sphere of life he may be called to act, he at times can but think of the days spent in the class-room perhaps, out in the athletic field or in performing other college requisites. A boy on hearing his father tell of college days is made to feel that such a life is worth the living and that he too some day will have the advantages of such a life. See with what vivid imagination and strict attention he listens to his father's tales of college days spent at some of the great institutions.

Unconsciously boys, reared under such influences, imbibe a spirit of respect and reverence for college halls as something far above the petty affairs of life. Filled with such conceptions and emotions, showing such reverence, boys of natures keenly alive to the spirit of life, in the very flower of their youth, leave home to seek a college training. This is the

great event of any young man's life, when he leaves home and its environments to become a college student. It is a severing of ties, of parting not to be described.

On reaching college a boy begins life on a very different basis than from that he had before known and as might be expected he sensibly feels a "greenness" and "home-sickness" that defies all language to attempt to express. In due time, however he is initiated into what constitutes college life.

In arranging his work the new student looks to the president of the institution and his corps of workers to assist him and to render such other aid as may be necessary. Then we see what a powerful influence these men may and do exert over the minds of young men, and what responsibilities they hold in directing those under their care and guidance along the right way.

The minds of students, from those whom they come to respect and love, receive impressions almost indellible, which to some degree will be the direct means of shaping and moulding their characters. Then it seems if those who exert so powerful influence over the minds of young men would more fully realize their influence, surely with very great care and prudence they would direct their monitions and render their advice, feeling that a human destiny to some extent lay within their bounds. In beginning college life, students find older ones willing to render them much service. When the service is of the right kind how valuable it is. When not, often how harmful! There are some too willing to direct Freshmen along whatever lines they may be seeking information.

Hazing was formerly a part, it seems, of the order of things in the schools and universities. New students were often made to fear severe torture, inflicted by the mutual consent of older students. The day is passed when hazing in such a brutal form can be practiced, as public opinion has pronounced against it. The superior Sophomore, superior in his own estimation gives the new student a few private

lessons of instruction, the remembrance of whose tuition remains as an indellible impression on his very receptive mind. In due time the student becomes verily a member of the student body. The way to him may seem hard, arduous and difficult, and at times he may feel like giving up in despair, often discouraged, groping in the dark, but let him remember that time proves all things. He must bear in mind that what is to-day difficult will seem easy to-morrow; that what seems impossible to-day will be possible, if he but continue his steady blows upon the anvil. He must remember that those before him bore like burdens, who have passed away with wreaths and palms of victory as they went out amid the busy scenes of life.

Let him remember that these tasks assigned him are for his real good and that as his will grows so will his mind expand and develop. He will come to see: "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

When the student comes to college he comes into an atmosphere of culture and refinement made sacred by tradition, produced by each succeeding generation of college men. Coming into such an atmosphere the student is made to feel his insignificance and his imbecility. He is made to feel that he is but one of the many thousands who are seeking higher things. He knows and sensibly feels that in these halls have stood some of the greatest of earth's thinkers—that here Milton or Wordsworth have left their names; that here they were given that discipline, that training, that instruction, that here they were assigned duties the performance of which has made them illustrious; that in these halls there has been a pleasant mingling of student with student; that from these college walls there have gone out those, who may never again darken the doors of their beloved "alma mater," but who have left such a record that none might feel ashamed to call theirs. What an incentive, what a stimulation there comes to those, who possess such reverence for the history and traditions of our institutions of learning. To the student

beginning his college course life becomes to him as to one transplanted into a new world, the half of whose realities has never yet been conceived.

Whatever may have been a boys responsibilities and duties before going to college the fact is that after reaching college the sphere of life opens before him and he must assume responsibilities and perform many of the functions of a man, which, if rightly performed, will cause his life to be deemed a success, but which, if not, will stand out in bold relief as so many evidences of the abuse of opportunities. The college community into which a student comes presumes him to have come into their midst for business, for work, but how often is such a false presumption. Away from the sweet and restraining influences of home, a boy cannot too cautiously look after his character. There are vices and snares set for students, which often prove the ruin of many a noble, honest fellow, who to appear an important being in crowds of a dissipating nature indulges his appetite and passions.

Going to college, free from such habits of dissipation, a young man sows to the wind to reap hopes blasted and a life blighted. How often may be seen young men, the pride of father and the hope and stay of mother, led astray simply because they failed to possess that which none can afford to be without—stability of character—that which makes a young man a manly man and which is the surest guarantee to true success and honor.

Words are inadequate to picture those who enter college and who go away, realizing that they have been utter failures. If students more fully realized that they are making a record while in college not to be easily forgotten, but that they are leaving a record that will be ineradicable and the influence of which time alone can disclose; that the varied friendships formed and the relations students have with students are a powerful factor in the shaping and moulding of real character in after life, then surely they would begin their course with

all the firmness and determination to follow the paths of rectitude and that lead to honor. The older students may be of inestimable value to those beginning their college course. They should be kind and considerate of the feelings of those commencing college life. How often words, spoken by those capable of giving good advice, prove the means of making a young man see the necessity of beginning right and staying right.

A young man never knows what may be the force of words thoughtfully or thoughtlessly uttered. Such being the power of words, no one, but he that is incapable of perceiving the necessity or duty of being kind to others, would purposely wound the tender feelings of another.

At college may be found all grades of boys; boys of all natures; those who have feeling and respect for the rights and interests of others and those who are totally devoid of all such higher sentiments; from the extremely studious to the extremely lazy and worthless; from the extremely rough and uncouth to those possessing consideration of other's claims. It is here that human nature affords such a fine field for study.

The one supreme and all important thing for any student is to be sure that he is beginning right and by due prudence and preparation to remain in the right way, for the good beginning very materially effects the good ending.

Boys too little appreciate the opportunities that a collegiate education gives them in preparing themselves for the duties and responsibilities of life. They too often forget the sacrifices that their parents may be making to give them such advantages, for indeed many a father and mother deny themselves the necessities and comforts of life to give their sons an education. None but an ingrate would abuse the dear purchased training of such sacrifices. If young men would reflect on such sacrifices, on such demonstrations of love, surely there would be far less number to abuse their opportunities.

If young men would more fully realize how many thousands, yea tens of thousands who do not possess the privilege of sitting under college towers and classic shades, who would only be too glad to have such advantages, but who have not and who must labor to keep soul and body together, then how much harder they would strive to accomplish something in college, which is but a surer means of accomplishing something in the busy scenes of life and cause their sacrificing parents to feel that their efforts have not been made in vain, but that they will be repaid an hundred-fold. College life is a complex affair; it is a veritable reality and there are many phases of its nature. The question has often been asked whether a young man, whose resources are limited should become involved in debt for the sake of getting a college education. No two persons look at all the phases of the case, as they must needs to rightly answer the question. Their answer, therefore, will depend materially upon who the boy is who is seeking such a training; whether he evinces any of those qualities that causes the world to pronounce him a worthy or an unworthy being. Whatever may be said there are thousands, who to-day can testify that their poverty was the means of bringing out their latent powers, developed at college under very unfavorable auspices. The question again has been asked whether men, who expect to go in business, should take a collegiate training and whether those expecting to follow some profession ought to have a college education.

The answers to these all important queries will be varied, for there is no settled opinion, no definite answer to such questions. The whole matter rests on what are the *ideals* of those about to begin life, whether life means anything more than the mere gain of the dollar or whether it means such a life as will better the human race; such a life that feels its duty and which strives to leave the world better than it found it. Life then may be viewed from two points of view: sub-

jectively and objectively. To those whose view of life is the former it may be doubtful whether they would wisely spend their means and time in acquiring knowledge, but those whose views of life are broader than the merely getting filthy lucre, in short who value life as something higher and grander than the "Almighty Dollar" then money expended in the pursuit of such training will be so much that can be rightly estimated only by the results of life.

College life consists in far more than the stuffing one's brain with a few facts. If this be its only object, well may their be sufficient grounds for criticism. Facts are important, they are indispensable, but what are facts without some principle instilled in the minds of the student, as to the real significance of those facts? The boy comes to college with a mind untrained to a large degree, but with a mind capable of a training that will make life to him much more valuable and much sweeter. He is not only a candidate for the Bachelor's degree, but he is a candidate to become all that belongs to true manhood and it is at college that such opportunities are afforded him for thus being developed. What would our institutions be without the classics,—mind trainers,—which make the mind strong and robust. Yet Greek and Latin are not all to be sought after in our colleges. Though they, together with Mathematics, can not be surpassed for discipline, for rigid training, yet knowledge wherever found, if it be of an elevating tone, must be valued for its real worth. College life means such a life as should make us more liberal and charitable towards others who pursue different fields of activity, who pursue different lines of study or who see things from points of view other than from what we do.

No one has the right to declare that education consists solely in this or that course of study, for such an education is far worse than no education. While at college the student should seek to obtain liberal culture as far as he may consistently do so in justice to the many duties assigned him.

What field is there finer in which he may acquire such a catholicity of tastes as is the field of literature? Here he enters a field, valuable both in itself and also for the mental discipline it affords. To enlarge one's conception of the significance of life the student goes to the treasures of the past, found in studying and reading the best authors. They speak to him in tones of deepest meaning and from them he gets such truths that bring solace and comfort to his hungry and thirsty mind and spirit. When other tasks and duties have been well performed, the student knows no better place to spend his spare moments than among the thoughts of the most profound thinkers. He that associates in mind among the beautiful thoughts and noble conceptions of those, who have given us the expression of such beauties, to him there will come a fondness for beautiful things. He who associates with the beautiful in words or thoughts or in literature that person will become imbued with a source of what is high and lofty in life.

There remains to us enough of that which is beautiful to enrich our minds, to give us a true appreciation of all that is worth our reading and studying. Forbid that our college students should form a taste for such reading that not only is of no real benefit, but which destroys taste and appreciation of the good in literature. It has been said, and very truly said, that as a man thinketh so is he. Equally true is it as a man reads so may he be judged. He that reads what will make him have pure thoughts, will more or less be so much the better, but he, who peruses literature of a degrading type, may not expect any better than to be so debased and degraded in thought and deed. How careful then students should be of what they read, for fearful may be the consequences of unwholesome reading. The impression made on the mind may never be effaced, hence many of the sad lives thus ruined by such deadly poison.

Every student will do well to map out such a course of reading as his professor may suggest. By pursuing a course

of this kind on leaving college he feels and verily knows that he has expanded in breadth of conception of what constitutes life.

“We have seen that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that a cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties; and its very sparkles, like those of diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.”

However humble may be a student's origin, he should never feel discouraged in attempting to accomplish something in life, in striving to do something that will elevate him in the scale of human activity. From humble origin, yea low birth, have come some of the greatest men of the world; men who were not ashamed to strive in the face of even such humiliations. It takes *grit*, as it is commonly called, perseverance and a spirit filled with right principles and honest pure motives to overcome difficulties and surmount obstacles.

The college is a fine field for developing latent power, when the tests are made; a time when young men prove themselves indeed young men of the highest type of true manhood, worthy of being called men. It is while at college that a young man may broaden into the symmetrical person into which he is capable of being developed. When the student comes fully to recognize that the four years spent at college is but the transition period to something higher and nobler; that he has a mission in life to fill intensely real to himself and to the whole world as well, then he well deems himself very fortunate to be a college student and in acquiring a college education. Let a young man be true to the trusts committed to his care; trusts, which to some are the means of blessing them, but which to others are lightly esteemed and which are the source of bringing even shame and dishonor upon those abusing them; true to the various duties and tasks assigned him as a student,

ever at his post of duty, then at the end of his college career he *feels* and *knows* that he has grown, better prepared to meet life's duties, better prepared for the smiles of fortune or the reverses and losses of the dark hour, which may come to every one.

A student of this type, not only demands but commands the respect and honor from all with whom he comes in contact, both from his superiors and inferiors, from the faculty and student body, for he has not only been true to the more important duties assigned to him, but he has been equally as true to those of minor importance. By the performance of such duties the mind of the student is made to grow; the strength is increased; the purpose is fixed, the ideals are made high and the will becomes almost immovable.

Respecting the rights and interests of others, he in return is respected and esteemed by them.

The charge is often heard preferred against college men that they are not practical in the business affairs of life, hence most often failures.

Too often this is the case with "educated cranks", but the whole body must not be judged by the capacities of a few of the above type any more than should any society of men by those of its number who bring reproach and even shame upon the entire organization.

That there are cranks in the ranks and files of our college graduates is too evident to be denied, but that education is a failure is an assertion that can not be sustained; absurd—in the extreme.

Education is a power felt in every sphere and action of life as abundance of evidence conclusively proves. When then the student possesses sense enough—common sense enough—to be able to take such a discipline as is given in our institutions of learning, he then fits himself with an instrument that needs no further proof of its power than such a life necessarily, during its whole course, will give. Education has received a great impetus within the past century,

the effect of which may be seen in every direction. The day when ignorance held sway over the minds of men was during the dark ages, but in this the glorious nineteenth century; an age of invention, of rapid strides to higher attainments; an age in which mind is the great factor and ruling principle in effecting such changes; an age noted both for its business and literary activity, in such an age the sphere of the student has been extended, for the demand of leaders, educated men, is far greater than it ever was before.

To the students of our colleges are given trusts, the performance of which will aid in keeping the world in the right way and in furthering progress, but the neglect of which will be sufficient evidence of deterioration.

The day can never be again, when minds untrained, can stand on equal footing in the race of life with well trained and developed minds coming from our colleges each year. In short, college life is the great factor in this the greatest of all ages and to it the present pays her homage, and to it posterity will be greatly indebted for much of her possessions.

The various institutions of learning, scattered throughout this fair land of ours, stand for the embodiment of truth, of all that is of an elevating nature whereby mankind may be lifted even to a higher plane of usefulness.

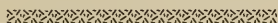
Those, coming out from college halls, owe it to themselves; to the institution from which they graduate; to the age in which they live to preserve and ever sustain the influence, which their alma maters are to-day wielding over the minds of men.

May that day never come, when it may be said, that the sons of our colleges have brought reproach on themselves and and their mother institutions in being untrue to the trusts committed to them. The world looks to such men, educated men, to guide and direct the affairs of life. Such men our institutions are sending out to fill the various professions and vocations of life and such men will she continue to send; men imbued and disciplined in honest principles, possessed

with firm convictions and men, who dare to show and act the same under any and all circumstances.

Whatever may be said the fact cannot be disputed that of all beings the college student has the greatest responsibility. Because then of such responsibility, his actions will be the more commendable or discreditable as he proves himself worthy or unworthy of all these defined or implied duties.

F. C. McDOWELL.



A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

[From the GERMAN OF HELEN STOEKL.]

It was on the day before Christmas. In an apartment of of the railway train which sped away from the capital across the country into the mountains sat a pale young woman. With her dark fur cloak clasped about her and a veil drawn over her face she appeared to shrink from the noise which greeted the train at every station and came from the separate apartments as they were unceasingly filled and emptied.

Half-grown boys and girls with the delight of escaping from the boarding-school and going home for the holidays shining on the fresh rosy faces; teachers and artists, students and professors, workmen, merchants, office-holders, who freed themselves from their work for Christmas day; here a father who groaned under the load of his purchases; there are old grand-mothers whose pleasant smiles showed that all the pockets of her large old-fashioned cloak were running over with presents for her grand-children; here a bright-hearted officer away on a furlough obtained with difficulty; there a little cadet beaming with the happy anticipation to be able to show himself to-day to his friends for the first time in the glory of his uniform; here a portly matron from whose large basket savory Christmas ordors stole; there a workman holding fast in his rough hand the little purse, the wages saved up for Christmas—so they bustled and crowded shoved and pushed each other; driven by the common desire to be at

home as soon as possible, to be able to spend the Xmas evening with their own.

Whenever the apartment in which the pale young woman sat was opened to take in new passengers she drew herself into her corner as if in bodily discomfort.

She took a long breath when finally the station was reached at which she must get off and from there take the branch road which running off obliquely from the main line went directly into the mountains.

Here it was more quiet. Only a few got on at this station and none into the apartment in which she sat. Glad to be wholly alone and free from any annoying observation she had leaned back in her corner and closed her eyes. Suddenly she awoke from her dose which had come upon her. A bright merry voice sounded shrilly upon her ear. She bent over and looked out the window.

On the platform of the little station stood a young blooming wife in winter dress and a blonde boy about four years old at her side who impatiently longing for the approaching train called out plainly, "To-day is Xmas! Papa is coming to-day!" When the train stopped a strange young man sprang out of the coach. In an instant he had clasped the boy in his arms who with a glad cry, "Papa! papa!" had torn himself loose from the hand of his mother. He lifted him up, he pressed him to himself, he covered his face, locks and hands with kisses, then without putting down the boy he turned to the young woman who had waited longingly under her tears until her time came, and pressed her to his breast.

With a light sob the solitary woman in the coach sank back into her seat. Had there not been a time when she also with a light-hearted boy at her hand was hastening full of joyful impatience to meet her husband coming home on Xmas day? And now!—where was her boy? where was her husband now?—

With burning dry eyes she looked out on the winter land-

scape over which the sharp wind sloped, drifting before it in wild sport the scattered snow-flakes.

Yes, just as these flakes so was her happiness swept away and destroyed! She had once thought that she held it so fast; how had it happened that it was shattered in her hand?

Before her mind the pictures of the past rose up and passed one after another before her.

She saw herself growing up in the house of her father, a rich old merchant, one accustomed to luxury, spoiled by indulgence and in the midst of all her abundance, only a poor girl because cared for by no mother.

She saw herself scarcely come to maturity surrounded by a crowd of suitors who wished to take home with them the rich heiress, without feeling and cold to all admiration until one came into her circle who took her young soul without resistance with the first look from his sunny cheerful eyes. But high as public opinion placed the young artist whom her heart had chosen and as completely as his talent separated him from the common cares of life, he was not such a husband as her father had wished for her.

He did not oppose the passionate unrestrained will of his daughter, but as she followed the man she loved into his house she could not throw off the feeling that she while gaining a husband had lost her father.

It pained her, but what sacrifice would she not have made for her love! Certainly the more she gave up for his sake, the more passionately he must love her. If she had none but him then he must be all to her. Wholly and unreservedly she had given him her young heart, wholly and unreservedly she expected his in return. That the heart of a man, an artist especially, could not be entirely and solely filled by a woman, even the most lovely, that he knows and must know if he does not give up his art, other interests and other aims than her love—this she did not know and as the knowledge of it dawned slowly upon her, then she would not know it.

Her husband was accustomed to seek his recreation in the circle of congenial, and light-hearted companions; and now he delighted, since he was married, to be able to offer his friends a pleasant meeting-place in his house. But the free and easy manners of the young artists were not pleasant to the young woman and still less did the willingness with which he entertained his friends, not caring whether she kept away or not. She forced herself to be pleasant to the guests of her husband, but they noticed the effort and drew themselves away. But when they came no longer to his house then her husband sought them elsewhere.

“Am I not more to you than your friends?” Then she asked him, “Give them up for my sake!” He smiled at her: “If I would always stay at home with you my art would soon come to an end!”

Yes, his art! How beautiful she had thought it to be his muse and through her very presence to inspire in him ever noble creations. But one time as she sat in his study looking at him with restless longing eyes, she was compelled to hear from him the friendly, but plain declaration that he could only work when he was alone.

Her husband was a landscape painter so that the pain of seeing him work with and paint from “models” was spared her, but he had the beauty-seeking eyes of an artist. Sometimes, when he walked with her through the streets, tearing himself from her arm in order to catch up with a beautiful girl, a handsome woman, he came back to praise her beauty in glowing words. His frankness ought to have told her how harmless this was meant, but she had long lost the power of unbiased judgment. She had begun to be jealous of everything which tended to draw him away from her, of everything—his friends, his art, his happy enjoyment of life, and at last also—of their child!

In a proud feeling of joy, she had been well aware of the fact that the boy whom she had borne him and whom he in overflowing paternal pride with tears of joy had pressed to his

bosom gave her a double claim to his love, but this happiness remained undisturbed for only a short time. The child was the image of its father as it had inherited from him the color of his hair and of the eyes, the tone of his voice and laugh. So the child appeared to be happier nowhere than in the presence of his father. Already it always tried to go from the arms of the mother to the father, struggling with its little arms and legs. As soon as it was able to run it followed every foot-step of the father or sat patiently on the steps to await his return home. "Whom do you love best, papa or mama?" she asked with trembling heart, when she was alone with the child! "Both, and then papa," said the child looking innocently at her out of his large, honest eyes.

In vain she sought to gain the child's entire affection, but the sunny face and constant and kindness of the father was a greater attraction for the child than the passionate, restless tenderness of its mother.

"They are sufficient for each other; they do not need me!" That was the tormenting thought from which she could not free herself.

Her health began to suffer.

"You are sick. The winter was too long and severe for you," said her husband, looking anxiously at her pale cheeks. "We will go to the mountains; there you will recover."

She seized the proposition eagerly. Yes, away into the mountains. Perhaps it would be better there!—

The mountain village to which they went lay deep in the narrow valley accessible from only one side, a resort both romantic and peaceful but her fevered spirit found no rest here.

The village was the same in which her husband, before he was married, had spent other summers as a young light hearted artist; all knew him here, and all loved him. As he went through the village, the men extended their hands to him; the women brought out their children to show them to

him; the young girls threw roses out at him from behind the hedges, and if they were discovered ran tittering away.

The pale serious woman at his side was scarcely noticed.

With recollections of the old time the old desire for wandering came upon him strongly. How often he wandered the whole day long around in the mountains, filling his sketch where opportunity offered itself, and stopping wherever chance led him. She knew what a welcome guest he was even in the most distant hut, and her heart burned when he was not with her.

He saw that she suffered and tried as far as possible to limit his wanderings. Some objects of study such as he sought, beautiful old trees, cleft masses of rock, foaming mountain brooks,—he found in the near vicinity of the village.

She had accompanied him upon one of these excursions, but to sit by the hour without him, absorbed in his work, giving her a look, her restless nature could not bear—she stayed at home; and the child accompanied him in her stead. Leading it carefully by the hand carrying it over rough places in his arms, if its little legs were tired, he took it with him to the place where he was at work. Playing with stones and flowers, the child waited patiently and contentedly, however long it might last, till his father had time again to attend to it.

They were as happy on these common excursions, as if it had not caused her pain.

“Leave the child here,” she said, as he was about to take the child with him next time.

“But why?”

“You cannot attend to it while you are painting. It might come to harm in the mountains.”

“Why indeed?” he laughed lightly. “It never leaves my side!”

“Still I don’t wish it. The child may stay here.” She noticed his astonished look and added quickly: “It is my child as well as yours! or will you take away from me the

love of my child?" He shrugged his shoulders and turned away, but he did not take the child with him again.

And then came the end! With what terrible vividness each detail of that awful day was imprinted on her mind! It was one Sunday. She had dressed herself with especial care in the uncertain hope that he would stay with her to-day. "I am going to church, will you not go with me?" she asked timidly.

"Not to-day. I wish to finish the sketch of the Red Cliff, and I must have morning light on it. She turned away with hopes destroyed.

"Are you going to take the child with you?" he asked.

"No, it is to remain here with the nurse."

"If you think that the child is well enough cared for, under the protection of such a young thing who herself is only a child——"

"Why not? She has nothing else to do. She ought to be able to attend to the child."

He raised no further objection, and she went. The church lay on the other side of the village, and before she came back more than two hours had gone by.

"Where is the child?" she asked the nurse who stood before her frightened and trembling.

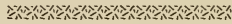
"He has gone with your husband," she stammered.

"I only stepped across the street and when I came back, your husband and the child were gone."

"What! In spite of all!" She pressed her lips tightly together. Against her positive wish to slight and defy her, he had taken the child with him! Was it come to such a pass between them? With feverish impatience she waited. Noon came, and neither of them had returned. He had always come back punctually especially if he had the child with him. She had the meal brought out, but she was not able to taste it. Her restless anxiety drove her hither and thither. Finally she could bare it no longer. She took her hat and went out to meet them. They could only come on

this way, and there indeed they came ! A little train of boys and men, and in front her husband. But was that her husband ? Without hat, his clothes hanging down in tatters, the blood trickling down in great drops from a wound in his forehead upon the child in his arms !——— And the child ! Almighty God ! What was the matter with the child ? Why did it lie so motionless ? Why did its head hang down so limp over his arm ?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



POLITICAL JAPAN.

By those who have kept up with the progress of the war in the east, towards which the attention of the whole of the civilized world has been turned for a few months past with such intense interest, a word may be appreciated in regard to the progress and political organization of the country which has been able to cope so successfully with the most populous nation of the world.

In the short period intervening between Perry's entrance into Japan in 1854 and the present time, the political and social changes wrought out by the influence of western civilization upon that wonderful people have been so great that from a standpoint of development the Japanese of to-day are several centuries in advance of the Japanese of forty years ago.

In this great transformation of a typical oriental government into the constitutional government of western nations, the first great point to be noticed is the relation formerly existing between the masses and the ruling element.

The contrast between these two was great. They were entirely different in their ways of thinking and often in their speech. The higher class was the *samaurai*, or gentry. This was the class of refined and artistic tastes with which we have become acquainted in books of travel and adventure, and which has so rapidly taken to western civilization. But

beneath these and held down by them were the *heimen*, performing all the labor and producing all the wealth of the nation, but without any voice in the government. The *samaurai* were the only class possessing political privileges. The government was conducted by them, supported by the *heimen*. While the Emperor (Tenshi Sama) has nominally been the supreme ruler, since the middle ages, all real power has been in the hands of some influential family of the *samaurai*. The last and greatest of these families, the Tokugawas, stood at the head of affairs for about 250 years, up to the revolution of 1868, which was a struggle for political supremacy between the Tokugawas and the Satsumas and Choshns, two powerful families who had leagued together to overthrow them. The Tokugawas were defeated and the government was accordingly entrusted to the successful families where it has since remained, the royal house being sovereign in name only.

These parties on being brought in contact with Western nations were struck with admiration for their splendid armies, navies and modes of private life. They began at once the institution of reforms. Naval and military instructors and men versed in every branch of science were employed by the government. Within a few years they had adopted the dress, furniture, transportation, newspapers and public organization of the West.

For some time these political leaders pursued such courses of reform regardless of the wishes and desires of the masses. But such a course cannot be followed under such enormous odds. In the midst of such reforms they demanded political privileges and the obliteration from society of all class distinction. This has been, in part, accomplished, but by a slow process. Some ambitious and wide-awake young man of the commoners, gathering about him a crowd of enthusiastic followers would demand certain political privileges. The leaders and heads of council, who had formed themselves into

a kind of political "club," thinking it wiser to compromise with them than to meet the attack openly, would invite the young leader to join their party. The malcontents, now lacking a leader, would in time drop back with the masses and there remain silent, and to all appearances satisfied, until some other leader would come to the front, who would likewise be joined to the party of rulers. As the members thus increased discord and strife would break out among them. Then as the hearty co-operation of all the members was essential to success the dissatisfied ones would either be expelled or would voluntarily withdraw. The expelled members would now put themselves at the head of the bands of the privileged class desiring political reform and demand certain measures. As the leaders could not now be admitted to the "club," there was nothing left for them but to make the best of the situation and pacify the people with fair promises. Concession after concession was wrung from the ruling class, until local organization, and provincial assemblies were obtained, and when finally they were promise drepresentative government it seemed as if there was nothing else to be desired. But even after the establishment of constitutional and representative government the commoners are still at a great disadvantage. It is true that many of the ruling class have gone over to the side of the *heimen* and there taken their stand, and that the ruling class has itself lost much influence; still the majority is almost powerless, not more than one-third of the entire population possessing the right of suffrage.

The first thing demanded by the popular party after the establishment of representative government was the abolition of all unnecessary offices and the reduction of salaries. Failing in this they decided that, notwithstanding their representation in parliament, they could expect to gain nothing so long as the cabinet remained responsible to the emperor instead of to parliament. More than once has parliament been dissolved because of their attempt to bring about this change. It is a struggle between the government and the people and in such a struggle studied with history in hand it is not difficult to foresee the result.

S. W. SPARGER.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	-	-	-	Assistant

EDITORIAL.

KICKERS, PLEASE READ.

Never has there been a time since the fall of Adam, when there were not some kickers in the world. It is a never failing characteristic of crooked and perverse humanity, and it is a necessary qualification of the ass. When Moses failed to return in time, the children of Israel kicked against the legitimate rule of Aaron and called for the golden calf ; when Jeshurum waxed fat he took it upon himself to kick ; and some subscribers to the ARCHIVE not wishing this time-honored custom to be relegated to the antiquated barbarisms of the past have elevated their heels for the purpose of disfiguring the meek and harmless countenances of our Editors. Some say we do not publish a sufficient amount of Freshman folly and Sophomoric vanity under the head of Miscellaneous ; some say we publish too much of such insane levity ; some say we do not have a sufficient number of Locals, while others complain against putting too many in what is intended to be a literary magazine. We hear that there is a Senior who pleases to call the ARCHIVE "the sorriest magazine in the South." We can only say that, if it is, that Senior bears just one-seventeenth part of the responsibility for its being such, and that it is his duty to raise it from that degraded level. As to the kicking against the amount of foolishness put in the ARCHIVE, we will say that there is no place for such material in a literary magazine, and it is put there only for the gratification of those who care nothing for a literary

production. We cannot afford to fill the Magazine up with matter, which will disgust the greater number of our readers, simply for the sake of a few who fail to appreciate an article of literary merit. In the face of all this kicking, we are endeavoring to keep our head, hoping and longing for the assistance of the Senior class. It is not within our power to make the ARCHIVE what it ought to be, but it is within the power of the Senior class. Let kickers kick and croakers croak, but we shall not be moved by any of these things. We shall do our best for everyone, and more than that the angels in Heaven could not do.

“FOOLS MAKE FEASTS AND WISE MEN EAT
THEM.”

It is amusing to note how eagerly some young preachers seize the opportunity to push themselves upon the public by writing to our religious papers. Some of them seem to think that it is necessary to write several articles for publication, before they are prepared to join the Conference. But wise young preachers, seeing others thus parade themselves before the public, profit by their example, and remain content to obtain public esteem by a slower but more certain way. A presiding elder, being asked how a certain Trinity boy was getting along preaching, said: “He is a right good man, but he will ruin himself if he doesn’t quit sticking his name in the papers so much. He is disgusting people with his egotism.” It is more becoming in a new preacher, as well as more profitable to him, to observe and read rather than to be continually writing.

“CLEAN SWEEPER ”

A Trinity student, not a member of the Conference, has taken upon himself the name of “Clean Sweeper,” and rolling up his sleeves and taking the broom of youthful presumption in hand, has entered the field, through the *North Carolina*

Advocate for the purpose of sweeping clean. Beginning at home, as he says, he alleges that "sons of preachers and of laymen" and indeed almost every kind of sons engage in card-playing at Trinity. The remainder of the article is a railing against foot-ball—against broken bones, necks, etc. We are not attempting to answer this article, for it is not worthy of a serious answer, but simply desire to state that we have not seen a card, neither have we heard of any card-playing this fall. No man in college has received a serious injury from playing ball, but many weak constitutions have been made strong by it. Had "Clean Sweeper" remained at Trinity forty months instead of twenty, possibly he would be better prepared to "Sweep Clean." He will soon learn that the world is not to be reformed in a day, and that his inexperienced voice will have little effect upon the wiser heads of the body of which he is a member.

THOSE Seniors who expected to find a year of freedom and pleasure are sadly disappointed to find that they have no more privileges than Freshmen. They not only have to work as hard on text-book work as Freshmen, but they are required to do a great deal of extra reading, so that they have no time for work out of the course. And yet they are expected to keep up with the world and be well-informed graduates! Would it not be better for the work of Seniors to be largely voluntary work? There are some Seniors who would not work under this plan, but the great majority of them would. You may force those who would not work otherwise, but when they graduate you cannot force them and your attempt to force them to work will have no good results. If a student has not learned the importance of work by the time he is a Senior he never will learn it and your force expended on him has been in vain. On the other hand, most Seniors would work much harder and derive much more profit from their work if it were voluntary. Every man knows wherein he is

deficient better than anyone else and he should be given the opportunity to improve his weak points.

WE ARE very fortunate in securing for publication in this number an article from Judge Clark entitled "North Carolina Troops in South America." We have read it with great pleasure and profit, and feel highly honored on account of having the privilege of publishing an article from so noted a pen. The article is not only valuable for its high literary merit, but also for the importance of the facts which add valuable information to the History of our State. It is useless to recommend it to our readers, because everyone will read with eagerness any article from Judge Clark which we are fortunate enough to secure.

SINCE Durham is waking up the importance of good streets and is making a vast improvement on the one leading from the College to the city, would it not be well for the College authorities to begin where the improvement leaves off and continue the improvements to the College. This would save many a hard fall, many a muddy foot and many a strong Anglo-Saxon word. Since comfort comes before beauty, would it not be well to make our walks and streets safe and comfortable and then make our campus beautiful?

OF ALL our concerts and lectures, the most delightful and entertaining was the last. Polk Miller is certainly the truest representative of the old regime, the Don Quixote of *ante bellum* life and customs. His imitation of the old plantation negro is perfect and when he picks the banjo he is transformed into the old-time negro for the time. It was right amusing to see the good ministers patting their feet when he started out on "Mississippi Sawyer," but then they couldn't help it, and doubtless they have repented ere this time.

LOCALS.

Who took Newlin's hat? Why did N. cuss?

Mr. Walter Brem, of the University, was over to see us Thanksgiving day.

Mr. J. H. Separk went to Richmond Thanksgiving day, to see his best girl.

Mr. W. A. Green spent Thanksgiving day with his parents in Washington City.

Miss Floy Martin, of Chapel Hill, paid a short visit the Misses Carr a few days ago.

The B. club has taken its flight. The members of the club are now boarding at the Inn.

A certain Soph. was so confused at the lecture that he couldn't tell a blonde from a brunette.

Two hundred dollars worth of new books has been recently added to the library and an additional number of magazines and periodicals placed in the reading room.

The recent "At Home" reception given by Col. and Mrs. J. S. Carr, was one of the most elegant ever given in the South. Professor Dowd, Messrs. Green, Gatlin and Crawford attended from the College.

Professor Boggess is the happiest man on the campus, perhaps in North Carolina. Mrs. Boggess with her infant daughter, arrived a few days ago. Prof. B. is a good nurse and is always willing to serve in that capacity.

Mr. E. C. Brooks, class of '93, having severed his connection as Washington correspondent to the Raleigh News and Observer, visited us a few days ago on his way home. "Box" has many friends at Trinity who are always glad to see him.

The following are the dates in the College Series: January 11, Prof. John B. DeMotte; February 8th, Dr. James T. Hedley, and February 23d, Hon. Geo. R. Wendling. One more concert will complete the course and will be arranged for as soon as possible.

The literary programme of the Trinity Epworth League for November 27th, was an evening with Tennyson. Many excellent papers were read and the whole programme was quite a literary treat. Professor Mims is making this department of the League a success.

Football interest is now confined to the class games. The Fresh. and Soph. teams played on the 24th. The score was 16 to 4, in favor of the Sophmores. The Soph.-Junior game was witnessed by a large crowd on Thanksgiving day. It was a good game and was highly enjoyed. Neither side was able to score.

At the December meeting of the Historical Society, Prof. Jerome Dowd delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Character and Intellectuality of Dr. Braxton Craven." Professor Dowd's style is very striking and he always has something good to say. He never had a better character to describe than that of Dr. Craven.

Students are beginning more and more to appreciate the advantages of having access to a good library. The library records show that one hundred more books have been taken out by students during the past month than during the corresponding month last year. There is more literary class work being done and more voluntary reading.

In addition to the large number of magazines that have already been bound, others are being hunted up by the librarian in order that they may be bound. The friends of the College will have an opportunity to aid in building up the library by sending books as Christmas gifts. Cards are being sent out for this purpose. We hope no one who gets a card or sees the request in the papers, will fail to respond with a gift. This will make the expense light on all and supply a much felt want.

President Kilgo has just returned from the South Carolina Conference. He severed his connection with said Conference as financial agent of Wofford College. Now he is a full-fledged North Carolinian. He met with many old friends of his native state and had a pleasant time. As a token of appreciation of his work in behalf of education and Methodism in that state, the Conference presented him with a finely carved solid silver water set. It is a beautiful and valuable present and shows how highly he is esteemed by his South Carolina brethren.

The second entertainment of the College Series was given in Stokes Hall November 20th. Part first was instrumental and vocal music rendered by Prof. Vernon Darnall, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Mattie B. Thomas, of Virginia. It was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Part second was a recital by Hon. Polk Miller, of Richmond, Va. As an entertainer he has few equals. His delineations of the negro character and his imitations of old plantation songs with the banjo accompaniment, convulsed the whole audience with laughter and admiration. Mr Miller is undoubtedly the best living dialect reciter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life is a short, but a working day.

Of course Dick beat Forbes in the race.

"Peg-leg, No. 2" went courting on his crutch.

Decision is the soul of dispatch.—*Bacon*.

Ask that Freshman about that telephone.

"Reddie" has at length taken a seat of honor in Latin.

Not failure, but low aim, is a crime.—*Lowell*.

H. T.—“Eat, drink and marry, for to-morrow you may die.”

There is no time when books do not influence a man.—*Besant*.

“Please, do; just one, I have not had a kiss since I left my mother.”

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.—*Swift*.

Green, O. L., in Debate.—“They are not Americans, but *pop-ups* from Texas.”

Mock draws fine comparisons when he says that Abel's heart was as black as Toby's.

Fresh. Bowden wants to know the difference between “dignified” and “sanctified.”

“Gailley” Daily told his Professor he wanted to read “Napoleon” and “Bonepart !”

Mr. G. swears he prayed that he might not get hurt during the Soph.-Junior game.

“Reddie, give me some of that in your can.” R.—“Oh-oh, it isn't anything but oil.”

Bradshaw, Waxing Eloquent.—“Sir; Did you know that there are women in New York?”

Hull, reading *Bromo-Seltzer* advertisement: “I am going to that *show*. It's only 10 cents.

A Little Preacher.—“I verily believe I have less egotism than any other man in the school.”

Why did Forbes laugh and run after kissing the young lady's hand on Chapel Hill street?

Did Parker find “love” by waiting? Is it supposed so, as a broom was seen to follow his exit.

Brogden wanted to know if they have “facial” examinations. If they were to do so, he would get 100.

A prominent Society speaker referred to “The overwhelming defeat of D. B. Hill for *mayor* of New York.”

The University of Chicago is the only large educational institution in the United States that has no college colors.

Gatlin—“Frank Mc will take the degree of A. M.” Perret—“I didn't know he was a ministerial student.

Prof. B.—Mr. W., are you sure they have whipping posts in Virginia? Charley—Yes, sir, at least they had 'em when I was there.

Young Lady.—“Mr. Bowden, I hope Mr. Westbrook will allow you to call again.” Freshman—“Yes, I think I can get off.”

Saul wants to know what is good to take to keep the buttons from coming off his vest. Suppose he tries shingle nails before meals.

A young lady 'phoning to Captain of Freshman football team, asked him what colors to wear at the game. Freshman 'phones back, "Green."

Forbes seeing in the "World" the dead tiger rowed away on the Tammany garbage boat, wanted to know if it represented the defeat of the Princeton "tigers."

When the Freshmen were defeated in football, Turner's girl wrote to him sympathizing with him in his defeat. Verily, appearances are deceitful.

A Senior was seen sobbing during Chapel; on being asked the cause he said: "O, I am reminded of free school days long ago, when I hear the roll called."

Ducky to His Girl.—"Say don't you tell anybody about me going home with you." His Girl.—No, you need not be afraid of it; I am as ashamed of it as you are.

Why was it that one of the Junior men was "tripping the light fantastic toe" so gracefully in his night clothes on the roof lately, when the Professor made him a friendly visit.

It is a great thing to be able to carry on an interesting and intelligent conversation. For example: "Enjoying it, 'joying it, 'joying it? Getting wet, wet, wet?" This is great in the vast sublimity of its grammar.

Soph., overhearing recitation on astronomy, approaches a Senior somewhat thus: "Professor had better be teaching you fellows about fire and coal, instead of about the stars and all those fine things of the heavens."

A conversation very much like this can be heard three times a day at a certain table in the Inn. "Say, Ducky, did you see that girl yesterday?" "Yes, Troy, and that other one too, but I did not know she was a flirt before;" "I did for she has been trying to flirt with me ever so long."

At the regular weekly meeting of the Theological Seminary, room 8, a wise Soph. asked where the passage "Every tub stands upon its own bottom" is found. One informed member immediately stated that it is found in the 11th chapter, 7th verse, of Hezekiah. Will you please turn to it Mr. B.? After diligent searching, the disappointed Senior exclaims, "There must be something wrong." (Laughter). "Well, I know it is in Simon's old Bible."

The annual beauty show was held a few evenings ago in the elegant parlors of Mrs. Harrington Gardner, on "Ragged Row." The contestants were ranged in a semi-circle in the centre of the admiring throng.

The following pieces of physical perfection were entered by their respective backers. Thad Troy, Dick Crawford, Blackman, Mug Murray, Forbes, Young Bost, Gaily Daily, Isley and Guthrie.

After a close inspection and long deliberation, the committee decided in favor of Mug Murray.

The prize, which was one box of pink love powders found in the room formerly occupied by Rev. Edward Kelly, was presented by Hon. Franklin Deloach, the silver tongued orator from Northampton.

Isley, who was evidently humiliated by his failure to secure the first prize, was consoled by being awarded second place, the prize, which was one copy, bound in Morocco, of "Wild Hog." Raper's invective against football was presented by Postmaster-General Godwin. McFarling, in a very *stiff* and *starchy* manner, arose amidst tremendous applause and deafening yells and advised the defeated contestants to bear themselves like men and to arise at "fee" every morning.

At this juncture of the proceedings, Westbrook Bowden, with his characteristic shrewdness and in his inimitable style, announced that Detective Gibbs had just unearthed a base conspiracy that proved conclusively that the committee which consisted of General Houston, "Chesterfield" Totten and "Cow" Bradshaw had been bribed with one pound of bologna sausage and a pickled pig's foot to vote for "Mug."

"Cow" Bradshaw denied the charge and appealed to every representative of Chatham to testify to his character, which was unstained by dishonor and untattered by defeat.

Ramsey, in a very dignified and impressive manner, arose and announced that he would sing one of his favorite solos, by request of Billy Parker, Poet Laureate of "Ragged Row."

Just at this moment "Tommie" was heard tipping up the hall-way, swinging his little oil can and singing "Sweet Marie;" the crowd, led by Jack Johnson, bent on death and destruction, rushed wildly after the fleeing "Tommie." He, after a wild and dangerous flight, finally sought refuge in the saloon of the "*vulture cafe*" where, with three bushels of biscuits of standard stability, he finally dispersed the *oil-thirsty* mob. A few minutes later, after the adjournment of the Theological Society, reinforcements appeared, led by Bishop Brogden, marching across the campus with ensigns spread to the midnight breeze, on which was seen an *eagle* with outspread wings. The two forces united and finally succeeded, after a few hours seige, in driving Tommy from his hiding place.

He was finally captured and the spoils were divided between the two commanders.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for this month present not only an attractive appearance, but are filled with readable matter. Did space permit we would be glad to quote some articles in full.

Several magazines contain articles on the life and word of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, thus showing how he, as a man of high literary ability, is appreciated at our centers of learning.

Much space is devoted to college athletics, thus crowding out literary matter. But this is not so much to be condemned when it is remembered that athletics are a part of every live institution and that by this means a hearty college patriotism is fostered.

The Yale Literary Magazine is a welcome exchange, containing several good articles.

An invaluable companion to those interested in progressive education in North Carolina, is *The North Carolina Teacher*. We are glad to notice therein a brainy article from the pen of Dr. J. F. Crowell, ex-President of Trinity College, who has done so much for higher education in North Carolina.

The editors of the *Wofford College Journal* are to be congratulated upon getting out such an issue as that for November. It is one of our very best exchanges. The article on *Economic Disaster in Education* shows close thought. In fact, all the articles are well written.

The Emory Phoenix comes to us in a very attractive dress and the matter is well arranged. If every student would read the article, *A Rough Diamond*, and then stop and think what possibilities lie before young men who have brave hearts, though they be under common clothes, there might be better feelings on the part of young men.

A warm welcome always awaits the *North Carolina University Magazine*. *Dai Nippon: The Recollections of a Japanese Boy* presents life and customs of a Japanese in a new and attractive manner.

Some of our exchanges are not in time to be reviewed. They will be anxiously looked for.

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Wm. O. Summers

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No. 4.

THE
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JANUARY, * 1895.

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“ACROSTIC.”

Time in passing leaves it shadows, and its sunlights too were told ;
Heaven is where the record's written, in that Book, in lines of gold ;
Earth has, too her records safely guarded from the mists of age ;
And from time to time is carried, all the deeds on memory's page.
Rusty locks, and chests wormeaten, hide to-day some ancient tome ;
Change has hid away some story, writ perhaps in early Rome,
Hence when life has long departed, and the callous hand of time
Idly hides the lore of ages, in the blur of dust and grime ;
Verse and song, is ne'er forgotten, and as fleeting years fade fast
Every deed we do of mercy, is an ARCHIVE of the past.

Durham, N. C.

“RI TA RI CAUD.”

“THE PEAK THAT IS NEARER THE STORM CLOUD,
IS NEARER THE STARS OF LIGHT.”

There is a beautiful fancy current among the Oriental poets, that whenever the drops of the vernal rain fall into the ocean they are transformed into pearls. The analogue of this pretty fable may be found in the history of geniuses. Whatever mood of joy or sorrow loosens the well-springs of glad or gloomy emotions, and sets the heart aglow with pleasure or pain, finds utterance in tears, and these tears, though dumb and transitory with other men, become pearls of immortal beauty when shed by men of genius.

The lives of poets and musicians are almost without excep-

tion sad, and none more so than that of Ludwig Von Beethoven, yet from him what an array of peerless works? Like a night thick studded with mystic stars, the hints of heaven's glory, was his lonely life. His works must ever stand a monument to his genius. In none of them can we detect any failure of that lambent and celestial fire which makes all he has composed opalescent with the hues of the soul rather than the heart. Not in one measure does the music of Beethoven, even when most impetuous, emit a breath of earthly fumes. He is always a noble soul. Beethoven's works are in many forms, but in all we hear the same earnest, noble soul speaking to us of things high and mysterious. The infinities and eternities seem ever present to his thought and apprehension. Beethoven is intensely ideal. He strives ever for deeper and deeper accounts of the heart, and the form begins to lose some of its clear outlines among the mists whither he lifts us. But who asks whether the marble is good which retains the impress of a mighty genius. In all which this greatest of true poets gave to mankind the voice of God whispers to our inmost heart as the ocean in the sea-shell.

How inexpressibly lonely the life of Byron. Sensitive, proud and ambitious. The world is divided between terror and administration, whither it looks at the rich and rare ores which his burning genius outpoured or looks down into the crater of his soul gleaming like heaven or smoking with waited energies, vindictiveness and skepticism. Endorsed by nature with an affectionate disposition, how cruelly was his love hurled back upon him. Trouble came to him in infancy and was his constant companion through life. Can we wonder when he wrote:—

Did man compute existence by enjoyment, and count o'er such hours,
gains years of life,—say, would he name three score?

Stung to the fiercest resentment by the unmerited castigation given him for his first publication, he at once leaped to fame by his masterly and daring retort. There came to

him no longing after better things but only a desire for revenge. With one leap he gained the mountain top where others had essayed, in vain, for years to climb. Around him raged the current storms of criticism. He stood unmoved on the heights of grandeur like a monarch, beyond the touch of men. Filled with the mysterious northern spirit, where the raven wing of tragedy casts ever and anon its shade, linked with tender southern pathos, unfolding as a rich corolla from the rough calyx of sorrow. The earthly fumes of his writings are but shadows of sunlit clouds floating over a sea of thought unsearchable.

“To dare in art is the most terrible thing in the world.” Byron dared! In the remarkable career through which he passed in a little more than half the allotted time of man, human affection fled from him on all sides, or came near him only as a thorn. What wonder then he stood alone upon the cheerless mountain top while around him played the golden chains of lightning flashing fire.

Storm clouds hover over this beautiful earth and recall us from our day dreams. We pause and say what wonderful mystery is this? Why are we enveloped in almost total darkness? But a moment ago all was light and joy. Why this change? Is it a phantom, a shadow, a mystic link between heaven and earth? It grows darker and darker, see how awfully grand the clouds appear as they roll on. Hark! I hear a strange voice on the blast. It is the Omnipotent Creator and Ruler of the Universe, as he guides the storm. Bewildering shadows rise. Great banks of fleecy clouds pile higher and higher. Beneath, the ocean billows are rolling, white capped waves are chasing each other while millions of rainbowed hued fish are resting upon the mighty waters. But look! there comes a ship, stoutly and bravely the noble vessel struggles with the raging elements but the great timbers heave and groan and at last the captain cries. “There is no hope! We are lost!” “We are lost, lost,” was the

echo from every terrified heart and the cries to God for mercy and the still wilder screams of those who feared to call on Him, pierced even to the ocean's bottom.

For a few moments the vessel struggles and then succumbs; the infuriated breakers dash over her and down she goes with her freight of human souls and rests among the older wrecks.

Cruel fate! destined never to meet their loved ones again! Dashed to pieces among the breakers that line the shore of home. Here lies the captain and the crew; the refined and the rude; the emigrant and the nobleman, side by side, in their last long sleep.

Here were beautiful coral groves, where feathery sea weed entwined itself through the branches of the coral trees. Here was the fabled mermaid's cave, ornamented with gold and jewels from the wreck and the whitened bones of ocean's victims. Here was a skull, green with age and sea moss, whose was it? Ah! this was the scholar, the learned man, the philosopher whose genius had benefited the world that had crowned him with fame. He had spent the morning and the noon of his life in study, hard, deep study, which stored his mind with the wealth of knowledge. But the ship went down and the blue waves covered his form and extinguished the brilliant mental light. In it there gleamed and glistened a rare and costly gem swept from the wreck, a mockery of the gem it once contained.

On one side the grove, lay a vast sandy plain covered with the wrecks of ships. Here lay anchors being fast consumed by the rust of ages. Here too lay the bones of countless umbers. In the distance was a range of mountains whose blue domes pierced the canopy of crystal waves. Suddenly as if some magic hand had touched the sky, the dark clouds begin to melt away, and silence reigns supreme. The moonbeams play upon the clouds, the first rays of star light tremble, the mighty ark of heaven is lifting. The soft moonlight lays on the ocean, shore and glen, it climbs the far distant mountains.

The mellow radiance falls, as if in benediction on the summit of the mountain resting tenderly on the pure white flowers,—eldelweise, emblem of noble purity.

Around were other lonely plants, and as they swayed to and fro in the breeze, there came from among their blossoms soft whispers of prayer. The dainty flowers emitted a faint perfume while tremulous whispers filled the air. From a bed of delicate pink blossoms came the words, "O God! teach me how to find thee." From the crimson lips of another, "He hath wandered far from Thee, bring him home at last." From the chalice of a pure white lily came, as it were, a distant echo of these words, "Not my will but thine be done." The words died away, the flower closed its petals, drooped, and passed from sight, but in its stead lay a radiant jewel—the answer. The blossoms whispered on while alone across the crystal spheres of silence the lamps of heaven glittered through a golden mist. But pause! What are those blossoms of dazzling whiteness marked with drops of crimson blood? From these there came in tones of interest agony "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt." Yes, for thy sake and mine was this prayer unheard. Aye, "sorrow is reigning on all the thrones of the universe and the crown of all crowns was one of thorns."

Oh! the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings
 While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony rings;
 But oh! the wail and the discord where one and another is rent,
 Tensionless, broken or lost from the cherished instrument.
 The easy path in the lowlands hath little of grand or new,
 But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view;
 Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height;
 But the peak that is nearer the storm cloud is nearer the stars of light.

NAT.

NATURE IN WORDSWORTH.

It is much easier for critics to find the faults and inconsistencies of great men than to see their real worth. No doubt this is largely due to the want of appreciation of literature, or to some prejudice they cherish in their bosom, for where prejudice reigns, merit is not rightly recognized. To understand the life and thoughts of any great man it is essential to live, as it were, under the circumstances under which he lived; to see what was his early environment; to know what were his youthful *ideals* and predilections.

So in the study of the powers of Wordsworth, these principles must be held in mind.

So long as the reader has a dislike for Wordsworth, even prejudice, he will never see the beauties to be found in studying his poems, which may become the source of great inspiration. Poetry, furthermore, is not simply to be read, but it is to be studied just as any other book should be studied; in fact it requires even closer study than prose. It is richer in suggestions and allusions; in depth of thought and in the beauty of expression. When such men as the great French critic, Taine spoke so disparagingly of Wordsworth's powers, it often may, and does, cause the reader in the outset to feel that he is about to read a very wearisome and boring writer, yet how utterly misleading and even false this is. No doubt Wordsworth was boring to Taine, who was not in touch and sympathy with the great poet of nature, but rather the reverse; besides Taine was of another nationality which is in strong contrast with the English people. If we are to get our conception of the great poet from Taine we will never get into the spirit and life of his poetry.

To appreciate Wordsworth in the fullest sense it is necessary to bear in mind the life he was living, and the life he had previously lived; his earlier training; his stay in France during those times of revolution and chaos; his return to England from the throes and convulsions of a seething multi-

tude whose cause he had lately espoused, having become thoroughly infatuated; his bitter disappointment he had been made to feel; the peculiar situation in which he was placed in regard to England's troubles with France; his final settlement in the Lake Country with his sister, of whom he so often spoke in his poetry in terms of highest eulogies in "Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey." Wordsworth's early life as he describes it in "The Prelude" had been one given to observation and study of natural objects; one of greatest interest to him in the preparation for what was to be his part to play in human affairs.

After graduation at Cambridge he had no settled purpose in life. He goes to France for the pleasure found in travel and to see more of the world, and it was here he was to take such a part as that his whole life was to be shaped to a large degree by the peculiar circumstances under which he was placed.

After having declared himself in sympathy with the cause of the Revolution, he sees to what extent brutality was practiced by his own party. He leaves France in such a mood of disgust and horror that on his return to England he is, as it were, out of touch with humanity. He had been made to feel humiliation and mortification at such conduct. This may be termed his period of darkness, for there came not a ray of light to his soul; a period of *pessimism*, when he could not but see the dark side of life.

But this state was not to last very long. He was to seek the friendship of nature, to ask her forgiveness for the past and a promise of the future. From this state of utter despair a reaction came and to nature he went for solace and peace. In the Lake Country in which he made his home, may be found some of the most beautiful portions of England. Here Wordsworth gave himself up to poetry and nature. He was, as it were, a creation of the lakes and mountains.

Around these lakes at Grasmere and Rydol Mount do the memories of the poet cluster most thickly. Here he gave himself up to nature; here rose the scenes of most of his poems on nature, at whose shrine he bowed so often and so humbly.

Who has read the four odes to the "Daisy" with an appreciative mind, and not gotten into the beauty and meaning, and seen the poet's inmost feelings so vividly portrayed? He sees in the daisy, in this simple flower, a companion to him who is a lover of nature, as he passes through the fields on some bright April day.

The daisy is all the more lovely and is esteemed all the more highly, because of its being so common, and it comes to the poet "like pleasant thoughts when such are wanted;" a very *darling* of his.

"A hundred times by rock or bower
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love, some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right
Or stray invention."

The daisy to him brings sympathy and comfort, when in him burn stately passions; such a sympathy as best suits moods amid his peculiar trials and perplexities of life.

What a debt, as he himself says, he owes to this simple flower, yet the more precious because of its simplicity. Its very function has been *apostolical*. What a figure of speech in comparing this simple flower to the office or function of an apostle, yet the poet was sincere in his metaphorical terms.

It seems impossible for anyone to read his poem on the Daffodils and not be impressed with the profound love the poet had for such things.

He portrays these flowers in so vivid language that the reader almost sees the Daffodils, moving, dancing and basking in the sunlight.

The impression made by these flowers in his mind was very lasting indeed, for after he returned to the house and even retired these flowers came up before him.

In concluding words of the poem, he says :

‘ For oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood;
 They flash upon that inward eye,
 Which is the bliss of solitude.
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with daffodils.’

In Wordsworth as in no other poet there may be seen what interest he manifests for the delights of study and of solitude.

Wordsworth, a strong believer in and lover of nature, attempted to impress on us conformity to nature as the rule of life and action, yet he insisted on that calm and elevating influence of nature so as to keep the heart fresh and the eyes open to behold the mysteries discernible only to those who put themselves in touch and sympathy with nature. An illustration of this principle may be found in his poem, “Intimation of Immortality.” He asks himself the question, what had become of the visionary gleam that he had had of nature and things in his earlier youth? Nature was received with a different appreciation at that youthful age from what it is now in his more mature life.

In speaking of the fountains, meadows, hills and groves, and what they had been to him he concludes by saying that he had only relinquished one delight that might live beneath their habitual sway :

“Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and its fears,
 To me the meanest flower that grows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”

In no other of his poems do we find so much philosophy expressed in so few words.

Wordsworth was very different from his predecessors in

conception of nature.* He had no patience with scientists or moralists who have only the study of nature at heart from the point of view of science only, and in the poem the "Poet's Epitaph," is very severe on the *philosopher* who came to "peep and botanize upon his mother's grave."

There was a loveliness in nature justified by its own simplicity which was none less than a revelation, and every soul that was in touch with it might find peace and joy that that others knew not of. After the others had been rejected from coming to the grave, there comes, however one who proves himself acceptable, who with modest looks and with a demeanor "as retired as noontide dew.

He murmurs near the running brooks,
A music sweeter than their own."

Because this person who draws near, had been contented to enjoy the simple things of this life, he says to such a one :

"Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come weak as is a breaking wave
Here, stretch at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave."

Wordsworth has shown sufficiently plain to us by his own life and writings, how stimulating and inspiring nature may become to anyone that he may see into the very life of things, for he who would give us any message must first make us feel that he has had it given him. This Wordsworth does to the fullest degree.

No one can read the best of his shorter poems without feeling that a great man, a great mind is speaking to us.

The "Prelude" has been called dull and even boring by many, and there are portions which are really wearisome, but on the other hand there are portions simply grand. The

* NOTE:—There had not been any poet who held the view of nature that we find the poet of Rydol Mount and Grasmere holding. Milton had no such conception of the beauties of nature, nor do we find in his poems such sentiments expressed. In short, Wordsworth was the first who loved nature for *nature's sake*; the first who verily held communion with her. No wonder then that the poet was not understood and appreciated by his contemporaries as he should have been and as he was a few years later and is now by those best critics of our language, like Arnold. The day came when the man who suffered to be harshly criticised, should triumph over all these things and wear the laurels belonging to him.

description of his early youth and his revels with nature cannot be surpassed for picturesqueness and word painting. We see what nature was to him while at Cambridge, how he was called strange because he strolled out into the woods to commune with nature. His nature called for beauties of the earth not for the boring college curriculum.

The "Prelude" is not the best of Wordsworth's poems as a whole. The poet is to be remembered for the quantity and quality of his shorter poems.

Who can peruse those beautiful stanzas of the "Recluse" and not feel that the poet in reality was a worshipper of nature, though the hills might be bleak and barren in mid-winter.

See how he and his sister reach their future home when everything was bleak, and showed the effects of winter's chilling breeze and "stern was the face of nature." Then those two being "rejoiced in that stern countenance." Then as he expresses it everything in the spring wore a different aspect, and the fields and hills were clothed in verdure. Nature thus hath tamed him and bade him be calm.

In his "Ode to the Sky-Lark," the poet feels the cares and vicissitudes of human life; hears the lark singing with its sweet melody; thinks how much more joyous this bird is than himself. He invokes the lark to take him up into the clouds to his "banqueting place in the sky." The force of the figure is very nicely observed in the lark's habitation in the aerial regions a banqueting place in the skies.

He then speaks of the lark as :

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou has a nest for thy love and rest,
And though little troubled with sloth
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveler as I,"

Wordsworth after speaking of the power the bird exerted over him again says :

"I, with my fate contented will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done."

How touching it is to read "The Old Cumberland Beggar," in which Wordsworth beseeches the rich to be kind to the Old Beggar, and let him live to enjoy the blessings of nature. It is an appeal in behalf of one who had perhaps known better days.

"Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And as long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his gray locks against his withered face."

Wordsworth was not only a lover of nature himself, but he wanted every one else to have the same privilege.

He beseeches the rich to keep the Old Beggar out of the charitable institution, that he might still enjoy the fragrance of the flowers and the freshness of the fields, that he might still have his soul fed on the beauties of nature.

Again in "Peter Bell," see how misfortune overtakes Peter, because of his indifference to whatever was beautiful around him.

These things had no infatuation for Peter, for he could not feel the witchery of the soft blue sky.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell,
Those silent raptures found no place."

In the poem "Michael," there is to be found a very pathetic story and in it may be seen to what extent the old man was a lover of the green fields, the pastures and the things of common life.

How touching, how pathetic to see the old man driven to such circumstances as that he has to let go his boy to redeem his land. What had those fields and hills been to him? They held a strong hold on his affections,

"A pleasurable feeling of blind love
The pleasure which there is in life itself."

In speaking of his past seventy years of service and toil,

the life he and his wife had been living the old man tells his wife his plans for redeeming his land.

“Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and shall be free.”

This is one of the saddest of the poems of Wordsworth and it is seen what love the old man had for his land and its beauties was even stronger than thoughts of being separated from his only boy, the very idol of his heart.

Then again, when Luke had been false to his father in his dissipations and had brought ignominy and shame upon his own head and that of his father, the old man finds in nature a very true friend, one from which he never forgot to seek comfort and solace.

In “Ruth,” we see also when she had become unfortunate and even an out-cast from society, she finds nature her truest friend.

There does not seem any aspect or form of nature in which Wordsworth’s penetrating eye could not see some unnoted quality.

It may now be seen from the number of poems cited what was the real merit and worth of the man as a poet.

Matthew Arnold, the great critic of English literature, in speaking of Wordsworth says: “Where then is Wordsworth’s superiority! It is here; he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with life, as a whole, more powerfully.”

At times “Nature,” as Arnold expresses it, would seem “to take the pen out of his hand and to write for him with her own bare, sheer penetrating power.”

This may be attributed to the great sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subjects and from the natural character of his subject, both of which causes, acting conjointly, give naturalness of expression which characterizes his poems as a whole.

Wordsworth’s place in the galaxy of English poets can be

none other than *third* and here he will be placed next in succession after Milton.

Wordsworth has been styled the poet of Nature, which sobriquet he will wear with honor.

F. C. McDOWELL.

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

[Continued.]

She could not take another step. Her teeth chattered as if she had a chill, while her limbs trembled and the cold sweat came out on her forehead.

Now her husband stood before her. "The child, the child!" she exclaimed gasping for her breath. He tried to speak, but he could not. With closed lips he bent over the child which lay cold and pale in his arms. Everything around her glimmered and glittered. But indistinctly as from a distance there came to her ears the murmur of those standing around: "It fell from the Red Cliff!" then with a piercing cry she sank down into the dust of the road.

When she was taken home they succeeded very easily in bringing her back to consciousness but not in arousing her from the deep apathy into which she had fallen. She looked on without interest as they laid out the dead child and clothed it in the white shroud, as they laid it in its little coffin and strewed it with flowers. Not a tear came to her eyes.

Silent and absorbed in herself she sat there, except when her husband came toward her she turned away with a shudder.

When the hour of the burial came she roused herself up. Without taking the offered arm of her husband, she followed mutely and sadly behind the little coffin, saw it lowered into the earth and a mound of earth heaped over it.

Soon the grave-digger had finished; the people, whom curiosity or sympathy had drawn here, had dispersed; she stood alone with her husband at the grave.

Moved with warm sympathy he extended his hand to her.

“Why will you bear your grief alone, Anna?” he asked, his voice trembling with emotion. “Do not I suffer also? Is it not the child of us both which we have buried here?”

She pushed his hand back, “You share no longer any interest in the child,” she said curtly.

“Anna!” he cried astonished.

“You are guilty of its death,” she continued with strange composure. “To cause me anxiety, to pain me you took the child with you and it came to its death. There can be no reconciliation between us over this grave.”

“You say I am guilty of the death of the child! I am not. Listen to me—”

She interrupted him with passionate earnestness. “And if you were not! what difference could that make, for the love between us has long ago died!”

“Anna, Anna! You do not know what you are saying!”

“Only too well do I know it. You long ago ceased to love me, if indeed I ever possessed your love, and I no longer love you. Our paths separate.”

“You are beside yourself. If you were quieter you would think otherwise.”

“Never!” she cried, trembling with emotion. “Have I not told you that I no longer love you, that I long ago ceased to love you? Will you compel me to live at your side with a heart which hates you? As to my property—” He straightened himself up and walked away without once looking back.

On the same evening he arrived in the city. When she followed him thither a day later she could not find him. He had left a letter for her which contained the necessary papers to put her in full possession of her property again, and advised her of an attorney who was authorized by him to carry out the necessary forms as soon as she wished the dissolution of their marriage bonds. He himself had gone on a journey.

* * * * *

Since then three years had flown by and she had not seen

him again. From time to time she had seen in the newspapers notices of a new picture which he had painted or had seen a picture itself in some gallery, but that was all.

Neither had she staid at home. Her health was seriously impaired. She had spent the first winter in Nice, lived in Meron the second, and passed the summer months between at various watering places. She had not sought a divorce. If he did not do it she certainly would not. What good would it do her?

This was the first winter which she had spent in Germany again. As long as she remained in foreign lands, now here, now there, it was comparatively easy for her to keep out the thoughts which she did not wish to think; now at home and in the old surroundings everything reminded her strongly of the past. To get away from herself she sought to occupy her time with deeds of charity: poverty and need always touched her warm heart. For a time it went very well with her, to forget herself in the needs of others, but in the midst of the preparations for Christmas her strength failed her. The recollection of her past happiness came flooding upon her, and she could offer no resistance.

How happily she had once spent Christmas time with her husband, with her child! In the light of the burning tree the shadows, which had since then darkened her life, dared not appear. The Christmas days were the green oases, where her restless heart found peace, the holy grave from which the evil spirits of jealousy, ill humor and self-reproach had kept far distant, perhaps only to fall upon her with redoubled fury when they did come.

Every thought of the past was bitter and galling to her; only the recollection of Christmas shone forth bright and beaming out of the darkness.

And suddenly there came upon her an irresistible longing. She would go to her child! She would on Christmas day kneel on its grave; perhaps there some comfort would come to her tired and dissatisfied heart.

So she had left substantial presents for all her *protege's* among the poor and set out alone on the day before Christmas for the mountains and the quiet village where she would find her child.——

Now the train had reached the last station on the branch road. She got out. From here on to the village she had to go about half an hour's walk over a lonesome heath grown up with scattered firs. She took some refreshment and started on, leaving uncarried out the well meant suggestion of the station-master, that on account of the lonesomeness of the way she take a companion along. What should she fear? He who is unhappy, as unhappy as she was, fears nothing for himself.

The wind blew sharply against her, she did not heed it. On the other hand the physical exertion, which the struggle against it necessitated, was good for her. With her cloak clasped fast around her, she walked on rapidly. She did not need to go into the village itself. The graveyard lay before it, somewhat to one side on the mountain. She was glad that it was so. She thought it would be unbearable to have the villagers, the most of whom would still know her, to be staring at her, questioning her and perhaps accompanying her to the churchyard. No! alone, completely alone, she wished to be there with her child.

She walked on faster; now she stood, gasping for breath, at the gate of the churchyard. She tried the latch; the gate was locked. Quite natural was the thought that the lonely graveyard, especially in winter, would not stand open; of this possibility she had not thought. She looked around her. Must she go on to the village and draw upon herself the curiosity of the villagers?

Then she spied a little house, which sat up on the mountain about two hundred yards away. She recollected hearing that a wood-cutter lived there with his family. The man, whose hard work often kept in the mountains for a week, she scarcely knew. And what if she did?

She went to the house. The front door was not closed. She groped along the little dark passage to a door. The noise that came out through it, made every attempt to attract the attention of those within by knocking a useless trouble. She opened the door gently and looked in the room. By a great wooden table in the middle of the room sat an old gray-haired man, whom the great moustache and an empty sleeve hanging down at his side characterized as an old soldier, busily engaged in feeding a little baby, held carefully between his knees, with mush out of a bowl sitting before him. With the rapid movement peculiar to a man doing woman's work, he dipped the spoon in the mush, blew upon it, put it first to his own mouth to taste it, where of course his moustache was in the way, and then to the greedy opened mouth of the child. At the same time he talked to it loudly and tried to sooth it whenever he put a spoonful of mush into the mouth of one of the chubby children who stood beside him, with their hands behind their backs and with mouths wide open ready for every chance, while a number of larger children banged and beat around the room, and one little girl of above eleven years sat quietly knitting at the window.

"Are you not ashamed, you little cornorant," scolded the old man, "will you not let the others have anything? Here Marie, you taste the sweet mush too!" When his eyes suddenly fell on the strange woman who stood timidly at the threshold. Surprised he let the spoon sink down into the mush and tried to stand up with the child, but the stranger motioned to him to remain quietly sitting.

"I wish to go to the graveyard but it is locked. Have you any one whom you can send into the village to bring me the key?"

"The lady wished the key to the graveyard?"

Well, all right. Tony can soon bring it.—Go Tony," he turned to a half-grown boy who had drawn near with the other children out of curiosity," run to the village for the key, say only that there is some stranger here who wishes to go to

the graveyard and that you will bring the key back soon. But don't stay long!"

The boy seized his cap and shot out.

"Will the lady not be seated? Helen, bring a chair!"

The old man fished eagerly for the spoon which had fallen in the mush, for the child on his lap would not patiently endure the interruption of his nursing.

"Such a screamer, can't keep quiet a minute." He apologized confusedly after he had found the spoon. My daughter has gone into the village to get food for Christmas and my son has not come back from his work, so grandfather must be nurse whether he wishes or not.

"Are all these your grand-children?" asked the young woman, looking around with interest.

"Yes, yes, seven of them, all healthy and with good appetites, eh Marie?"

"And can the father obtain food for them all?"

"Sometimes it is hard for him, very hard. My daughter helps as much as possible; in the summer she hires out by the day, if indeed there is not a little one here, but the burden falls on him.

"And is he kind?"

"He is kind, very kind; everyone must say that, and good to the children beyond belief. He takes the food from his own mouth, in order to give them pleasure. He would have already," he continued, with a mysterious look at the children, but it is Christmas eve, so he must wait to speak with Kris Kringle.—"Hey, Frankie, where are you going? To meet your father? What will not happen to you? Stay right here or Kris Kringle will not bring you a thing!—The children cling to their father like cockle burrs. They want to be with him all the time. In the summer I can't tell them enough that they must not follow him secretly when he goes to his work. It pleases him and they know it, but I will not allow it. Since I saw lying dead before me the strange child

that came to its death by a fall when it was secretly following its father, since that time I have no peace when I do not know that the children are near me.”

The young woman had suddenly become pale, without the old man, who was making the half asleep child more comfortable, noticing it.

“Of what child do you speak?” she asked with suppressed emotion.

“Has the lady not heard of the accident of the boy that met its death by falling from the Red Cliff? It will be three years ago next summer!”

“Do you mean the child of the painter who was here then?” The voice of the young woman trembled a little. “But that child did not follow its father; the father took it with him and then let him come to misfortune through carelessness.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
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EDITORIAL.

IF a professor wishes to have the respect and esteem of students, he should have some respect for them and their opinions. College students prefer to be treated as men, and when thus treated will respond like men to their duties. If, however, they receive the treatment of children, it provokes somewhat of contempt in them, as well as often arouses a spirit of rebellion. The golden rule is for professors as much as for students; at least the author of it does not say otherwise.

...

WE desire to announce ourselves as being thoroughly in sympathy with President Kilgo in his efforts to raise the standard of qualification for entrance into conference. No man has any right to enter the ministry when his qualifications are such as reflect discredit upon his church. A call to the ministry means a call to prepare. The world will respect a ministry that is strong intellectually and morally, but the latter minus the former qualification brings only contempt. It is time church people should stop excusing illiterate and inefficient ministers by saying "He is a good, pious man." It is little wonder that many people are becoming sceptical on the subject of a "Call to the ministry." The Lord certainly does not call a man who is unpolished in his address, uncouth in manners, who cannot speak good English, and who knows absolutely nothing of polite literature to minister to a cultivated audience. And this is said with all respect to everybody.

REGULAR VS. SPECIAL COURSES.

It is a lamentable fact that in this age of specialties, the same tendency to pursue special lines should have crept into our classical and literary colleges. There is not a college or university in the country but that can number by the score students that are taking special courses. A student at one of the leading universities in the South, told us a year or two ago, that out of the several hundred students at that institution, not more than twenty were taking the regular A. B. course. Now what does this state of affairs signify? It signifies 1. A lack of thorough preparation on the part of students entering college. 2. An undue haste to "get through" and get out to work. 3. A lack of appreciation of literary training. 4. A disposition to escape a long course of arduous study and rigid discipline.

These are sad truths, but they are nevertheless truths. Taking the courses assigned in the order given, we wish to say that a young man makes a great mistake in coming to college before he is prepared to enter to advantage. If he enters behind, it requires an enormous amount of mental and nervous energy to sustain himself and catch up. Two results are inevitable. He either catches up to the jeopardy of his health, or he despairs, and drops off into a special course. Considering the next course, there is certainly too much impatience to get through and out to work manifested. If a man prepares himself well for his work, he can certainly do more of it, and what he does more satisfactorily, when he does begin, than he can with only half preparation, even though he may thereby seemingly save a little time. In no occupation is poor preparation more appallingly prevalent than in the ministry. The student takes a special course in Theology, English and History, at some college, and after ten or twenty months goes out as a representative of—college. By so doing he does himself, his college, and his church an injustice. Why it is an injustice to all these we have not space to show, but we think

it plain enough for anyone to see who will reflect a moment. The third cause is deplorable indeed, and shows only too plainly the special student's great deficiency. There are students at every college in this state who think it all a waste of time to spend two or three years in the study of the languages and sciences. But there is not a profession, occupation or calling of any kind, that is not enriched by the acquisition of men that have covered the fields of language, science and philosophy. Some few have succeeded without them, while myriads have failed for want of them. The last cause assigned, is in our opinion the most effective. To put it in plain words, too many men are actually too lazy to complete a regular college course. They often start off with fair prospects and high hopes, but ere long find that even money and thorough preparation do not meet the wants in the case; there is one absolutely indispensable requirement, and that is hard study. If a man fails in anything, it is generally his own fault, for we hold the doctrine that a man can do what he wants to do. To want to do anything really and truly, means that the whole mind, soul and strength has been put into it. The student that is unwilling to study hard and discipline himself carefully, would better not go to college.

Of course there are cases in which special courses are admissable, even advisable; of these we do not speak.

CHEATING ON EXAMINATIONS.

The Senior Class was recently requested to give the views of each member on how to abolish cheating on examinations. It was not because the practice is prevalent at Trinity, however, because there is very little, if any, of it here; but for other reasons entirely. They all seemed to be agreed on one thing; namely, that the student should be put on his honor. If there is anything that a Southern man takes pride in and glories in, it is his honor. Heaven forbid that the day should ever come, when Southern boys must be watched and suspec-

ted by a professor, on examination. There is no professor at Trinity now who watches the student, and may there never be one within our walls again. Pretend to be giving the boy a christian education and yet treat him as if he were a common rascal! Develop his intellect, but act toward him in such a way that his honor and his manhood will dry up entirely! If a boy must come to college to learn that he is a rascal, our colleges should be closed, and he should be taught that lesson by a cheaper process.

By watching him, you tell him that you have no confidence in him, and leave upon his mind the impression that it is perfectly right to cheat you if he can. Understand me; I don't say that it is right to cheat under those circumstances. Indeed, it is wrong under all circumstances, but the average student dosen't see the wrong in cheating a man who watches him. Put the students upon their honor, and in five years it will be impossible for a boy to cheat and stay here. The sentiment of the student body will be so strong that he just can't stand it. But if the students are watched, the student body will not condemn that student who cheats the spying instructor. Of course he should be condemned, but human nature is still perverse, and when an insult is offered a whole class by a professor, that class considers cheating in the light of retaliation. It is useless to talk about strengthening the sentiment against cheating, as long as the students are treated as rascals, but when they are treated as gentlemen, doubtless they will prove true to their manhood.

RECKLESS CRITICISM.

There is a class of men who are always finding fault with everything they see, no matter how near perfect it may be. They finally become what may be called chronic croakers, and then to their criticising, kicking and croaking there is no end. It is needless to say that this class is a pest to humanity and should be rooted out at any cost. It is a very easy thing

to tear down, but it is very hard to build up. It is not a difficult thing to find the defects in the philosophies of the past, but it takes a giant to built up the true philosophy. Any student can go to church and criticise the preacher, but the student who could preach a passible sermon is not usually found among those who criticise. Some students find fault with anything and everything done about college, but never offer anything in the place of what they are attempting to destroy. There should be a more conservative spirit at Trinity, and so much off-handed criticism should cease. When the Faculty insists upon putting too much work on the students, then it is time to enter a mild protest; but let the student consider well first. No doubt, everything that the members of the Faculty do is meant for our general good, but at times they may, in their zeal, put more work upon the student than he can well do. Then if the student will only convince the instructor of the fact, the burden will be removed. Sometimes a student becomes sour and concludes that everything is wrong, the whole system of education is rotten and the whole business is resting on a false basis. Then he should not speak until he has something to offer in its place.

In our zeal to blot out error, let us remember that little is accomplished by destroying error unless truth is enthroned in its place.

LOCALS.

We are glad to have with us again Messrs. N. L. Eure, J. A. Sharp, and Ernest Dixon.

President J. C. Kilgo, preached in Tryon St. M. E. church, Charlotte on the 13th, of January.

The college authorities expect to soon have a gas machine fitted up for the Chemical Laboratory.

The faculty has organized a Saturday night Club, for the purpose of discussing books and magazines.

The class in Economics is planning a visit to the capitol city during the present session of the Legislature.

School opened promptly on the 2nd. Some of us are a little behind with our work by remaining at home too long.

Most of the old boys are back this term. A number of "newies" have taken up their abode with us for the spring term.

W. W. Flowers, class of '94, has accepted a position as teacher in the graded school of this city. We wish him large success in his new field of labor.

Prof. Dowd has an article in the January issue of the "Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science." The subject is "Truth, Remedies and Abuse."

A new programme went into operation on Monday, January 14th. On and after that date all recitations will be held between the hours of 9 a. m., and 2 p. m., without intermission.

The regular monthly meeting of the Historical Society was held on Saturday evening, January 19th. Dr. Bassett read a paper on "The Regulators in North Carolina." Mr. Rowe read a paper on "Seward and Secession."

Prof. Jerome Dowd is now occupying one of the residences on Faculty avenue. We don't know anything about Prof. Dowd's plans for the future, but this is certainly a new step in the new year. It may be the first step of a series. The least little change is sufficient to make school boys suspicious.

Three hundred and fifty volumes have been received for the library as Christmas presents. We are delighted at the response to the president's request for books. We are deeply grateful to the friends of the college for these kind donations and we promise to use them to the very best advantage.

The next lecture in the college series will be on the evening of February 8th, by Dr. James T. Hedley. He is too well known here to require any mention or praise. In a private letter he says, "tell my Durham friends that I will give them my latest success 'What is a Man Worth?'" We all know what a treat is in store for us.

The third entertainment in the college series was given to a large audience in Stokes hall, on the evening of January 11th, by Dr. J. B. DeMotte. The subject of the lecture was the "Harp of the Senses" or the "Secret of Character Building." It was one of the most instructive, and at the same time entertaining lecture that has ever been delivered in Durham. The scientific experiments were perfect and illustrated most plainly some of the most difficult laws and principles of physics and psychology. The section of brain cells and nerves and the movement of sound waves that were shown upon the large screen could not be improved on. To the most uneducated person in the audience the lecture was not dry. The abundance of knowledge that it gave was fascinating. Dr. DeMotte is a fluent and pleasing speaker and all hope that we will have the pleasure of hearing him again.

CLASS POEM OF '94

'Tis hard to think just what to say
 On such a grand occasion,
 For fancy flits afar away
 And yields not to persuasion.

Oh Muse! Come sing for me.
 To make these people merry,
 For don't you very plainly see
 They're getting awful weary?

Ay me, the muses are all dead
 And buried with old Homer,—
 Then tell me where is fancy bred?—
 But who is this new comer?

Behold he speaks; let no dog bark!
 But listen to the poet.
 His classic features,—bless the mark!
 But listen, let him go it.

Class-mates and friends, my countrymen,
 Lend me your ears a minute,
 And by dead Caesar's foot you then
 Will be just strictly in it.

You know George Washington was born—
 And died some years thereafter,—
 Now, come, you must own up the corn,
 And quit that silly laughter!

Jim Corbett hit a man one day
 And hurt him very badly!—
 Cheer up, my comrades, tell me, say,
 What makes you look so sadly?

Tell me, oh time, oh life, oh world,
 For really I do wonder
 When Bob will wed his very best girl
 To never part asunder!

Ladies of Durham, gentlemen,
 Your patience has its limit,
 And time is short, so I'll begin
 My song this very minute.

Then listen to our sad farewell,
 Nay, to our happy greeting.
 For we are not to sound the knell
 Of death as days go fleeting.

'Tis true we come to bid good by
 To college fun and folly,
 And true our hearts can't help but sigh,
 For parting is not jolly.

Still this is not the time and place
 To weep, or whine, or whimper,
 But we should wear a smiling face—
Non sic tyrannis semper!

We bid adieu to books and ball,
 And come with smiling faces

To greet the world and duty's call
 In our respective places.

The history of the class you've heard,
 How all have loved and labored—
 But don't believe just every word,
 For truth's been quite ill-favored.

You've heard the name of all these men,
 Of each and every Senior ;
 Allow me now to tell again
 Their general demeanor.

We'll introduce Will Flowers first,
 For Will's an able scholar ;
 But that is not at all the worst,
 You bet your bottom dollar.

Will has a love for learned books,
 A love for Greek and Latin ;
 And you can tell from how he looks—
 Hark, how his heart is patin' !

Then, there is Gill, though slender, he
 Is still a solid fellow,
 As bright in books as bright can be,
 And very quick, I tell you.

Gill's heart has gone into his head,
 That's why he is so slender ;
 For great books are his daily bread,
 And these his growth do hinder.

And here is Hoyle, a brainy chap,
 Who has his own opinion ;
 He always keeps his thinking cap
 And rules in his dominion.

Sincere and sober, staunch and stern,
 Hoyle stands for his convictions ;
 And then he'll stand, though worlds may
 burn,
 And though his views are fictions.

The next that makes his bow to you
 Is blushing young Bob Tuttle ;
 An orator and poet, too,
 He makes the lasses scuttle.

That is, I mean, they haste to hear
 His siren songs, and come,
 Like Lotus-eaters, without care
 To go back to their home.

And that is Stewart that you see
 Just sitting in the middle ;
 More brains than beauty seems to be
 The answer to this riddle.

Oh! Stewart 's not an ugly man
 When smiles do him possess ;
 But still he can't escape the ban
 Of learned ugliness.

“Box Brooks,” hallo, great scotts! just look
 At this unearthly wonder;
 His name is Brooks, but what a spook!
 He'd scare a bolt of thunder!

Brooks is a boon companion right,
 A sort of a manish monkey;
 But you see by this lamp light,
 He's neither dude nor donkey!

And here is Hartsell in his seat,
 Than whom no man is taller;
 At speaking he is hard to beat,
 Even if he is a squaller.

He has a heart to sell, you see,
 Who is the highest bidder?
 Let all the ladies speak, for he
 Will take old-maid or widder!”

Young Dickenson is next, it seems,
 You'll know him by his blinking;
 He is addicted to day dreams,
 That's why he's always winking.

You know he dreams about the man
 Who crossed the sea by water;
 And wants to find out, if he can,
 If that man ever got there!

Then Edwards comes in splendid style
 Fresh from the labratory;
 He wins the girls just by a smile,
 If you'll believe my story.

He reads great books quite through and
 through,
 And thinks of Aphrodite,
 Of chemistry and cupid too—
 But hush, or he'll indict me.

Geo. W. Guilford's name is next,
 George is a clever fellow;
 But oft he talks off his text—
 And yet his head's not mellow.

His thoughts are clear and to the point,
 His speech is quite confusing,
 His heart, how sad, is out of joint,
 And love to him's amusing.

There Phifer next sits clad in cloth
 That suits his fine complexion,
 His mind, though strong, oft wanders forth
 In wild and weird reflection.

Now Phifer is a mystery;
 A kind of super-human
 Sort of a man. His history
 Is that he loves a woman.

McDowel now will show his face
 All clad in rosy blushes.

Now let me say here, by your grace,
He beats the girls at flushes.

Mc. is a man of high ideals,
An eager, earnest student ;
But as to love his lips he seals,
For he is very prudent.

Then Woodward claims a place among
These great and worthy heroes ;
His deeds of valor must be sung,
If Greece forgets her Neroes.

Now Woodward had a winning girl,
Who said he was her beau ;
And where'er she went in this wide world
That boy was sure to go.

And Johnson must not be left out,
For he is true and steady,
And does good work without a doubt ;
Though he's not rough and ready.

His length is long, his age is short,
And if he keeps on growing
I'll tell you friends, why, bless your heart !
He'll give the rest no showing.

So "Jack" Cahoon is left for last ;
His modesty is splendid.
Just there he sits somewhat aghast ;
I hope he's not offended.

Now, "Jack" and "Gill" went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
But Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after !

Well that is all,—yes, all but one,
For we were "sweet sixteen ;"
But one, alas, but one is gone,
Our joy and sorrow mixing.

He's gone and now we too must go
To live, to love, to labor,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise God for all his favor.

We leave the bay, the ocean lies
Before us, dark and fearful,
The rolling thunders rend the skies ;
Be strong, be brave, be cheerful.

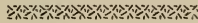
Link life to love and hope and faith,
And build from earth to heaven ;
Remember how the master saith
That God's grace shall be given.

Sad is the thought that we must part,
Sad is the time of parting,
Sad is the word that leaves our heart
In sterile sorrow smarting.

Glad will the future be that brings
 Our paths of life together ;
 Glad be the wedding bell that rings
 Thy wedded bliss, my brother.

But now farewell, be brave be true,
 Be good, and now farewell ;
 Good by, God bless and prosper you,
 And all life's cares dispel.

* NOTE—This "one" refers to young Will Flowers who was called home suddenly by a telegram to his dying brother the night before this was read.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof.—What is poligamy? Wise student—a town in Utah.

Old gossips are usually young flirts gone to seed.—*Bashford.*

We would advise Mr. P.—not to try to skate when there is no ice.

At the lecture: Green, G. O. "Just look at the people up in the *loft*."

Great belief is possible only to those who attempt great things.—*Dr. Craven.*

What made W—give his cane instead of the umbrella to that young lady?

Ask little Bost what some one said to him when he hollowed up the wrong flue.

Senior History, Fitz, reciting: Cornwallis was taken at "Ticonderoga," when!

Dent wants to know if molecules are not those little *bugs* that are found in water.

The most dangerous hole in a man's pocket is the one at the top.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Doolie wishes to order base-ball masks in order that his tennis set may be complete.

Ask Jemmie where his cane was found after the nocturnal noise in the hennery.

What made "Young Jimmie" so pale when he came from the basement on a recent Sunday?

It is true they refused Perritt at the insane asylum in Raleigh before he found his way here?

Why did Prof. M. blush so in the store when a lady asked where she could buy a doll-baby?

Aleck is lying low of late; we naturally suppose he has Miss Gussie and Miss Nellie on the brain.

Cap says, if he gets only two meals a day under the present dispensation, he will not pay for full board.

Why did that stately senior deliver such an eloquent oration in the bath-room the other night?

A certain bright student of economics asked his professor, if all the salt was gotten by seining it out of the Amazon river.

Unhappily a package of a young preacher came open in the mail and it was found to contain a volume of "Christmas Sermons."

Can't you understand the electric light, "Fresh?" Hear am: "These lamps cost sixteen cents a piece, for it is marked "16, c,"

The burden of a young preacher's prayers is, "Why didn't I wait until Monday to sell my trunk, and why did I charge so much?"

Great uproar in No. 52, sudden apparition and noise ceases and all is still as death; nothing heard save one whisper "I'll fall on Math."

In Commercial Geography class, it was asked where Arizona is. The prompt answer of Perritt was that it is either in Spain or in South America.

Sammie says everybody asks him about his sore mouth; even when he goes to church, he says the preacher discourses on the parable of the "sower."

The change in dinner hour has caused much physical suffering among some of the boys; but "poor little Jack" says he must have his bottle of "lasses" at 12 o'clock, regularly.

What young man went home to a certain town where his girl was to spend Christmas and was humiliated to find that she had decided to go home. When did she make the decision? That is the burning question.

Mr. "Gun," sleeping sweetly on recitation, inspired his professor to utter the following: "This class wants to wake up to the fight and arm itself to action, and not lie basking like anacondas gorged with their prey.

Bivins, returning from home, was very much excited over a man whom he supposed to be under the train, and earnestly begged the conductor to stop the train; but was very much disgusted to find it was a ventriloquist riding on the seat behind him.

J. (One night during the holidays in a very despondent tone) Boys, why was it that Methuseleh lived so long on earth?

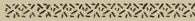
R. I haven't the faintest idea.

J. He spent his Xmas holidays at a *college* without *heat*, lights, clock or calendar.

Freshman Hill, a former student of Trinity College but now in millinery business, was "held up" one night during the holidays at the corner of Horse Pittall and Dray Horn streets. He was robbed of his entire earthly possessions, which consisted of three cents in cash the profits of the whole year, a

immense lot of waste ribbon which was to have been the nucleus of his New Year's stock, and quite a lot of odd hats. We would extend our sympathies to him in this his hour of great misfortune, and sincerely hope that the offending bandits may receive the punishment they so richly deserve.

It is rumored that our efficient and handsome librarian is soon to take a partner in the book business to cheer his few remaining years. Rev. Wild H. Raper is to perform the ceremony assisted by Rt. Rev. Ed Kelly. The impressive ceremony of the Ku-Klux organization will be performed; the public cordially invited and urgently requested to bring something useful as presents. A bottle of Dr. Hall's Hair Renewer would be acceptable. No flowers and no dinner.



EXCHANGES.

The Messenger, of Richmond College, comes to us in a very neat and attractive form. We commend the article entitled "Civilization is a River" for being indicative of much thought and pains on the part of its contributor,

The December number of *The Observer* has an interesting essay on Manfred. *The Observer* continues to maintain its high literary merit from number to number, giving its attention to men of literary note and commenting wisely on such topics as come within the province of a literary magazine.

The contribution, "The Moral Element in Literature," by W. M. Grier, D. D., recommends the last issue of *The Erskiman* to its many readers. The length of the article does not prevent its being very interesting, entertaining, and instructive.

The Chisel contains an interesting article "Symposium of the Iliad." The character of Achilles and Hector are clearly set forth. We are not surprised that special mention is made of the "Women of the Iliad" when we remember that *The Chisel* is of feminine origin. However this phase of the subject is handled remarkably well.

The Nassau, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *The Eatonian*, and *The Davidson Monthly* are before us but space forbids individual mention. We are gratified at the progress being made by our college journals along the line of real literary work.

"Breathes there alumnus so soul-dead
Who never to himself hath said
In words and deeds that all acknowledge,
This is my own, my well loved college;
Whose heart ne'er blossoms forth in joys
To meet the old-time girls and boys?
If such there be go mark him low!
And grieve not if at last he go
Into deserved oblivion carried
Unswept, unhonored and unmarried."—Ex.

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FEBRUARY, * 1895.

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PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Fidelity Bank of Durham, N. C.,

MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$233,846.77	Capital	\$100,000.00
Overdrafts	27.04	Surplus	30,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	5,440.29
Due from Banks	\$31,021.05	Deposits	\$149,586.74
Cash	<u>26,997.41</u>	Cashier's Checks	<u>4,444.51</u>
	58,018.46	Due Banks	154,031.25
	<u>\$294,851.77</u>	Dividends unpaid	<u>773.75</u>
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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1895.

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THE CRESCENT CITY.

DEAR ARCHIVE: In redemption of a promise, hastily and unthoughtedly made, to contribute something to the ARCHIVE this year, and being entirely out of old orations and good advice in general, I could think of nothing more easily submitted than a few scattering remarks about the Crescent City since it is, both geographically and socially, one of the greatest curiosities in America.

It is only with a great deal of poetic license, however, that modern New Orleans is allowed the name of Crescent City, for the Old Colony, founded by Benville some twenty years ago, has lengthened from the little Crescent into the shape of the letter S, covering 105 square miles on both banks of the river—an area greater than that of any city in the United States. It is principally situated on the west side of the river though one does not cross the river in reaching it from the east. At Canal street, the great business thoroughfare, the Mississippi flows due north and in its course through the city exerts its utmost power to indulge in the vagaries that is its wont. Despite the levee engineers with the United States to back them, it adds about one foot of soil per year to the bank in front of the Custom House. Up the river they say the farmers plant on one bank with the expectation of harvesting on the other.

The city is situated in a basin bounded by the river. Lake

Pontchartrain and the swamps and surface water will flow into the city from either of these bodies of water since their levels are all higher than that of the city. The river has been seventeen feet higher. This would seem to indicate that the city is very filthy and unhealthy and even visitors leave with that impression, but statistics show that there is not a more healthy city in America. The only trouble with New Orleans is that she cannot whiten her sepulchres by putting them under ground since the soil will not allow underground sewerage. All the flush water and sewerage is conducted from the surface sewers by carefully graded canals, out to the Lake where it is disposed of by enormous centrifugal pumps. There are two canals connecting the city with the navigation of the Lake, which consists mainly in the transportation of building material.

The climate is almost tropical. About the middle of December, and on the day of a big class game of foot-ball, the thermometer read between 80° and 90° all day and it was considerably more comfortable in the shade than otherwise. With constant Lake and Gulf breezes, however, it is never oppressive as it is at times in North Carolina. The trees are ever green and the yards present an unfailing abundance of grass and flowers. The palm, acocia, orange, banana, and many tropical flowers flourish here and of course fruits are very cheap. Oranges and bananas are less than a cent apiece though that coin is not recognized here outside of the Sub-Treasury. An old negro tried to convince me that it was Confederate money.

Socially the old barrier that did exist between the American and French population is rapidly breaking down. Below Canal street is almost entirely French, Italian and Spanish, and above the American element largely predominates. The American section is modern in all respects and contains the wealth of the town. The creoles, as a rule, are cultured and entirely free from the half intelligible dialect that Cable

ascribes them. His deception will, however, apply to the lower Louisiana Acadians, or "Acajeans" as they are called, who are comparable to the Georgia cracker or our "poor white trash" generally. They hold tenaciously to the traditions and customs of "la belle France" and the wealthier of them educate their children abroad. The creole woman is either beautiful or repulsive but by far the larger number are beautiful. With their oval faces, clear complexions and large lustrous black eyes, and with a peculiar sweetness and gentleness of face and movement added thereto by the years of constant and exclusive associations with the cathedral, the convent and the religiense that are considered her necessary preparation for society, the creole girl contrasts rather favorably with the *fin de siecle* American girl who "slangs," smokes cigarettes etc., with considerable bravado. But the difference in the difficulty of courting the two varieties is immense. The creole girl will not attend a theatre or opera with a gentlemen however crowded it may be, without a chaperone. She will not even receive company at home without the presence of that sphinx like personage with her everlasting fancy work and sleepless eyes. It is very embarrassing indeed, especially to a novice. On the other hand you have only to open your purse and the American girl will most assuredly do the rest. She is always equal to any emergency. After the marriage of each however, the conditions are partly reversed.

The town is full of parrots, monkeys and organ grinders, but, strange to say, all the grinders are negroes and never have a monkey. I suppose the reason for this is that the latter would be unpleasantly suggestive of the formers ancestry. All the Italians come here, sell out and go into the fruit business. The door-bells here are always placed on the yard gate which is kept locked. When the yards are large as many are in the suburbs, it takes considerable persistence and patience to effect an entrance. The side-walks here are

called "banquettes." The cemeteries are especially beautiful and since they have to bury above ground the little "City of the Dead" is peculiarly applicable to them. The fences of the cemeteries are honey-comb like walls in which coffin room is sold to the poor. As the stately mausolums represent the Avenue mansions, so these walls represent the crowded flats. The worldly distinctions are carried even there. In the old St. Louis cemetery one often finds a name and underneath—*"Morte sur le champs d'honneur."*

Outside of New York this is the only city in America that supports French opera, and it is almost universally patronized here. You even frequently hear the street sweepers singing snatches from "Carmen" or "Les Huguenots." Besides the opera there are four large theaters in full blast all the season. There are six swell clubs that maintain elegant club houses, and control all the larger social functions of the season. The city has an excellent educational system. Besides the public schools there are twenty McDonough High Schools, heavily endowed by the man for whom they are named, Tulane University is scattered all over the city, but the colleges of Arts and Science and of Technology are located in a cluster of new buildings erected in Audubon Park, at a cost of \$400,000. There are about 900 students in daily attendance, besides the Sub-Fresh. and University extension work. With an endowment larger than that of any institution South of Baltimore, with the whole South and Southwest to draw upon for raw material and metropolitan advantages, in miniature, in location, the University has, at least, a large possibility of doing good.

But for fear my remarks may "scatter" into the waste basket I will stop. Since I was partly responsible for its conduct last year I can afford to say that the ARCHIVE now is much improved. It would be a great favor to outsiders, however, if you would publish as a commencement edition, a "pony" to your jokes and local references with maps and diagrams illustrating the same.

CHARLES EDWARDS.

PIG VERSUS MULE.

[Respectfully dedicated to students of Political Economy.]

The pig stood by a glycerine can
 Whence all but him had fled,
 He looked as wise as any man
 And gravely shook his head.
 His father called, he would not cease
 His spoliation great ;
 He know not that the pesky grease
 Was soon to seal his fate.
 And there that piggie stood one hour
 While all his comrades ran,
 He knew not the explosive power
 Of that unholy can.
 And all that hour he ate and ate,
 Until his sides were tight ;
 And then he rubbed his hoggish pate
 Desirous of a fight.
 So out across the fields he went
 As was his usual rule,
 And since he was on contest bent
 He started towards a mule.
 But as the piggie on that mule,
 So noiselessly steals,
 His mulish nature shows the fool
 The power of his heels.
 And then there came a mighty sound ;
 The piggie was not there
 But, scattered out for miles around,
 He floated in the air.
 Oh, when that awful sound began,
 The mule, oh, where was he,
 Ask of that nitro-glycerine can
 That set his spirit free.
 So now that piggie is no more,
 The mule, he is the same ;
 And all that had been there before
 Is now but just a name.
 And now that mule with power and might,
 On a celestial seat,
 Maintains that government has a right
 To say what we may eat.

—BERT R.

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

“It is not so!” the old man said hastily. “People said so because the maid who should have taken care of the child in her alarm that she had left the child alone, said so. “But I was there, I know how it happened.”

“You were there?” The eyes of the young woman grew large with astonishment as she looked at him.

Truly, I was there; and if the young lady will listen, how it was—Go, Lenerl,” he turned to the young girl knitting at the window, “lay the child in the cradle it is fast asleep.—it was on Sunday,” he began, reaching for his tobacco box, to fill his pipe, “I was coming from church and as I passed by the Red Cliff, I saw the strange gentleman sitting there painting; and as he usually had his little boy with him, I went up and said to him, where is the little son to-day, if I may ask? ‘The little son’ said he laughing, he must stay at home to-day. My wife does not wish him to go with me, she fears some accident may happen to him in the mountains.

“The wife was right, I dare say; the gentleman suddenly started up together with myself. ‘Did you hear nothing?’ he asked me. It seemed to me also, as if some one had called, and as we held perfectly still we heard very plainly: ‘Papa, papa,’ called. We first looked all around and then above us, for it seemed as if the voice came from the air. And as we looked up at the cliff, there was the boy, clinging to the undergrowth with his hands and his little feet pressed against the rocks, he hung over the precipice and called with his shrill little voice: ‘Papa, papa, I have been looking for you, but I have slipped down and can not get up again, you must help me!’ ”

The face of the gentleman became pale as death, he could not speak, but in an instant he recovered, and very quietly that he might not frighten the child, called: ‘I am coming, Charlie! Hold fast, right fast, do you hear! I will be

with you in a moment!' With a couple great leaps he sprung through the undergrowth and up the mountain side, and before I thought it possible, he was already up, instantly he knelt down and reached out over the cliff, but he could not reach the child with his hand.

'Only hold on a moment, Charlie' he said, I am going for a stick. But when the child saw his father over him so suddenly, he cried out loudly for joy, and let go with one little hand to reach to his father, the other could not hold the weight of his body, his feet slipped off the smooth rock and with the cry: 'Papa, papa, hold me!' he fell over. We could not see where he had fallen, but we heard the sound of his striking upon the stones. I sprang up the mountain as quick as I could, but the father was already before me. He tried to get to the child from above, then from the side and from beneath. It was not possible. So he quickly ran to the nearest wood-cutter's camp to bring help. The people had brought with them a rope, and the gentleman, placing it around his body, had them to lower him down the face of the cliff. I stood by as he was drawn up. The rope twisting had thrown his body against the rocks, so that the blood ran down over his face from a wound in his forehead; he had only thought of the safety of the child, and carefully protected it from the jagged rocks. "It is not dead; it is only stunned," he said, as he handed the child up. But I knew from the limp manner in which the limbs hung down that it was dead. Its back was broken, and there was no more help. He must have seen this himself, as soon as he came up, and when they offered to carry the child he quietly motioned them away. He took it in his arms and started for the village. I did not go along, I could not bear to see it."

The old man drew his sleeve across his eyes. As he looked up again, he cried out, frightened at the deadly paleness of the young woman sinking back in her seat, "Lenerl, Lenerl, quick a glass of water; the lady is not well."

She drank hastily of the offered water, "It is nothing but the heat in the room," she faltered, endeavoring to control herself.

"Yes, yes; it is hot in here, said the old man anxiously. "The little ones and I like it warm—but God be thanked, there is Tony already. Perhaps he had better go with you so that he can bring the key back?"

"No, no; I will bring it back myself." She drew her cloak together, and started hastily for the church-yard.

At last she had heard what she had so long desired to know. At last she knew how her child had come to its death, and she knew also what an irreparable injustice she had done her husband. He had risked his life to save the child and as he stood before her, bleeding in body and heart to seek consolation of her love, she had thrust him aside and accused him of the death of her child.

For some time she tried in vain to open the door with her trembling hands, but finally it yielded.

How quiet, how peaceful, lay the row of graves under the uniform cover of snow! She looked around searchingly. Yes! there it was; what she sought. Close besides one of the high over-spreading arbor vitæ trees stood the little cross at the head of the grave. She had sent it out from the capital, for the grave of her child, bearing no other inscription than the name and date of its death.

With a cry, she threw herself upon the grave. What had lain in quiet sorrow upon her all these years! What restrained despair broke forth now in this hour on the little mound, under which her child slept, awaiting eternity.

Clasping the grave with both arms, she pressed her forehead against the cold earth, and broke out into a cry so bitter that her whole body trembled and quivered, as if shaken by a storm.

"My child! my child! Why are you gone from me! My life is empty and desolate since you are no longer with me.

I have no one more who loves me! What do I get upon the earth! With you is peace. Oh, have pity upon thy mother and take me to you!" Her voice died away in vehement sobs.

She had not heard the creaking of the church-yard door, nor the light step approaching her over the snow. And now she started up. Had she not heard some one call her name? Half arisen, and supporting herself with her hand upon the grave, she looked anxiously around her.

Directly opposite her, half concealed by the boughs of the near arbor vitæ stood a dark form. She sprang up. Was she not deceived? Was it truly her husband, who stood before her looking earnestly and sadly upon her?

"Richard!" she cried out, in the first surprise making a step as if she would throw herself in his arms, but she restrained herself. "How came you here?" she said drawing back.

"Driven, as well as you, by the wish to visit our child on Christmas day."

"But I did not hear you. How did you come in?"

"The gate was certainly unlocked. They told me in the village that some one had taken the key of the church yard. I did not think it was you, or I would have come later—however I will certainly go if I disturb you," he said bitterly, after he had waited in vain for an answer.

"Why should you disturb me?" she said gently. On the contrary, it is a pleasure for me to have seen you again. I had wished to say something to you."

He leaned expectantly toward her.

"I have just heard for the first time how our child died. I did you an injustice, when I accused you of his death."

"That you did," he answered quietly. "Why did you allow me to remain in that belief?"

"You would not listen to me." "You should have compelled me to listen." She clasped her hands together con-

vulsively. "No, you were innocent of its death; no I, I, who left the child with the thoughtless servant, I have killed it."

"Why do you trouble yourself with such thoughts? I could just as well say: 'Had I never taken the child with me, the thought of following me would never have come to it.' God has so willed it, and—perhaps 'tis better for the child that he is dead."

There was a weary sound in his words, and she looked up surprised. How changed he was. She saw it for the first time now. On his forehead was a deep wrinkle. His eyes had lost their sunny glance. There was a bitter expression about his mouth, which she did not remember having seen before. It cut her to the heart to see him so.

"I have made you very unhappy," she said gently.

"Have I made you happy?"

"Neither of us were aware of our happiness."

"Not on you, on me lay the blame," she whispered almost inaudibly. "I desired too much and then to lose all." She looked down hesitatingly for a moment, then asked, endeavoring to restrain the trembling of her voice: "To-day is Christmas: Will you not give me your hand over the little grave as a token that you have forgiven me? I think that then we could both go our separate ways with lighter hearts."

He did not answer. She looked up anxiously. He stood before her with heaving breast. "Must we again go out separately?" came slowly from his lips.

She looked at him as if she did not understand him. He looked deeply into her eyes. And suddenly a fiery wave of emotion over-whelmed her. Was it not the old look of love, which shone in his eyes, the look with which he had once wooed her, with which he had won and made glad her heart a thousand times?

"Can we not go out together, Anna?" he asked her again, stretching his arms slowly toward her. Her knees refused to sustain her; she trembled and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

“You cannot love me again!” she faltered. He pressed her head gently to his breast, and kissing the tears from her eyes, he whispered. “I have never ceased to love you.”——

It might have been a quarter of an hour later, when they both groped through the dark hall of the wood-cutters little house to the sitting room. This time no noise came from the room, and yet they were in there. So absorbed in their occupation were they that she could open the door unnoticed this time also.

Upon the table in the middle of the room stood a little Christmas tree hung with apples and nuts and cheap confectioneries. A woman, whose likeness proclaimed her to be the daughter of the old man, who had been in the room before with the grand-children, busied herself with a piece of candle in lighting a little cross on the tree, while her husband with his hardened hands arranged the little presents which he had brought home with him for the children; pretty pictures trumpets and whistles and a pair of wooden horses and lambs among them; from time to time anxiously looking toward the chamber door, which in spite of the loud soothings of the grand father seemed to offer but little resistance to the attack of the crowd of children awaiting behind it the Kris Kringle.

Now the little candles burned. The parents cast a last satisfied look upon the presents; the young lady quickly neared them from the door. She stepped to the table and opening her pocket book laid a bank note under the lighted tree, greater than had ever been seen in this poor house before, and great enough to become a nest-egg in the hands of these frugal people. Before the recipients could recover from their astonishment and stammer forth their thanks she had closed the door behind her.

Arm in arm the husband and wife went forth on the way which led over the heath to the station. The snow clouds had dispersed, the wind had ceased and only as a gentle sigh went through the air. Slowly and solemnly the night came

on, and in the dark heavens, star after star came forth, shining down in indescribable, mysterious rays upon the bare dimed earth, as if they would bring news of the long past night in which the light of the world appeared to men waiting in darkness. Suddenly the tone of the bells from beyond rang through the deep stillness, which announced Christmas evening in the neighboring village, beginning softly and swelling ever louder and clearer, filling the air around with their exultant and triumphant peals.

Overpowered by holy feelings, the husband and wife stood still. As the tones floated around them, it was to them as if they heard the rush and surge of that mighty stream which first sprang forth in that holy Christmas eve long ago, and which has flown on through mankind, bringing rest and refreshment to all those who will drink from it. It was to them as if they felt the inspiration of that power of love which goes through the world on Christmas eve, from house to house and from land to land, which unites the separate and recalls the dead to the hearts of the living; which melts the cold hearts and brightens within them the fire of love buried under the ashes of selfishness, that spirit which also brings those together in love, who had separated in bitterness.

Trembling with deep emotion they promised that no Christmas eve hereafter should find them lacking this love; but inspired and saturated by it; lifting their beaming eyes to the starry heavens, they walked on hand in hand, over the lonesome heath through the darkness of the Christmas night into the morning flush of their new life.

[FINIS.]

A SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Inate in the heart of every man is a consciousness that his mission is not merely to exist. To be is not enough. There is higher and grander life possible to man. No matter whether he be born in a cabin and reared in obscurity it is possible

for his future to be as full and lustrous as though his infancy had breathed the atmosphere of a palace home. There is no past, the present is fast fleeting, but the future is ours. She holds within her grasp gifts for man's labors and the greater the labor the gift. No man throughout all the history of the past has ever obtained that that he sought not. Yet in every instance where honest, faithful and untiring effort has been put forth the same has been crowned with it rich rewards. Had Alexander remained at home and sent his lieutenants and generals forth to the conquest of the world his name would have perished with the crumbling ruins of the past and all his ambition would have found its eternal finis in thwarted dreams of success.

Men of action is what the world demands, they are what God requires. This human—divine law is imperative, and the least violation is a violation against God in the sight of man and a violation against man in the sight of God.

It is the principle of innate responsibility essentially divine in its origin, and deeply emplanted by the omnipotent that has ever been the force that actuates man to the performance of great deeds and lofty achievements. I care not what the scholarly ability of one may be. I care not how many years he has subjected himself to the most rigorous study and research, unless he puts into use and execution the results of his labors all that he shall have gained will soon be wrapt with him in the palid shroud of death. So that it is only the actions and deeds of men that are destined to increase the store of universal good.

Whether in the realm of the physical, political or spiritual world, the same laws hold with respect to all, they are equally imperative to all. I hate with all my heart that spirit which, in this, the greatest decade of the most glorious age the world has ever known, tells man that his first and last thought should be—"how can I make the most money?" Idolatry is just as much in vogue to-day as it was two hundred years ago. Men are just as scrupulously attentive to the God,

money, as ever the ancient mind was to his mythical ideal. Indeed in the money realm none are wanting. The few are ever on the alert to hoard the almighty dollar, and, disregarding all thoughts of a possible invasion of the hallowed pursuits of moral propriety, and turning a deaf ear to all conviction suggested by their better selves, they continue in their high-handed conscious-searing greed.

But, there is a far grander work for man and one that is solemnly imposed upon him as a duty both to self and to God. A search for truth. However humble the effort, its main purpose should be to go beneath the surface in quest of ideals of duty, justice and love, the great leverage power that elevated the world from the dark thralldom of materialistic blindness, pessimistic vagaries, and idealized absurdities to the plane of human possibilities when capital becomes the great idol of the soul and counterbalances human rights; when love of duty gives way to sordid greed of gain; when all that prompts man to holy aspirations yields to a previous avidity; then indeed does his very soul become a cess-pool of avarice. The miser, thoroughly absorbed in his wealth, experiences happiness only to the extent of his close application to his God, money. He has lost the great connecting link between happiness and pain, lost sight of the pleasures of life and seeks only to increase his anxiety by further gain.

No matter in what sphere of labor, whether congenial or not, it is man's duty to seek above all the truth. Truth should be our watch-word. Should be the pole star as our purpose.

Let the craftsman never lose sight of the fact that apart from the enjoined sense of duty it is his great privilege to be in all things honest. To be truthful to himself, his vocation, and his God. Let truth and honesty of motive be the great guiding principles of buyer and seller—and above all, the student—let the student in whatsoever field of thought seek honestly for the truth. I abhor the narrow, selfish spirit, that forbids man's free religious views. No longer should

man's conscience be haunted by the narrow traditional views of our fathers. But now that a new and glorious light is breaking in upon us, now that the happy dawn of a brighter dispensation has already come into existence, let us permit it's transplendent rays to penetrate deep into dwarfed conviction.

The great trouble with the masses of the people is that they with childish scrupulosity follow the old forms and traditions. No matter what may be our ideal life and character, the ideal can only be appreciated in the real. The great need of man's religion and man's soul is a close touch of reality. The vast majority of us are too narrow. We are too firmly fixed in the old ruts of the past. What matters it to us whether the pentateuch be the works of Moses or not? Does it lessen their truth and authority? By no means. The poet breaths words of regret, at the narrowness of the time that finds perfect contentment in the views of the past, when he says:

"We thieves
And pirates of the universe shut out
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
Turn pale and starve."

then he prays:

"Give me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition."

It is commonly thought, though quite erroneously so, that much study and research tends to make men skeptical. True, most skeptics are men of deep thought and research, yet we cannot agree from this fact that 'tis dangerous to study. In proportion as man's mind is developed and his possibilities are enlarged by thoughtful study and research, just, in that same proportion does that man's religion broaden and expand itself. Man's concept of God depends directly upon his education. The higher the degree of man's intellectuality, the less emotional he becomes. Take the negro for an illustration. They are highly emotional in their nature. They can

see God only as he rules the realms of Heaven. Their concept of Heaven is only that of a mansion home prepared for the soul to spend its time in endless luxury. But to the thoughtful man, God is infinitely grander than such conceptions. He is manifested in all forms of physical nature.

We find the inimitable Tennyson,

Yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Indeed he lays bare his belief in God, and asks :

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, and the plains
Are not these, O soul, the vision of him who reigns?"

Once Tennyson on being asked what was his dearest object in life replied:

"My greatest wish is to have a clear vision of God." That wish was one of the great passions of his life.

It is in quest of this same truth, that the Geologist, delves deep into the rocks and hills.

It is in quest of this same truth that the Astronomer gazes with untiring eyes into the far off handiwork of God.

It is in quest of this same truth that the other scientists are spending their days and hours in endless trial and study, seeking new bases, for advanced theories and natural laws.

Some one has said and truly too that, "This age is an analytical one, and only by breasting the strong currents on every hand can we behold the impartial and perfect proportions of truth." Even so. We cannot, if we would seek to know the whole truth, afraid to cling to old views of the past, nor can we afford to repeat the history of the past by gazing so long at one side that all others become dwarfed. Too much time has already been lost to us and by us in allowing our souls to be satisfied with such narrow and meagre judgments. We should remember that true happiness resides only in the soul, that contentment should be found only in the study of the inner and the outer life. Love is that which causes the heart to glow within, truth is largely conditioned upon love and

duty finds its highest expression in the expossession of liberty of conscience and freedom of soul.

God has left us not to grope in the dark uncertainties of dreams. He has left us actual experiences. He leaves us not to trust our souls to a mere theory but a living, vital, religious principle.

Let our faith be well established within us, for it is the great moral order in man. And why may not that faith see that there is "one God not far away toward whom the great masses of the world are tending." Let desire for truth urge us on to a close proximity to, this God.

JOSEPH H. SEPARK.

DAY-DREAMS.

One quiet evening in autumn, when the duties of the day were done, I threw myself into the arms of my chair and fell to musing upon the prosy events of life. The day was fast ebbing to its end, the mock-bird in the tree was chanting its departing song, and the sun, falling behind the western hills, was throwing its colors of gold and crimson against the opposing tree-tops. Gradually, as the forms of earth changed their colors of gold to tints of gray, one by one the lights of heaven came out, and my mind was led away from the things of earth. And as I sat and tried to ponder the problems of the stars, tried to realize the immensity of space, and time without end, my overpowered spirit soon fled to the land of dreams.

In my dreams I beheld visions familiar to the mind of every youthful dreamer. Things of surpassing beauty were gazed upon as objects real. Scenes of greatest enchantment dazzled the eye on every turn. The flowers and trees were clothed in robes of celestial hue. A very paradise was the world into which I had been so suddenly snatched. Nor was I of *little* consequence in this Eden of bliss, but enjoyed the happiness of being the hero of my own dream. I thought I stood upon an eminence and viewed the rugged ways over

which I had trod to the heights of fame. I turned about and observed beautiful lands and gilded palaces over which I claimed entire possession.

But suddenly, as an electric shock, these pleasant dreams vanished from my vision, and I felt myself again in the cold world of reality. It is useless to say I awoke a sadder, but perhaps a wiser man. The sun rose in its orbit and shone brightly as before, but life thereafter appeared in a different garb. No longer was the veil of fancy drawn about the forms of fact. No longer did dreams of happiness kindle my heart with undue hope. But life stood out in all its ruggedness, in all its reality.

Many are the day-dreams that follow innocent youth, and hold back the plain realities from the inexperienced mind. Many are the airy visions that flit across the youthful fancy and lure it to an unknown destiny. Youth in the golden dawn of existence, before the age of experience has overshadowed his brow, steps out upon the arena of life and feels what he fancies Alexander must have felt before him. The world to him is only a broad field for conquest. He has doubtless heard of Caesar, Napoleon and Wellington, but indeed these are small men compared with what he himself expects to be. For he has early been taught that, "Life is what we make it," and he has lately decided to make it great beyond parable.

With these high hopes and honest purposes, the happy day-dreamer perchance stumbles into the halls of college. Time at first passes smoothly and calmly as a dream; but as he learns more of the heroes of Troy and the conquerors of Rome, he learns, strange to say, a little more about himself. His appreciation for the ancients somewhat increases, and that for himself a little diminishes. Finally, he meets in his path the name of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; and these he he must examine for himself and pass upon them his supreme verdict. He accordingly takes them down from the dusty shelf and by the light of the "midnight taper" wrestles late

with the notions and isms of philosophy, until his body grows tired and his mind becomes weary in the oceans of thought. At last, then fancy has fled its accustomed throne, and truth holds sway with clearest judgment.

But alas ! there are some who are not so easily led into the pale of truth. Many there are who pass through life in pursuit of objects that vanish as the dew-drops before the rising sun. They are content to build castles of air and to sit down and wait till some good breeze of fortune wafts them into their coveted homes. They pass the ridge of life without yet the realization of their looked-for fortunes. At last, when their sun is sinking fast, and their star of hope is drifting from sight, they wake up to the dreadful truth that should have been learned many years ago.

These are the ones whom the world justly calls failures; who were unprepared to take the gifts of fortune when the wheel moved to their turn. Their lights have quickly gone out; their bodies have fallen by the way; and their bones lie bleaching upon the plains as solemn warnings to the living. Yes, "life is real, life is earnest," and though many do not learn it till too late to mend, the successful man at once sees it, feels it, and lives it.

J. L. BOST.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
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EDITORIAL.

UNIVERSITY WORK.

It is with great pleasure that we note a growing tendency on the part of the Senior Class to take University work after graduation. We think that several members of the class are fully decided to do this, and we hope that by the time for graduation several more will have determined to enter upon this important work. No man, generally speaking, is fully equipped for life's work just after finishing his course at the average college. As we consider life's work just at this time, nearing the completion of our college course, we feel that there still lies before us a vast unexplored field of learning, which we can enter only by way of the University, and that it is a duty we owe ourselves to make a few more years' sacrifice of time and money in order to reap the benefit of it. To stop at the end of the collegiate course is to partially fail in the accomplishment of what the student sets out to do—get a full intellectual equipment, and a comprehensive view of the scope of the branches of higher learning.

HUMAN NATURE REVEALED AT COLLEGE.

The same ideas, manners and customs are more or less common to the inhabitants of any community. There may be some men more intelligent than others in a community, but their thoughts prevade the whole settlement and make it a unit. When a young man starts for College, he leaves this uniform community, and enters one of multiform surround-

ings. But he brings the thoughts and customs of his community with him; he brings to College the human nature that existed in his community. Thus, men of various countries and States, and even of different nationalities and races, men from all parts of the earth, are brought in contact with one-another so that they may study different natures and dispositions. There is no better place to study human nature than a college. Every man, studying the whole student body, is in turn studied by them; every man is a book in a circulating library. But like the books in many libraries, those in the library of human life are often neglected, and many a boy leaves college without a knowledge of human nature simply because he refused to open his eyes.

A FEW remarks might not be out of the way to those who "toil not, neither do they spin." Too many boys come to College without ever realizing what they are there for. Laziness and idleness are very detrimental to any one, while work is necessary for our happiness. We have nothing to say of that class of boys who are the sons of rich parents and were sent away to keep them out of idleness, but it is that class of boys whose fathers are in moderate circumstances, of whom we speak. It would be much better for the parent and for the boy too if the unworking boy were taken home and put to work.

COLLEGE life may be likened to a well. The freshman, having taken off all the honors offered by the high school, enters college with a feeling that he is the greatest and most important piece of humanity in existence. He is at the bottom of the well—unable to see anything but himself. Gradually he climbs toward the top. He begins to see silvery clouds floating overhead, and flowers hanging over the edge of the well. He is now a Sophomore: hence the *flowers*. Somewhat diminished in stature in his own estimation, but en-

couraged by the beautiful sights above, he continues to climb toward them. He sees the mountain peaks and the moon and stars. Now he is a Junior. He continues to climb until he steps out on solid ground. There the radiance and brilliant rays of ten thousand suns burst upon his soul. He sees the beauty and grandeur of the universe, and the insignificant little *ego* is blotted out in the magnificent, onward march of human progress.

THERE seems to be at the present time a revival of the old custom of "boot-licking," or "gagging," Professors at this College. We heard an old graduate now residing at the College, remark a short while ago that there was more of it going on now than ever before. Nothing shows a more dependent and effeminate student. The boy who endeavors to get a high grade by gagging is as big a rascal as the one who gets a higher grade than deserved by cheating. In both cases he is acting a lie and pretending to be what he is not. That student who never has any opinion of his own on a subject until he has heard his Professor express his, and then agrees with the Professor immediately for the sake of a grade is too little to exist. Boot-lickers are in all institutions, but Trinity has more than her legitimate share this year. Beginning with the Seniors, every class has its chiefs and "subs." If those who indulge in this practice only knew with what contempt the student body looked down upon them, they would desist.

WHY IS it that historians strive to teach liberal and not biased opinions of the past acts of mankind? It is because they want to teach the truth concerning the dead. Why is it that they don't compliment the living by giving students an opportunity to find the truth concerning them. The daily newspapers in our State give the history of every section its first print. Since the greater part

of history is political, political papers, each from its own standpoint, are the first records of it. To read only one side of any question is an injury and not a benefit. To be abnormally "one-sided" is worse than absolute ignorance. If we are unable to appreciate and consider all opinions we are unable to be sound in any. Then for the benefit of truth, for the benefit of intelligence, and for the cultivation of a sound judgment, our institution should give its students an opportunity to read more than Democratic present history. If it is absolutely necessary to know the history of the past it is more necessary to know that of the present. Give us a symmetrical view of the present history by giving access to the various organs that represent its many sides. We are sorry to see that Trinity Reading Room contains only one side of the political issues. If negligence is the only excuse perfect justice to all should be a sufficient statement to awaken the Library Committee to a sense of duty.

STUDENT.

A PARODY ON THE DIME NOVEL.

By TOM GATLIN.

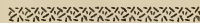
'Twas a bitter cold December night in the balmy month of June. The rising sun had slowly set over the Eastern hills, and the sportive goat and pensive cow hilariously leaped backwards and frontwards through the swaying boughs of the huckle-berry trees which hid the snow capped peaks way down in the valley. No sound could be smelt save the bumbling of the bumble-bee and the cooking of the cuckoo. All nature seemed to hold her tongue with a spoon and even the mules had sought their nests in the highest branches of the rose bushes. A lonely traveller was slowly walking at a rapid rate up the steep incline which led to the fruitful valley above, merrily chatting with his companions in a whisper. He had nothing on his head but a hat, and nothing to protect his feet from the balmy zephyrs save a pair of Policeman's sleeves and a pair of Antarctic Rubbers, both of which were on his hands.

Not a ray of sunshine penetrated the starry firmament above, and the shrieking zephyrs whistled "Annie Rooney" through the meshes of his seer-sucker coat, and the whisk blew through his windows. He was evidently in a picture frame of mind as he had had nothing to eat but food for nearly twenty minutes and he would fain have devoured pies an' things (pizen things) which presented themselves on every hand and foot.

Suddenly he turned slowly into a by path, and rapidly walked on one ear to the point which he had arranged with his love for a trysting place. With feelings of anxiety, mingled with bologna sausage he approached the hallowed spot. Yes, she was there. "It is you, is it?" said she as she took the last mouthful of barbecued scorpion from her little basket. "No," said he as he hung his hat and cane upon the electric light, "It is my fathers only son." Said she in ten cents low and sweet. "Ah! why were you so long in coming?" "Because I wished to be short in going," said he as he wiped a Texas steer from his eye. "I have waited for you what seemed a cabbage, my love, but then I expected you would be here if you were not absent," she faltered as she placed her muddy feet on his heaving bosom.

* * * * *

"We are pursued" said he suddenly. "Already do I hear footsteps approaching on a bicycle! If we are discovered we will be found and if we are overtaken we shall be caught. You must either marry me or be my wife. By all the Gods in yonder pool-room, I will leave my dead grand-mothers night cap. But listen! our enemies are pursuing us as fast as an oyster on the half shell. You must follow me closely at a distance of 5,280 feet, and let no word pass your lips without speaking." They slowly hurried onward. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out on the air and a voice cried, "Halt! I have you, Dare Devil Dick, the Dastardly Dentist of Dawsons Dungeon. If you come one foot nearer you will be twelve inches closer." At this moment a party of men surrounds them and the leader cries: "For forty years, forty months, forty days and forty nights have I pursued thee, villian. During the waxings and wanings of many moons have I been on thy track; and until thou didst change thy socks and I could scent thee no longer." Dare Devil Dick confronts his sweetheart and hisses, "Betrayed! and by a woman who is no gentleman. Ah! yes, thou siren, thou hast sworn to be true until thou becamest false. Thou swore thou did'st love me but I can look into thy hair and tell that it is false. Oh! let me not live after I am dead. But bury me in the fire place that my ashes may be with the "grate." A pistol shot rings out again, and Dare Devil Dick falls to the ground, stabbed in the heart with a telegraph pole. At this juncture I awoke from my dreams and found that I had been asleep.



LOCALS.

The health of the student body is exceptionally good this year.

Mr. C. R. Montgomery, of Concord, has just re entered school. Welcome "Smuggie."

Mr. J. A. Jones, of Raleigh, has presented one hundred and sixty-eight volumes to the college library.

Quite a number of Trinity boys were pleased to get a nice MESSAGE from the Greensboro Female College this week.

Why did Aldridge blush when some one asked Miss——to play the "best tune she had in the shop?"

The latest addition to the historical museum is an Indian pipe which was found on one of the new tennis courts.

Rheim thinks that North Carolina has some very large species of craw-fish. He was looking at the whale skeleton.

Curtis, on seeing a stuffed seal in the State Museum exclaimed: "I declare boys, that's the biggest mole I ever saw?"

It is brass-monkey cheek, when a Professor heaps double work on a class for him to ask them to meet him for an extra hour.

Quite a sensation was created recently on the appearance of Rowe's head after it had been shorn of a beautiful crop of foot-ball hair.

Any one wishing to confer a special favor on every student and professor who does not keep a horse and buggy at Trinity College may do so by building a walk from Main street to faculty avenue.

At a meeting of the historical society on the evening of the 2, of February a very interesting paper on "The Regulators in North Carolina," was read by Dr. Bassett. A large number was present to hear it read.

Prof. S. T. Ford's recitals, in Stokes Hall, in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., were highly enjoyed by all who heard him. The trouble was in the fact that there were not enough present to hear him. The Y. M. C. A. did not better its financial condition, but five boys were made wiser by the experiment. Where do fools learn?

Prof. Dowd, with about twenty members of the class in Economics visited Raleigh on the 1, of February. It was a very enjoyable trip. All the public buildings were visited and every courtesy was shown the class by the Superintendents of the several institutions. One of the most pleasant features of the occasion was meeting Governor Carr in his office.

President J. C. Kilgo preached at West Market Street Church, Greensboro, January 27, and at Edenton Street Church, Raleigh, on February 3. President Kilgo is welcomed everywhere he goes, and as an appreciation of the people's interest in him and his work, he brings back a box of books on his return.



MISCELLANEOUS.

"Life is not altogether a jar of honey,"—*Farjean.*

"Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater."—*Hazlitt.*

"Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power."—*Dr. Alcott.*

Why did Newlin apologize for cussing a Freshman, hollowing up his flue.
 "You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—
Ansonius.

What will Nick now do for a pillow, since he has parted with that beautiful head of hair?

"Labor is the divine law of our existence; indolence is desertion and suicide."—*Mazzini.*

"A noble nature can alone attract the noble and alone knows how to retain them."—*Goethe.*

"People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after."—*Goldsmith.*

"Oh, Popular Applause! What heart of man is proof against thy sweet seducing charms."—*Cowper.*

"There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."—*Carlyle.*

An Iowa woman gave her husband Morphine to cure him of using tobacco. It cured him but now she is doing her own plowing.

Young Lady. You could easily attain that blissful state by simply amputating that mammoth pedal appendages of yours.

Prof. Where will you go to find the rise of the Christian Church?
 Wendley. You will find it in the first part of the next chapter.

"Toby, who is the ugliest man in college, you think?" "That fellow that just rooms opposite Sherrill; his name is Newlin"

The little boys when returning from Epworth League receptions should be more careful as to what they say when they step into the mud.

If "General Pender's" last article in the ARCHIVE has not improved our readers with an admiration for the past, what are his Wordsworth?

Green, G. O. (violently). Do you think I am a fool?"

Mercer. "I would not have said it; but since you asked my opinion I can't deny it."

They do say a certain young "Soph." ordered a "pony" for "Math," but failed to get it. He wrote again and signed his name, "Prof. —— A. B." *He rides now.*

They do say that a certain young man joined the Economics class because he was told that the Professor was going to give his class complimentary tickets to Raleigh.

The post-graduate should be more careful while repeating to Freshmen Locksley Hall, and not say: "Comrades, leave me here a little, while 'tis yet 'tis early noon."

A shot from a sportsman's gun was heard to hit upon the Professor's window. "Are you scared, Professor?"—"No, no, no, not at all. I just wanted to see who it is."

What did Newlin swear for? Because he wrote to two of his sweet-hearts the same time asking both to marry him; and neither of them answered his excellent proffer.

Rh ine, while admiring the whale in the State museum was heard to think aloud: "My, that is the biggest crab-fish I ever saw." We are glad they didn't capture Mr. R. down there.

Craven, after being with his girl one evening, most pathetically said to his room-mate: "Well, I am ruined now; my girl has got enough of me—she wouldn't talk with me at all to-night."

Several of our local musicians have organized themselves into a Glee Club and we will soon hear them "making night hideous" with their brass, rosin and sheep-skin. However let every one aid the cause.

Newlin says Guthrie is not called to preach because the Bible says: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." That certainly leaves him out.

Young Lady. "Mr. Carver would you like to leave this mundane sphere and ascend to the realms of eternal felicity?"

Mr. C.—Well, eh, eh,—ye'sm, I think I would.

"Turner was walking the street in great style, one hand in his pocket, hat on one side, and puffing a cigarette, Oh! he was great! But greatness has its trials. A passer-by was heard to say: "Well, there goes a *Brownie*."

Rosser, giving quotation selections: "Judge thou me, by what I am, so shalt thou find me fairest."

Prof. That is a pretty quotation, but you should make a more appropriate selection.

Little Anderson manipulating the telephone for first time, asks a young lady if he may call; but not being able to understand her after many trials, exclaims to his friend standing by, "Oh, take this blamed thing, I can't make it work."

Freshmen Davis has passed through the vicissitudes of unrequited love for the past two weeks. He was in love with a fair siren and thought he had a pretty 'soft snap.' But she sent him a piece of an aged ginger-cake, and he is now like the man that pulled off his linen duster,—he isn't in it.

When a man gets perfectly contented, he and a clam are first cousins. Contentment is not designed as a stiddy bizzness for the sons of man while on this arth.

Contentment was born with and died when Adam ceased tew be an angel aud bekam a man."—*Josh Billings*.

1st. Fresh. "What do you think Miss X. did when I asked her to sit in my lap?"

2nd. Fresh. "I don't know."

1st Fresh. "Why she sat down on me, of course."

Mr. Matthew Mattix (Senior). "Say Freshie, you'd better come in the house or you'll be stung by a shucking-bee."

Mr. Geo. Graphy (Freshman). "A shucking-bee can't sting me."

Mr. M. "Why?"

Mr. G. "Because the shuck is in the way."

Mr. M. "Which way?"

Mr. G. "Oh, straight ahead two mles and turn in at the lunatic asylum."

"The melancholy days are come

The saddest of the year "

The "Newies" find the mud too deep

To rush their ladies fair.

But soon the weather will be spent

And the girls with love's strong meshes

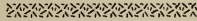
Will strive to capture each student

From Post-Grads, down to Freshies.

O, for a thousand brick to chunk into that Sophomore's mouth in order to stop his infernal babbling. He shooteth his lip from early morn to dewy eve, and from dewy eve to the wee small hours of silent midnight. He considereth himself authority on all things earthly and all things heavenly, on things seen and unseen. He talketh without ceasing, and to his gasing there is no end. O, that I had a paddle, that I might smite the gas-bag and scatter it to the four winds of the earth. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but that Sophomore gas-bag gaseth everywhere. His face is of a sombre hue, and his soul is of the same, intensified to such an extent that it seems to have been saturated with indellible ink and tar. It hath been said: "Some men are born fools, some become fools through choice, and some become fools from association." The first class usually become sane while Freshman, the second while Sophomores, and the third while Juniors. But when one is a fool from all three causes, as is the Sophomore in question, he is incurable; and O, that some one would release his soul from the shackles of body, and deliver us from him. He setteth at the table and, stuffeth and talketh, and then he talketh and stuffeth some more. And when he hath shot off his lip, he looketh and lo! no one payeth any attention to him. He crieth, "hear, hear." but they heareth him not. Then he waxeth wroth and calleth with vehement voice, "O, I—. O, S—. O, W—. O, D—., etc.," and still they hold their place. And while he gabbeth, the Freshman howleth, the Sophomore rageth, the Juniors boileth over, the Seniors curseth with might and main, and Jack, who sitteth beside him, yearneth for rest to find it not. When that Sophomore prayeth he sitteth up in his chair and saith: "O, Lord, I thank thee that thou hast made me almost equal to thyself. I

thank thee that I am great among men. I pray thee to enlighten these Professors' minds so they may understand the wisdom that falleth from my lips. And instruct the angels so that they may be able to discourse with me when I come. Make the world wise enough to understand the words from my lips. Amen, and amen." But these things cannot last forever, and some times we will be permitted to write with great joy the epitaph :

Here rests his head upon the laps of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And glad we were when his blamed soul had flown.



EXCHANGES.

We indeed are living in an age of push and energy.—*Guilford Collegian*.

The principle involved in cheating on recitation is the same as that involved in cheating on examination and should be equally suppressed —*Emory Phoenix*.

Two features of a college education are an impediment to intellectual development. These are the hurried cramming of books and the tendency towards a lack of independence of thought. The blame rests partly upon the system of education, partly upon the negligence of the student.—*Vanderbilt Observer*.

The editors of this department have come to the conclusion that, in the main, the present method of commenting on various college magazines is a farce. We speak of such comments as this: *such and such* a college magazine is before us with its usual attractive appearance and contains *such and such* an article which deserves special mention. That the measure of truth contained in such comment is largely dependent upon the real investigation and judgment of the editor we must admit. But such comment can be made without the least consideration on part of the editor. We can merely look at a magazine and call its appearance attractive; we can also glance at the subject of an article and scan the contents of the same and then conclude from the nature of the subject and the general appearance of the construction of the article itself that it must be a pretty commendable affair. Such commenting involves no special effort on part of editor and is no compliment to the magazine it is passed upon.

Would it not be better to fill the exchange department entirely with quotations from editorials, when such can be found worthy of quotation, with extracts from, not merely comments upon, the best contributions? It is all well and good to take special notice of the appearance of a new magazine or to hail the return of a long absent one with delight and congratulations, but it is not well and good to be continually telling your friend how glad you are to see him and how well he looks. Let us try to improve the exchange department. But we are reminded that we live in a glass house, therefore should not throw stones,

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

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—OF THE—

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MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

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Due from Banks	\$31,021.05	Deposits	\$149,586.74
Cash	<u>26,997.41</u>	Cashier's Checks	<u>4,444.51</u>
	58,018.46	Due Banks	154,031.25
	<u>\$294,851.77</u>	Dividends unpaid	4,606.48
			<u>773.75</u>
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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1895.

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TENNYSON'S VIEW OF WOMAN.

‘Among the many questions that are rising for solution, there is none that is destined to attract more notice than that of “Woman’s Rights.”

Since Tennyson has touched almost every side of life, and has entered into the discussion of almost all the leading questions of the age, it will be interesting to get insight into a poet’s view of Woman as shown by Tennyson in “The Princess;” which is not only a most fascinatingly told story, but by a blending of the old and the new, it brings before our eyes personages who advocate principles that sound strangely modern while the back-ground is formed by helmeted men and knights and tournaments. The poem is not intended to be an argumentative discourse but is more of the nature of a conversation on a given topic, interspersed with illustrations drawn from life; and when we remember that it was written fifty years ago we may well pronounce it a prophetic utterance on the much noted questions of Woman’s rights—and wrongs.

The manner in which the subject is introduced gives it the zest of a story told and removes the possibility of interest flagging or of relapsing into the dry formality of a discourse.

Half a dozen college boys are visiting a friend at his house

and in rambling among the family heir-looms they find the record of a woman who distinguished herself by acts of special bravery. This gives a text to their friend's sister, Lilia, who declares that there are thousands of such women now, but society keeps them beaten back, and she wishes she were able to set up a college for women apart from men to teach them everything that men know, for, she says, "We are twice as quick." Story telling is then the order of the evening, and the seven agree in turn to tell a part of a story that shall make up a continuous narrative.

It will be necessary to give a brief synopsis of the story, which is as follows: A prince is betrothed to a neighboring princess. His father sends to her father and asks for the fulfillment of the engagement; but the reply is that the princess has given up the idea of marriage, and has established a school for women. The prince is determined to win her, and sets out with two friends, Cyril and Florian, to find her. They disguise themselves as girls and enter the school where men are forbidden to come, on pain of death. They are finally discovered and escape death only because the prince had saved the life of the princess. In the mean while the prince's father has come to his aid, and the brothers of the princess have come to hers. It is proposed that fifty knights from each party shall fight in tournament to decide the matter. The prince is defeated and wounded. The sympathies of the princess are moved for the suffering; the college is turned into a hospital; school is dismissed, and in tending the wounded the princess finds her true self and a marriage is the result.

Let us now consider the opinions given by each of the principal characters on the position and sphere of woman.

First, the father of the princess, King Gama, a little wizard-like man, not possessing very kingly qualities or powers. He is careless over the matter; utterly indifferent; he allowed his daughter to establish the school simply because he desired

peace from his daughter's "master-pieces" of "dismal lyrics," and the unending harrangues over woman's high destiny. He is half contemptuous in the selfishness of his position.

The great brother of the princess, Arac, thought her the "flower of womankind," and half believed her to be right, and yielded to her from habit; but in the end he is convinced; "She flies too high, she flies too high;" yet like the true brother he is, he defends her to the last.

Cyril's views are summed up in the words:

"They hunt old trails very well,
But when did woman ever yet invent?"

Yet Cyril is not all indifference; he simply has no theories and wants none; he falls in love and that settles it; he will hear to nothing but love; there is much of the natural man in him.

Florian can see no good in a system that turns a loving sister into a cold being, untouched by the thoughts of a happy home, unmoved by a brother's pleadings. He had no sympathy for a system that closes the heart against love and leaves out pure emotion.

The prince's father, a gruff, savage ruler who will not be crossed, pronounces the plan of the princess "rampant heresy." He holds that "man is a hunter; woman is his game." He is one of those self-appointed "lords of creation," who think the world was made for them, and fear some one more worthy will wrest it from them. This theory is so strongly fortified behind custom that it is almost an insuperable barrier to advanced thought.

Lady Blanche, into whose hands the princess had been committed when her mother died, was a cold, scheming woman. She was very jealous of Lady Psyche, because the princess had not, as she thought, sufficiently recognized her as the author of the great plan of woman's emancipation. She followed the new *regime* partly because she had originated it, partly because her nature could brook no superior, and in the school she hoped for absolute ascendancy. She

advocated woman's suffrage not because of the right or wrong of the matter, but for the sake of the notoriety.

On the other hand, Lady Psyche was in the movement for the sake of womankind. Her ideal was:

"Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

But all her theories finally vanish before her love for her brother and her new love for Cyril, and with her theories gone she is but a woman.

We now come to the real exponent of the movement, the princess herself. She had been reared by Lady Blanche under the indirect supervision of a too indulgent father. She possessed all the qualities of a noble woman, had she not been warped by the teachings of Lady Blanche; yet her mother had said, as she was dying: "Our Ida has a heart," and heart she did have, but it was hidden by many strange fancies and notions. It was her earnest desire to found a university where women might be prepared to ally their fortunes "with those self-styled lords," "justlier balanced, scale with scale." She had renounced the idea of marriage; she only longed

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

Hear her as she says:

"What though your prince's love were like a god's,
Have not we made ourself the sacrifice?"

When the identity of the prince and his friends is discovered and all the school in confusion, she says:

"Yet I blame you not so much for fear,
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you."

She speaks of some who will be dismissed to live

"No wiser than their mothers; household stuff.
Live chattels; mincers of each other's fame;
Whose brains are in their hands, are in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish and to scour,
Forever slaves at home and fools abroad."

From such a life as this she would relieve them, but she was caught at last by what she had called,

“This barren verbiage current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.”

She finally comes to agree with the prince, whose views we will discuss next.

It would have been natural for the prince to have been the most violent in opposition to the plans of the princess, since her success meant his defeat; but all along he pursues the “golden mean” that public sentiment is seeking to-day. In the very heat of the contest for his bride, he admitted that Ida was half right, but thought she had run into excess. His opinion is best expressed to Ida as she watches him after he is wounded.

“The woman’s cause is man’s; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free.”

He urges her not to blame the laws of man, for this has been the world’s rough way for ages. Woman is different from man; she is not simply an undeveloped man; were she made like him, then “Sweet Love were slain.” He urges his mother as an example. She was not learned, except in household affairs; she was not perfect nor was she an angel, but she was great in soul. His views and his prophecy are all expressed in this:

“Yet in the long years likes must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height.
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind:
’Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.
May these things be.”

By such reasoning as this two hearts “slid into love.”

Ida failed in her attempt, because she saw no other kinds of men but those who treat women “either as vassals to be beaten, or as pretty babes to be dandled;” she was one-sided in her views, because she judged all men from a part and

failed to see the nobler side of man. She held woman had a right to equality with man, and she was right; but she thought knowledge alone could give this equality, and that knowledge could be gotten only by isolation from man, forgetting that to be a success a movement must be a part of a people. She feared woman's natural leaning toward tenderness; she left out sentiment, emotion, love, and failed. A youth's love for a maid; woman's jealousy of woman ruin her best laid plans. She is conquered by the very impulses she had sought to kill.

It is interesting to note that all the problems presented are solved by an appeal to love; either that between the sexes, of parent and child, of brother and sister, or the great love of noble hearts for fellow-beings.

CHAS. C. WEAVER.

HISTORY OF MONEY.

Any currency used in buying and selling is called money. We have learned to identify money with gold and silver; hence spring wrong conceptions. Our admirable circulating mediums, gold and silver, are but the product of the highest degree of civilization yet attained; therefore with each state of development in civilization there is formed a parallel development in the history of money.

Four stages mark the development of industrial civilization. The most rudimentary stage is that in which the life of man depended upon the hunting of wild animals. Afterwards man looked to the raising of sheep and cattle for life and comfort. Later on he began to cultivate the soil, and finally entered the stage of manufacture. To each stage belongs the characteristic currency of money.

The products of the chase afforded a medium of exchange during the hunting stage. The flesh of animals was, of course, too perishable to be kept any length of time, consequently the more durably parts, furs and skins, were used as mediums of exchange. Leather money is said to have circulated in

Russia as late as the reign of Peter the Great. In the traffic of the Hudson Bay Company with the American Indians, furs long formed the medium of exchange. The Indians continued the use of skins as money for a long time after coins were introduced among them. This kind of money is by no means extinct in all parts of the world.

In the next stage of civilization, the pastoral stage, sheep and cattle formed the medium of exchange. The Latin word *pecunia*, money, is derived from *pecus*, cattle. Kine being counted *by the head*, was called *capitale*, whence the economical term *capital*. In the German code of law, fines and penalties are actually defined in terms of live stock. The value of a woman captive, skilled in industry, was reckoned in oxen. Slaves also, being considered as valuable property, served as a medium of exchange like cattle.

The products of the farm were used as money during the agricultural period. Corn was deposited in banks in Norway, and lent and borrowed. Cocoanuts in Central America and Yucatan, circulated as small change. In 1521, at Caracas, about thirty cocoanuts were worth one English penny. As late as 1641, the legislature of Massachusetts made tobacco and corn legal tenders, and, in 1732, Maryland passed similar laws. Notwithstanding the perishable nature of eggs, they circulated in Switzerland as currency.

Manufactured articles have also served as money. Cloth, mats made of rice straw, salt, beeswax, cubes of tea, iron shovels or hoes, polished stones, hand made nails, were remarkable forms of currency.

It is not to be understood that the above mentioned articles formed the only medium of exchange during the development of the various stages of civilization. Metal money was used as early as the Homeric age. It may be interesting to know what kind and form of metals have been used.

Iron and lead were among metals earliest used for money, especially among the Greeks and Latins. Iron is still used

among the natives of Central Africa and in some parts of Japan. Its coinage in Japan, however, has been discontinued. In 1635, leaden bullets were used in change at the rate of a farthing a piece in Massachusetts. Tin was, doubtless, the first metal used by the British government for money. Copper has been continually used as currency by many of the leading governments. Hebrew coins were made of copper. In later times copper has not only been used for coins of minor value, but, in Russia and Sweden, one hundred years ago, it formed the principal mass of currency. Its low value now stands in the way of its use. Silver and gold have been coined ever since the art was invented. Platinum was coined in 1828 by Russia, but abandoned in 1845 on account of the nature of the metal. Nickel, alloyed with other metals, is being coined by Belgium, England and Germany. Roughly speaking, the order in which metals have hitherto acted as the principal medium of exchange, is (1) copper, (2) silver, (3) gold.

From time to time coins have been manufactured in many forms, although circular coins predominate in number. Among the issues of the German States may be found octagonal and hexagonal coins. England and other places at one time issued coins in form of squares and lozenges. Some of the most extraordinary specimens of money ever used are the large plates of pure copper which circulated in Sweden in the eighteenth century. These were about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and varied in size from three and a half inches to seven and a-half inches square. Some of them weighed three and a-half pounds each. Among the Japanese coins are found large oval pieces of copper with a square hole in the centre. The most singular of all coins are the scimeter shaped pieces formerly circulated in Persia.

After gold and silver gained supremacy over all other metals as circulating mediums they have always sustained a ratio of value to each other. The slightest examination into the the history of the ratio of gold and silver will show how varied.

they have been. Herodotus estimated their ratio as 1 to 13, Plato 1 to 12, Menander 1 to 10, and in Caesar's time the ratio was 1 to 9. Since the discovery of America the ratio has varied from 1 to 11.3 to 1 to 15.85. In the 14th century the value of gold rose remarkably, and the gradual movement ever since has been towards and appreciation of gold relatively to silver.

Aside from contriving a model for convenience, it has taxed the ingenuity of man to design a model proof against counterfeiting and clipping. But the delicate designs now wrought out on our coins for the purpose of preventing imitation, and the serrated edges designed to prevent clipping seem to indicate the triumph of invention. The one great problem yet to be solved is whether or not there shall be the two circulating mediums, gold and silver. A few more years will witness a satisfactory solution of this.

Taking all things into consideration, we think that ours is the most perfect circulating medium, both in convenience and design ever used; also that it is a great evidence of real progress along the line of industrial civilization.

R. S. HOWIE.

A CHARACTER IN N. C. HISTORY.

In Western North Carolina, beyond the Blue Ridge, lies a country whose picturesque scenery, warming sunshine and bracing atmosphere are unexcelled. In this country is a lovely valley, inclosed by towering mountains, whose sides are covered by blooming foliage and chestnut trees, and this valley is the scene which lay before the eyes of Augustus Merrimon on the 15th of September, 1832, the day of his arrival into the world.

Branch H. Merrimon, the father of Augustus, was a Virginian by birth, but in his boyhood, the family moved to Tennessee. Branch was a gay and somewhat wild young man, but soon dedicated himself to the service of God and

joined the Holston conference. Early in his ministerial career, the soft brown hair, sparkling eyes, and beautiful figure of Miss Mary Paxton possessed his soul, and a marriage followed, which resulted in ten children, one of which was Augustus Summerfield Merrimon. While Augustus was still a boy, his father moved to a large farm near Asheville, where his son worked on the farm. While driving the oxen and plowing, Augustus kept continually in his hand some useful book, which he studied and meditated over in his work, and like Burns, studied the scenery which lay around him. After the day's work was done, he would take his book, and spend an hour or two in thoughtful meditation. Here on the farm he grew up into manhood, free from the vices of the city, under the guidance of a noble father, and the loving care of a pious mother. His mother died when he was but a boy, but she had already had an undying influence upon him. All the affection of his heart seemed to center around his mother. She was his guiding star in boyhood and in all future life. She was his guardian angel, he believed, who was continually watching over him and directing his wavering footsteps into truth and light.

In 1850, he hailed with joy the opportunity to attend school in Asheville, where he might devote his whole time to study. While at school he kept a diary, recording each night the manner in which he had spent the day. He pursued his studies with tireless energy, sometimes rising as early as two o'clock in the morning. One noticeable feature about this diary is that he invariably records the fact that he has read one or two chapters of the Bible each day, sometimes commenting on what he had read. He read his Bible regularly not only at school, but throughout his whole life. His mother and his Bible were the two great influences which shaped his life, and made him a great and noble man. He began the study of law realizing the greatness of his task, and with a determination not to fail. He started life with the

determination to succeed, and to labor incessantly for his cherished goal. *Labor omnia vincit* was his motto, and he adhered to it at all times and under all circumstances. One of his first suits was for the hand of the beautiful Miss Margaret Baird, who had many admirers, but Augustus Merrimon won, and soon he imposed a double duty upon himself. But life appeared to him a sphere of duty, and his highest aim was to do his duty under all circumstances.

In 1860, he was elected member of the House of Commons for Buncombe. He was a strong Union whig. He had faith in the Union; he loved it, and he struggled earnestly for the maintenance of it. He saw the uselessness and folly of secession; he wanted to remain in strength and prosperity, and fought for peace. Nevertheless he believed in slavery; he thought that it was sanctioned by God, and that the abolitionists were wrong. While a member of the Commons, he performed his duty to the entire satisfaction of his constituents, and many of those who had at first opposed him, approved of his course in the Commons. Though he was opposed to secession and loved the Union, he loved his Southland more, and when he saw that war was inevitable, he united himself with his country's cause. He volunteered in the Rough and Ready Guard, a company of mountaineers from his section, but afterward he accepted a captaincy in the commissary department as assistant to Colonel Wm. Johnston. He was appointed solicitor for the Western district by Judge French, which position he accepted, and did much to quell the prevailing disorder. He was elected to the same office, and held it until 1865, when he was elected by the Legislature to be Judge of the Superior Court of the Eighth Judicial district. While holding court at one time Judge Merrimon received orders from Gen. Sickles to suspend proceedings against certain parties. He suspended, but continued the case on affidavit. He received orders to suspend proceedings in other cases, and realizing that he could not cope with

military power, he resigned his office. In this, as in every other case, he would not allow anything to stand between him and duty, and when he realized that he could not submit to Gen. Sickles' orders and at the same time do his duty, he resigned. Just before his resignation was accepted, however, he presided at the court at which the Johnson case, one of the most famous on record, was tried. The best legal talent that could be secured was present for four weeks. The case went to a higher court, but not in a single point was Judge Merri-
mon overruled, thus showing his great ability as a lawyer.

After his resignation, he moved to Raleigh, where he entered into partnership with Hon. Samuel Phillips. The number of his clients grew rapidly, and soon he had a very lucrative practice. In 1872, he was nominated for Governor of the State, and made an able canvass, but was defeated by a small majority by Gov. Caldwell. In December of the same year, he was elected U. S. Senator. In all his actions at Washington he was a true statesman, endeavoring to do his duty toward his nation and toward his people. For six years he labored almost incessantly for his country's welfare, making many eloquent appeals to his fellow-senators. He was declared by some to be the ablest man in Congress. Returning to Raleigh he resumed the practice of law with Mr. Fuller. In the year 1883 he was appointed to the seat upon the Supreme Court bench made vacant by the resignation of Judge Thos. Ruffin, Jr., and this appointment by Gov. Jarvis was twice confirmed at the polls. When Chief Justice Smith died in November, 1889, Gov. Fowle appointed Judge Merri-
mon to fill the chief judicial office of the State, and this appointment, too, was confirmed by the people. This appointment he filled honorably and well, but his strong body was finally overcome by the incessant labor of his mind, and on the 14th of November, 1892, his beautiful and noble soul went to reap the reward of pure and upright thought and action.

A few days before his death Judge Merrimon was received into the Methodist church. He had been a Methodist all his life, but had failed to unite himself formally with that church until this time. He is a true representative of the highest development of christian manhood. He always endeavored to temper justice with mercy, and he was a friend to the weak and ignorant. There is not a single stain upon his character, not one action of which his family might be ashamed. He lived a true, noble, honorable and worthy life, and died with faith in Christ and the belief that nothing but happiness awaited him.

MUSIC.

Music justly takes high rank among the fine arts. Every fine piece of music is a true poem, but it is not like poetry. The poet must clothe his thoughts in words, which are wonderful things, but music speaks straight to the heart and to the very core and root of the soul. Music begins where speech leaves off; through it all that is inexpressible and yet of most account to us can express itself. It is more than painting or sculpture. The painter or sculptor must borrow the raiment for his idea from the human form or the landscape, the musician is alone with his imagination.

It has been truly said that music has in it something holy; unlike other arts, it cannot paint anything but what is good. Sidney Smith says of it that it is the engrossing pursuit, almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.

The world itself is full of music. "Beauty," says Aristotle, "is visible harmony." It has been called the "universal language," "the tongue of the angels." It has become so thoroughly a part of our existence that we rarely pause to consider to what extent we are, as it were, enveloped in the sweet sounds, or how irremediable its loss would be to us. It is the most human of all arts of expression. Always and everywhere it is almost a necessity. There is no occasion however

joyous or however solemn to which it may not lend an added charm and power. There is not another art that ministers to all classes and conditions of humanity.

The sad heart and the happy one alike appeal to it for sympathy, and there is no emotion that has not its song. The bugle call, the battle march, the campaign song are the inspiration of their respective scenes. Music in the park is the poor man's holiday. It has been said that music is the bait by which the worldling is caught in the church net of to-day. It is indeed true that music is, as it were, a spirit that will hold close communion only with those who with innate passion for her bow reverently at her shrine.

At the same time she unlocks her choicest treasures only to those who by unremitting toil, and long, patient, pains-taking effort, master the profound science that underlies her very foundations; the history of her development that runs back to the very beginning of time, the lives of her great master spirits, and the finished technique through which alone she can give herself adequate expression. To do all this is worthy the highest intellect and the noblest aspiration.

Old Teller the teacher of Mendelssohn, says of him: "It is not his genius which surprises me and compels my admiration, for that was from a God, and many others have the same. No, it is his incessant toil, his bee-like industry, his stern conscientiousness, his inflexibility towards himself, and his actual adoration of art." And Mendelssohn says of himself, "music for me, you must know, is a very solemn matter, so solemn that I do not feel myself justified in trying to adopt it to any subject that does not touch me heart and soul." We wonder that more do not make it a life work. Surely it presents a most attractive field for deep thought and profound study, and initiates one into a realm of pure and rapturous pleasure as no other art does.

Longfellow says: "Have you real talent for art? Then study music, do something worthy of the art, and dedicate

your whole soul to the beloved saint." But even the many who have neither the genius nor the inclination to go this far will find rich reward for whatever time and thought they may give to the study of music.

The inducements and incentives to do so are greater than ever before. Music is making more progress to-day than any other art. We must go back to the far past for the great works in sculpture and painting, and we search in vain for a duplicate Vandyke, Rubens, or Raphael, but such composition as the Wagner drama of our day has never been given to the world. The great musical souls of to-day find limitless riches of means of expression, of which the old masters scarcely dreamed. Think of an unaccompanied four-part song of Palestrina, and then of the splendid orchestration of Goldmark or Wagner.

Musical literature has been greatly enriched and so cheapened as to be within reach of all. Music is being better taught than ever before.

There is a growing disposition in music circles to separate the chaff from the wheat of music teachers. While we have not a Jenny Lind in the field, nor a Patti successor in view, we have a hundred almost faultless singers where we had one in the days of those prima donnas. This is because they are well taught. Even in our colleges at home, girls are being impressed that music is not simply an accomplishment with which they may show off, but a rich possession that will prove an infinite source for happiness always, and are led to study it that they may think and feel it in all the depths of its true meaning. It would be hard to find among the earnest musical students of to-day the prototype of the young lady whose essay at the piano Oliver Wendell Holmes satirizes in the following characteristic manner:

"It was a young woman, with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn had rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a whirl or two, and fluffed down on it

like a twirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber them I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard from the growling end down to the little squeaky one.

"Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down upon a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl, as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl as if the piano had got two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once; and then a grand clatter and scramble, and strings of jumps up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music."

Besides all this, music is already an important element in modern culture, a refining social influence, a subject about which few cultivated people are willing to be thought ignorant or indifferent. A better class of composition is being demanded by the average audience of even the traveling concert troupes that visit our towns. There are more people who are not only soothed by the flowing melody, or swayed by the pulsing rhythm, but who think and feel the pleasure of it because they understand it.

He who has the temerity to decry classical music to-day and to rather pride himself on the fact that he has no taste for it, betrays his own littleness, at any rate his lack of true culture.

We do not see why the study of music should not be as the A, B, C of every child's education. We do not see why it should not be compulsory in all the common schools. We do not see why as a science, at any rate, it should not be incorporated in every college curriculum. And last, but not least, we do not see why every boy, as well as every girl, should not be expected to know a great deal about it.

RICH'D M. CRAWFORD.

GRAVE-YARD REFLECTIONS.

There is perhaps no tranquil scene or motionless object that acts upon our emotions with such power as a grave-yard. It has recently fallen to my lot to visit a large and beautiful cemetery, and the emotions and reflections aroused by it were so powerful that I was impelled to reproduce them. Doubtless every one has such reflections on similar occasions, and if they are written out a lasting impression is made upon the mind. The recollection of scenes and emotions will necessarily glow dim and finally fade from memory, unless preserved by artificial means, and while the perusal of grave-yard reflections may not be pleasant and humorous, they may be very profitable to him who is continually boiling over with humor, mischief and frivolity.

Immediately after coming into the vicinity of the sacred, "narrow houses," a feeling "sweetly solemn, mildly sad," comes over us. Our voices change from a mirthful to a solemn ring, and the tread of our feet is scarcely audible, when walking upon the sod, beneath which lie the remains around whose names so many sacred recollections cluster. Our eyes assume a far-away gaze, as though they cared to look upon nothing living or earthly, but were endeavoring to pierce the veil, which separates the living from the dead, and then our mind begins to meditate.

We move on slowly and silently until we come to a double monument, on one side of which is written the date of the birth and death of a man, but the other side is blank. The husband has been placed in his eternal resting place, and over his head stands the monument patiently waiting to have the name of his wife engraved upon it. What must be the thoughts and feelings of that wife, as she stands and beholds that monument which is soon to record her name! How great must be her devotion to allow herself to be daily reminded that she too must soon rest where he is! Her all lies there and she seems anxious to rest there with him. As we see her

tomb already standing to receive her, it brings the fact more forcibly to our minds, that we too must have a place selected for us, and pass from the world of the living to the realm of the dead. Though not in audible language, yet as heart to heart, that tomb communes with us, telling us in saddest tones that he who lies beneath it was once as we are now, and that we shall sometime be as he is. Our hearts grow rebellious; we revolt from such an end, and unconsciously glance around for some means of escape. We do not want to be buried out of the sight of the world. We do not want to give up life, however burdensome it may be. We love life and we cling to it. The presence of the tomb makes the world grow brighter, the flowers seem more beautiful, and all earthly things grow dearer. The thought that our bodies must finally crumble away into dust makes us wish that we had never tasted of life. We think that the worms will devour us, and we sigh for the ancient custom of cremation. Our hearts grow sick and we turn to the names upon the marble for sympathy, but fail to get it. Forms once animated stare at us in cold, speechless silence now. Forms there are who spent their lives in every kind of living. Some sought glory and praise; some sought wealth; a few sought to serve God, and fewer still sought to serve humanity. We look at them in wonder and appreciate Gray's words: "The path of glory leads but to the grave." Ambition leaves us. Hope leaves us, and we feel like giving up. Men lying there had struggled after glory, but their glory perished with their bones. How vain, how futile is man's endeavor! For a few brief years he may tower above his fellowmen, but death will place the highest with the lowest.

The towering monument rises up before us, but the dust still lies motionless unconscious of the costly head-stone. We read the beautiful, hopeful words upon the tomb, and think there may be a truer record of their lives elsewhere. We think of the pomp and show which accompanied them there, and listen to the words of Gray:

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death?

They, in company with other millions, have toiled and struggled through life, fighting the battles that stand in the way of fame and glory, and have passed beneath the ground. Erect your polished marble to their memory, if you will : they would not give one atom of their dust for a monument as high as heaven. Write their lives in golden story, but it matters not to them, of whose lives there is one correct account.

Thus far the picture has been dark and gloomy., but when we look down through the grave beyond its narrowness and gloom there appears a picture of aspect brighter far. We first see the body in its insignificant wretchedness, and for a time our thoughts are wholly concerned with it, but soon the mind weary with unpleasant contemplation begins to follow the path of the soul. It sees it soaring on rapid wing from the lifeless clay, up through unmeasured space, with guiding angels on either hand, directing it to realms of perfect bliss. No adamant rock can obstruct its path, but with lightning speed it flits through worlds and stars and suns, with its eye ever on the throne of God. Finally it is swallowed up in Kingly glory, safe within the walls of the city of God, beyond which the imagination's eye cannot penetrate. We do not know its experience there, but we do know that it has given up a life of three score years and ten, for a life eternal, nor filled with pain and sorrow and dread of death. But why should we dread to enter the tomb, since the Son of God Himself has entered it. If we follow in his foot-steps what harm can overtake us? He entered the tomb in order to prepare for us an eternal resting place, and yet we fear to pass along the road through which alone we can ever reach it. It is the gate of eternal glory, "and yet we dread to enter there." There may be a spiritual world all around us, but this house of clay debars our spirits from it. Christ with ten thousand angels may be encamped around us, ready to sweep beneath us and bear us homeward. Why dread to be carried out of darkness into light?

SOL'S EXPERIENCE.

"Boys," said Solomon, comfortably seating himself in an arm chair and changing his quid of sobacco to the left side of his mouth, "if you'll all be very quiet and promise not to tell anybody, I'll give you my experience."

The boys had just returned from a lecture in which the speaker spoke in a very light manner about those people always wanting to give their experience. He had said that he was afraid of a man that was always giving the experience of his conversion—afraid that he would cheat him out of something or tell him a lie.

"I reckon I'll tell it, if I want to," Solomon continued, in his droll and mirth provoking voice; "it's nobody's business but mine."

"Go along Sol, you are a theologue you know, and your experience might do some of us sinners good," urged Davis, who had just returned with the crowd, from the first religious gathering he had attended in five months. "That meeting gave me the blues over my meanness and I want you to revive my drooping spirit," and he struck such a dejected attitude that Sol turned pale and said hurriedly:

"People don't have any such experiences now as they used to."

"Well, we're waiting on yours," said an impatient listener.

"No such experiences these days," mused Sol, pretending not to hear.

"Now Sol, if you dont hurry up I'll tell Elder Jones how you mimiced his sermon."

"No, Bill, don't ; I expect to get my license from that same preacher."

"All right ; hurry up and I'll not."

"Well, boys, it was just eighteen years ago at a big camp-meeting—"

"How old were you, Sol."

"Just eight years old."

"Rather young to get religion wasn't it?"

"Well, ye-es ; rather. But, as I started to say, the old folks were sitting around in the tent, smoking and telling about religious matters and crops. Pa was telling about his experience under the old oak, forty years before that time, when suddenly he looked over and saw me and my ten year old brother, Jim, nodding in the straw. He stopped his experience short off and said:

" 'Mary, don't you think its time for Solomon and James to get religion?'

" 'Well, I guess its about time,' responded my mother.

" 'Sol ! Jim !' the old man called sharply. " 'Wake up there, now ! You've got to get religion to-night !'

"Now, I was mighty sleepy and hadn't intended to be in such a hurry about my spiritual salvation ; in fact, no such notion had ever struck my youthful head. So I said:

" 'Pa, I'm too sleepy to get religion, and I want to go to bed. Just let me off to-night and I'll get it in the morning.'

" 'No, you might die to-night You've got to get religion to-night before you sleep a wink. You and Jim go and get behind that trunk yonder and go to praying! Quick!'

"I saw there was no way out of it and knew that the quicker I got it the better. So Jim and I got down behind that trunk and you just ought to have heard us pray and moan. But while I was moaning, I was also considering. I was still sleepy, and I knew I couldn't go to bed till I got it. Just after I gave a dismal moan, I sent up a joyful shout and jumped up crying, 'I've got it, I've got it.' They asked me how I felt, and I told them that I felt better than ever before in my life. They said I had it, and after delivering myself of that big lie, I thought I would get to go to bed. I started to go in the men's tent to go to bed, but Pa said: 'Sol, get down here by Jim and tell him how you got it.'

"That threw a damper on my spirits. My religious zeal

had not become sufficiently strong to keep me from bed at that hour. But an idea struck me. Why couldn't Jim get it like I did? I got up real close to him, and through my tears of joy gave him the wink. I said to him: Jim, you won't get to bed till you get it, and I won't either, you mightn't get it in two days. I haven't got it at all; I just bluffed them." Jim was no fool, and through his moans he said:

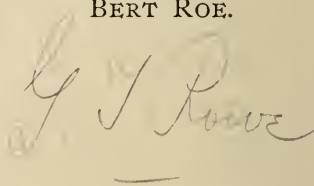
" 'Sol, I see what you want; just wait a minute.'

"And a minute was all I had to wait. Jim collected all his shouting powers in that time, and just as the sixtieth second rolled by he lit into the air. The fountains of joy in all the universe seemed to burst upon him, and my ! how he shouted. Everybody in hearing distance said it was the finest shouting they'd ever heard, and that, no doubt, he had a true case of religion. Jim just kept on shouting until I threw him down and sat on his head; then he soon got cool.

"Pa said we both had preaching religion and that we were called to preach, and that's the reason I'm a theologian here now. Jim fell from grace next day "cussin" our neighbors's dog for tearing out the seat of his pantaloons. After we had gotten to bed and were almost asleep, Jim said:

"Sol, you're a good one. Golly ! what a bluff !

BERT ROE.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Bert Roe", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned below the printed name "BERT ROE." and above a short horizontal line.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	-	-	-	Assistant.

EDITORIAL.

THERE will be but three more issues of the ARCHIVE, including this one, this year, and we shall attempt to make these the best. The first and most necessary step toward that end is to cut out all personalities. We are aware of the fact that there will be great opposition to this, but it is essential to a first-class magazine to be free from such trivial things and therefore personalities must go. Those who are fond of such stuff have luxuriated on an abundance of folly and cutting personalities in the ARCHIVE up to this time, but with this number their supply is cut off. Since we have given way to them in five numbers, certainly they should not complain because we attempt to cut out all impurities from the last three. Some seemingly hard things have been said about some students. No harm was meant by any one. The whole business has been entirely local and no one away from the College ever looked at them, but it is well that they go, and we certainly hope that personalities have taken their departure forever from the TRINITY ARCHIVE.

—...—

A GREAT problem that comes to the College student is, how to properly use his time. If he learns to use it in the best manner possible in his four year's course he has done well. The solution rests in getting the most possible good out of that thing which he happens to be doing. There are only two ways that he should spend his time, the one is profitable study, the other in healthful recreation. If he eats a big supper, goes to his room and dozes till midnight over his

books, his time is ill-spent. If he studies all the time, and never goes out for recreation, it is ill-spent, for at this he will soon break down. If he studies none and takes all his time for recreation, it is worse than lost. And alas! if his friends rush in upon him while he is trying to study and take all of his time for that, and then stay on through his hours for recreation, while every drop of blood seems to be curdling in his veins for want of exercise, how irretrievably lost is that time. Would that some Solon of Education would draw up and codify the laws of the college life whereby every student might know how to use his precious time to the very best advantage.

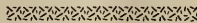
OF THE many things we have to leave in College, not least in importance as well as difficulty, is how "to bear and forbear." It is too sadly true that we all have our faults, and we should remember when the faults of others are annoying us, that ours have doubtless annoyed them. The fact that a man's short-comings are often hidden from himself, is one reason why we should overlook them, being charitable enough to excuse him for that of which he is not simply guilty. Then again, a man sometimes has faults that are the result of downright, deviltry. It is harder to excuse these. In either case, the man that can "bear and forbear" in the true spirit, is possessed of a nobility of character well worthy of even one of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. But man's possibilities are unlimited; need we ever despair?

STUDENTS are on the wrong road to education when, like a half-penny box gaping for half-pence, they take in everything they have presented to them without hesitation or deliberation. The best way to learn is to have a debate with the author whenever he presents a new idea. Even professors have been known in times past to make a few mistakes, which means that not everytime should what they say be taken without question or debate.

IT IS RECORDED of Wesley that he said, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." We believe the statement is true. Indeed, we do not think that a very filthy man can be godly or godlike. It is a duty one owes to common humanity to be decent and clean. Not every one can wear fine clothes,—although we believe the world would be much better if all could,—yet there is none so poor but that he can observe the laws of cleanliness. When a man knows that he has kept these laws and has done everything in his power to look well, and be a pleasant object upon which the eyes of his fellow-men may fall, a kind of self-respect takes possession of him, and he feels like after all humanity is not on a par with swine.

WHEN a man has reached the point of perfect sympathy, he has attained the grandest quality that distinguishes God or man. Carlyle was no unreasonable extremist when he said that even Mohammed's sincerity justified his life. There are very many young men who are making a mistake in this respect; who do not say what they think nor think what they say. He that has a golden thread of purpose running throughout his words and actions, has reached a basic principle for his life which will insure success. If we see aright insincerity is the greatest curse of this age.

THE man who is civil and genteel only among those of his own and higher rank, is not worthy the old English appellation "gentleman." But he that is courteous and kind to those beneath him, socially or morally, is one of "nature's noblemen."



LOCALS.

That "blowing" month has come again.

Playing Tennis is the most popular mode of recreation at the Park now. The boys find it very profitable exercise in preparing their courts.

Among those who have entered College since the opening of the session, we are glad to welcome Messrs. Haden and Pool.

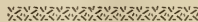
Occasionally a random shot from the miscellaneous department hits a Soph or a Junior in a tender spot and puts him to howling.

We are glad to note the interest which our faculty is taking in athletics. It has appointed a committee consisting of Professors Dowd, Mims and Flowers.

President Kilgo went to Edenton, N. C. to dedicate a church on on the third Sunday in March. He will preach at Ashville on Easter Sunday.

Since the opening of the Watts' Hospital, athletics has received a new impetus. Dandy says he doesnt care if he does get hurt so he can have an excuse to go to the hospital where he is sure he will receive good attention.

President Kilgo conducted the devotional exercises of the Y. M. C. A on the first Sunday in March. There was an unusually large attendance and the exercises were highly enjoyed by all. More interest is being taken in the association work and we hope to see it increased still more.



EXCHANGES.

We are glad to see a growing tendency in College magazines to write more literary articles and pieces of fiction, instead of having so much worthless matter. May it continue.

We neglected, in our last number to note the revival of the *Greensboro Message*. We are glad to see that our sister has come to life again, and hope she may never die again. Great success to you, girls.

Come to College—
 Joined the 'leven—
 Played one game—
 Went to Heaven.—*Ex.*

Little drops of water,
 Freezing on the walk,
 Make the man who steps there
 Indulge in naughty talk.—*Ex.*

“Among gems, education is the diamond.”

“Mighty oceans of intellectual light have flooded the world.”
 —*Furman Echo.*

----- .. -----
 TO THE CIGARETTE.

Its perfume fills the evening air,
 It floats upon the wave;
 It makes a young man's breath smell bad,
 And populates the grave.—*Ex.*

----- .. -----
 RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT ADOPTED BY THE HESPERIAN
 LITERARY SOCIETY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we learn of the death of our esteemed friend and brother, Prof. Wilbur E. Ormond, of Ormondsville, N. C., an Allumnus of Trinity College, and a worthy member of the Hesperian Literary Society. Therefore be it

Resolved 1st, That in his death, the Hesperian Society has lost an honored and loyal member.

Resolved 2nd, That Christian Education has lost a strong and true exponent.

Resolved 3rd, That the church is bereft of a worker whose beautiful life and Christian character ever wielded an influence for good and truth.

Resolved 4th, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Hesperian Society, and that copies be published in the ARCHIVE and in the *North Carolina Advocate*.

Resolved 5th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved wife, with expressions of our deepest sympathy.

THOS. A. SMOOT,
 O. S. NEWLIN,
 B. R. PAYNE,
Committee.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

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—OF THE—

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MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$233,846.77	Capital	\$100,000.00
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Furniture and Fixtures	2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	5,440.29
Due from Banks	\$31,021.05	Deposits	\$149,586.74
Cash	<u>26,997.41</u>	Cashier's Checks	<u>4,444.51</u>
	58,018.46	Due Banks	154,031.25
	<u>\$294,851.77</u>	Dividends unpaid	4,606.48
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SEWARD AND SECESSION.

After the smoke of battle has entirely cleared away, and thirty years have intervened, a citizen of this country should be able to look with impartial judgment upon the deeds of the war, and the records of the statesmen who lived and acted during that period. Before the war began, men in the North stood breathless, amazed at the rapidity with which men in the South were forming governments and preparing to defend them. When fighting began, the South had herself drawn tightly together and her every resource was taxed, while the North was still slumbering and cherishing the vain hope that peace would be maintained and slavery would be abolished without the loss of a single life! Anyone can now readily see how vain such a hope was; slavery was the very foundation and backbone of southern society, and the North might have known that the South would not stand quietly by and see her whole social and economic structure undermined. Political conflicts in the government heretofore had been within the constitution and in keeping with peace. But now a conflict was rapidly approaching, which was to be an effort to rend the constitution into shreds and destroy its power and sacredness. No wonder the North was dumbfounded and the South terribly determined. The border States cried out for

compromise, and northern merchants plead for some measures which would insure peace, but the South felt that her rights were being encroached upon and she must have liberty or blood.

But would anyone dare say that there were no strong, able statesmen who could avert the war? There were statesmen as able and as patriotic as the country had ever produced, but the war was inevitable. Greek felt that Greek must be met, and they were willing for the conflict. Statesmen stood in the halls of Congress and plead and argued for the maintenance of the Union; committees labored over measures of compromise, but argument had lost its force, patriotism had given way to sectionalism, and compromises had been tried and found wanting. Great, true, noble, patriotic statesmen did all within their power to avert the war and at the same time maintain their principles; and no one did more than William H. Seward to postpone the conflict. He was a man of numerous resources and great political strength. His words were few and he seldom expressed an opinion on an important subject without having weighed it carefully in his mind. He seemed to be the strongest candidate for the presidency, and Lincoln having been brought in as a dark horse and nominated, realized that Seward was the strongest man in the party and ought to have the most prominent place in the cabinet. With Lincoln in the presidential chair and Seward the Secretary of State, the country would have moved on in a most prosperous manner under most circumstances, but even they were not able to stem the tide of so powerful a movement.

Since 1849, Seward had been a leader in his party, and now his leadership was indispensable. At times he debated like a radical, but usually his better judgment made him conservative. He held very optimistic views, and thought that the country would be freed from slavery by peaceful means. When Secessionists were urging the Southern States to "separate from the unnatural and hostile Union," after the

* Any Southern State that will pronounce an edict on Seward forfeits his right to live in

ordinance of secession was passed in South Carolina, and after representatives from that State were in Washington seeking recognition for their government, even then Seward said that, if the North would keep cool, "the suns of sixty days would give a brighter and more cheerful atmosphere; that common interest which had drawn the States together in a confederation, would hold them together still." He believed that the Union was natural and necessary; that the people within it were homogeneous, and that division would bring humiliation and civil war. Disunion, he said, would extinguish the greatness of our country, of which we like to boast so well; it would blot out the works of all our nation's heroes, and make us a people without sacred names and memories. While he was making a mild speech, for fear he should be believed to be willing to have the Union dissolved, he said: "I avow my adherence to the Union in its integrity and with all its parts, with my friends, with my party, with my State, with my country, or without either, as they may determine; in every event, whether of peace or of war; with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death." He held that the only way the Union could be dissolved was by an amendment of the constitution. When the excitement began to increase rapidly, Seward said: "I can afford to meet prejudice with conciliation, exaction with concession which surrenders no principle, and violence with the right hand of peace."

There can be no doubt but that he was willing to do all he possibly could, consistent with his principles, for the sake of averting the war, as will appear from the following, which were his views:

He acknowledged the force of the slave clause in the constitution.

He held that slavery within the States was not within the control of Congress, and he would agree to having it placed within the control of the States permanently.

He favored laws which would prevent the citizens of one State from invading another State.

He would support measures which would provide for connecting the country by railroads, etc.

But while Seward was in favor of conciliation, yet he did not humbly supplicate for peace, but insisted that the Union should be preserved intact. When he held out hopes of a peaceful dissolution to the representatives of the Confederacy at Washington, he did it simply to gain time, and he kept the peace conference in session as long as possible for the same purpose.

Before Lincoln's inaugural address was read, Seward went over it, carefully revising it wherever its tone was too harsh or imperative, and the President accepted all the changes which he made. Lincoln's blunt and uncultured style could make a statement appear much more severe than it really was, and it was here that Seward's tact at word-play was brought into use in modifying the harsher points in the President's address. He favored force as a last resort, if the Union could not be preserved in any other way, but he felt that loyalty would soon show itself in the Southern States again, if the North refrained from force. Therefore, when the President asked each member of his cabinet to send in a written opinion as to whether Fort Sumter ought to be provisioned, Seward replied that it would be better not to use force then, but wait and use it as a last resort. He thought that if the border States could be kept loyal, the other Southern States would soon give up the attempt and even the idea of Secession. But after awhile he saw that the struggle against war was all in vain and joined the side of the Union in the struggle.

Though Seward was a great and wise man, yet at times he made mistakes. At one time he advised the President to pick a quarrel with England, France and Spain in order to draw the country's attention from civil strife. Of course the President did not accept his advice in this, as he did not in many other instances, but he always had the highest regard for Seward's opinion and followed it whenever best.

WHAT AMERICAN LITERATURE OWES TO IRVING

It is not the purport of this article to attempt anything more than a brief summary of some of the causes influencing our American Literature prior to the coming of that great, typical American writer, Washington Irving. It is to Irving, then, that we are, for the most part, to turn our minds. History tells us that great literary productions are not the products of men of genius amid scenes of war and tumult; at times when men's minds are not given to retirement and study for its own sake, but are rather given to those struggles for civil, religious or political freedom. Great writers demand periods of great prosperity to give us literature of an unbiased nature, when they should possess the reflective mind rather than the impassioned. This being an indubitable truth, we need not be surprised at the paucity of our American Literature before the Revolution. It is true that there had been some few writers in "Colonial Days," but how insignificant these are to us looking back to those days. In the "Revolutionary Period" we find that some few writers, such as Timothy Dwight, Charles Brockden Brown, had written, but the productions of this period were chiefly religious and political writings, though forming a unique body of literature when taken as a whole. Truly speaking, however, there was then no American Literature. America had produced a diplomat in her Franklin; a statesman in her Jefferson; an orator in her Henry; a patriot in her Washington, but she had not then produced a man of letters in her Irving, in her Cooper and in her Bryant. These were to be the products of later years, when there was to be seen that the United States was the conscious incarnation of a lofty ideal.

It was soon after the close of the Revolution that a period of re-action came from graver and sterner thoughts, and as a result of which there was to spring up a literature of imagination and reflection. This was literature's hour. It was the awakening of men's minds to the consciousness of the great-

ness of our nation; in short, it was the American Renaissance. It was but the dawn of what was to be.

The nature of the writings of this period were of an original kind, tempered with vigor and independence. The writers of this period were termed the pioneers of literature; men, "who inhaled inspiration with the virgin atmosphere, undaunted by predecessors and traditions, they dared to be themselves and rejoiced in their strength."

They were the prophets in the new era in the development of man. Brown had written in the field of romance, whose creations had no real relation to the place or period in which he lived.

Strictly speaking, then, Washington Irving was the first American writer of national reputation and who was to be recognized by the English people as such.

It has been said, and most truly said, to know an author we must study his works, which reveal the man. Especially is this true of Irving, and as Mr. George W. Curtis so aptly says, that Irving made the same appearance personally that his works did.

The author was the *man* in all he wrote and said. We find nothing sensational or bitter from his pen. As a man he was an optimist. It could not be his nature to look on the dark side of life. His was the sunny side of life. Modesty was an attribute which he possessed in the fullest degree. He knew conceit and vanity only by hearsay, not from personal experience. He lived and mingled in the most refined and cultivated society of his day, and wherever he went, whether in America or Europe, he was enthusiastically welcomed. He was a literary man of a very high type, eminently possessing social qualities calculated to make him a favorite of all circles. He was for many years in the English and Spanish courts as the representative of the United States. This was the school, as it were, in which he studied human nature, which he was so fond of studying.

It was during these years abroad that he was patiently

gathering material for his chief works. During his stay in England he met the literary celebrities, who made no little impression on him. He was the American of his time who was universally known and appreciated by all enlightened peoples.

What, then, were some of the services of Irving as contributions to American Literature? He wrote "Tales of a Traveller," in which he utilized his European experiences, written during his stay in England. He goes to Spain and a result of which we have: "Alhambra;" "Conquest of Grenada;" "Lessons of Conquest of Spain," and "The Life of Columbus." This was an entirely new field, for before this no books on Spanish subjects had been published in America. Some one has said, to think of Spain is to remember Irving and his descriptions of Spanish scenery, with all its romantic picturesqueness. He wrote other books that gave him reputation, but the incalculable service he rendered American Literature was the production of the "Sketch Book."

He may truly be said to have set a kind of fashion in narrative essays in "The Sketch Book." These were short stories, embracing those of the pathetic nature and those of the humorous kind. They are models of pure diction. Humor was the gift of Irving, a very prominent feature of his writings. It was often allied with sentiment, but not that sickly, disgusting kind so prevalent to-day. "These qualities restrained each other in due proportions, and it was by means of these that he was to *touch* the heart."

The first fruits of his genius are generally taken his works of humor, though he possessed other powers which he himself valued more highly. The "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" may be deemed his finest specimen of humor, yet his pathetic pieces are, to my mind, the better examples of almost perfect diction as well as superiority of thought. To read "John Bull" is to see the English nation portrayed. To read "West-Minster Abbey" is to see the very tombs of Elizabeth and Mary side by side, causing the mind of the reader to re-

call the relation these two bore to each other while alive. The loss of either of these qualities, humor or pathos, could be considered none other than an irreparable loss to English or American Literature. The "Knickerbocker Creation," whimsical and comical as it is, won for Irving his reputation as an humorist. While "The Sketch Book" made its author famous, yet it performed a greater service, in that it won the world to the appreciation of reading an American book. This service was the restoring a kindlier feeling between England and the United States. It seems as if the two countries ought to be the two most friendly on the globe, but at this time, in which Irving wrote, such was not the case. The "Sketch Book" was thus written at a very opportune time, when there was very great animosity between the two countries, growing out of certain international differences.

It was at such a time that men like Sydney Smith asked questions, to say the least, humiliating: "Who reads an American book?" This was a sarcastic thrust at the American intelligence.

Washington Irving was the man who came, as it were, to our rescue and presented the English people with a book which John Bull himself might read with pleasure, causing him to openly confess that his own life is depicted with all its characteristics and singular aspects, by an American, with far more grace and delicacy than even an Englishman could have done. It was Irving who so vividly portrayed the Englishman as he seemed to him on visiting him in his own home. It was Irving who recalled so vividly the old English Christmas and, no doubt, Dicken's "Christmas Carols" and Thackeray's "Holiday Tales" were to a large degree stimulated by Irving's cordial and picturesque description of the great holiday of Christendom. Through these pieces a common feeling was renewed between the *mother* and her *daughter*.

Neither space nor time would permit an exhaustive treatise on the contributions of Irving to our American Literature,

and it is a sad fact, but nevertheless true, that we do not rightly appreciate what this man has done for our literature. When he began to first write, the Englishman looked with contempt, almost, on our writers, deeming the American incapable of performing any execution of art. Irving had made other nations respect us for our literary accomplishments. Could one man have done so much? At any rate, Irving did this and much more besides. Was this any great service that he had rendered the American people? It was a contribution that but few in the history of the world's literature have done better.

He found us without a literature; he set the example which others followed, and as a result of which we to-day are proud of our authors. If England can boast of her Shakespeare, her Milton, her Tennyson, and her Wordsworth, we, too, as Americans are, indeed, proud of our Holmes, our Lowell, our Emerson, our Poe, our Longfellow, and our Washington Irving.

We are not ashamed for England to peruse our books—our literature. What was so gloriously begun by the namesake of "The Father of His Country" has grown and developed into a real literature that has for its object and mission the betterment of the human race and the uplifting of mankind. How we should cherish our legacy and see that it ever sustains its present pure and lofty ideals, free from all that would lower its purity of speech! May the American writer remember that it is his prerogative to give us as pure English as English Literature possesses, not to indulge in slang or colloquial expressions, as may be found among the ignorant and lower classes of society.

Let him bear in mind what Irving has done for us and to be zealous to continue its benign influence till we shall have grown into a great literary as well as prosperous nation, esteemed by the nations of the world.

F. C. McDOWELL.

TENNYSON'S IDEAS OF IMMORTALITY.

In a conversation with a friend, Tennyson once said: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend created us (and growing more earnest), I'd shake my fist in his Almighty face and tell him that I cursed him! I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all." It has been said that of all the poets, either of ancient or modern times, Tennyson is the foremost in his treatment of the high theme of immortality. We see the purity and brightness of his conceptions of the existence of the soul after death in many of his most tender and pathetic passages. Rising above the tumult and toil of human existence, he looks beyond, and in the dim and mystic unknown finds a dwelling-place not made with hands, but created by, and ruled over by, an everlasting God of Love. In his poem entitled "The Ancient Sage," he tells of an ancient Seer who, a thousand years before the time of Christ, spoke words of hope and inspiration. He speaks of the frailty and weakness of man, his inability to prove or disprove the constituent elements that compose his physical form, thus showing his limited powers.

Yet, through all this mist of doubt he strains his vision and beholds a brighter and more promising feature of human existence. He says to ever—

"Cleave to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith."

Tennyson's ideas of an after life are poetically expressed when he speaks of this earth-narrow life as but a preparatory state, after which will be found—

"The placid gleam of sunset after storm."

The darkness that follows the day is crowned with the stars of light, some of which never set. By this we are reminded that there is a place of eternal brightness and beauty beyond

the night of death. That immortality awaits man and is expected by him after death, we see in these lines—

“Tho’ some have gleams, or so they say,
Of more than mortal things.”

That the soul may finally reach this state of bliss, it is necessary for man to exert himself while living in doing good. The last lines of the poem’s advice and prophecy are well suited to the wants of man—

“And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the mount of blessing whence, if thou
Look higher, then—perchance thou mayest—beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!
So, farewell.”

“The passing of Arthur” gives a vivid picture of “Tennyson’s ideas of the power as well as the greatness and goodness of God. During the march to the westward one of the Knights of the Round Table, the bold Sir Bedivere, while the host slept, heard King Arthur moaning in his tent. The thoughts of the noble King were of God and eternity. He said—

“I mark’d Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars and now I pass and die.”

Soon this period of despair is succeeded by implicit trust and confidence, and a faith in an after life—immortality—

“My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay—God my Christ, I pass, but shall not die.”

Just before the last great battle, the spirit of Gawain, killed in Lancelot’s war, appears to Arthur in a dream and tells him that with the morrow he shall pass away, but that there is an island of rest prepared for him. After the wounded King had been taken on board the dusky barge and anxiously tended by the three black-hooded Queens with their crowns of gold, Arthur said—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.”

That the poet's conception of immortality was an existence of joy and peace, we readily judge by this description of the land to which the soul of Arthur was going—

“To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

The question as to whether life is worth living, is discussed in an impressive manner in “The Two Voices.” At first we see the skeptical view and natural doubt to which all men are subject, but after this the power of love asserts itself and the future grows radiant with the glow of faith.

The first voice speaks of the quiet and peace of one who has recently died, and rejoices in the absence of passion, pain or pride. Not only does the voice tell of the happiness of insensibility, but also enumerates a number of possible ills that might have befallen him in life.

Tennyson expresses his belief in a future, happier and fuller life in these words—

“’Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death for which we pant;
More life and fuller that I want.”

In opposition to what the first voice advocated—that it were better not to be—a second voice whispers, “Be of better cheer,” and tells of a hidden hope that every cloud veileth love and is itself love.

The last message is full of promise of a life of love and happiness beyond this world of men.

Tennyson's ideas of immortality are most prominent in his “In Memoriam.”

By the death of Arthur Henry Hallam he had lost his nearest and dearest friend. In his mind he went over the entire field of existence, and in the midst of the great horror and

darkness which surrounded him, his thoughts turned to the destiny of the soul.

Such a love between young men has not been rare in the history of the world. As parallels in his own vocation, we find Shelley's love for Keats and Milton's for Lycidas. It is only in Hebrew history, however, that we find a sentiment so pure, passionate and permanent. The friendship of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam, in English history, finds its only parallel in Hebrew history in the friendship of David and Jonathan. The same emotion and affection which stirred the heart of David when he stood above the lifeless form of his friend and said, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," must have been in the heart of Tennyson when he wrote, "More than my brothers are to me." The inexpressible loss of the companionship and sympathy of his dearest friend opened his eyes to the reality of death. On account of love he was anxious to believe in immortality. His questioning intellect, however, at this time made belief a problem, and the question arose whether the soul is immortal. In the first part of the poem he gives expression to his great sorrow and loss; he allows the varying mood of unmitigated grief to clothe themselves in words that fit their own sad music. The yew-tree, with its thousand years of gloom, is taken as the symbol of the world. His grief, like his love, finds a single parallel, and that in the words of Byron when he wrote—

"The bright sun was extinguished and the stars
Did wander darkling in eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

In the heart of Tennyson, love lives and reigns, and out of love comes faith. Faith assures the troubled soul that man is not wholly of this world; that, guided by a Divine omnipotence, the soul of man finds its way, after death, to a land where love reigns supreme, where eternity is the only duration of time and where immortality is the only state of exist-

ence. The bridge over which he passes into a firm belief in immortality, is found in the beautiful biblical illustration of the raising of Lazarus by Christ after death. The moral consequences of the theory that makes death the end of all, may be seen in some of the most impressive passages, which are also irrefutable arguments in favor of immortality—

“My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

O me, what profits it to put an idle case?
If Death were seen
At first as death,
Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut.”

Love cannot exist without the idea of immortality, and immortality is presided over by God, as is revealed in the life of Christ. If, as some believe, the soul passing through different stages remembers experiences of former times, the poet hopes that his friend, though dead, will sometimes think of him, and that the remembrance of their love will still continue throughout all eternity. This sentiment is expressed when he says—

“And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.”

The doctrine advocated by the followers of Budha, that part of the eternal spirit enters man at birth and merges back into God after death, thus giving immortality, is not accepted by Tennyson.

To him the soul preserves its identity and individuality, and he believes that Hallam remembers and loves him still, as is seen in the following—

“There no shade can last,
In that dark dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past.”

Tennyson bases his sole belief in immortality upon love. God is love and love is imperishable; this is the logic as well as the dream which runs through the whole poem. Truly has it been said that a poet without love is a physical and metaphysical impossibility. The form that the future takes, and the idea that good will come of all things, is expressed in—

“O yet we trust that somehow good,
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature sins of will,
 Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet,
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.”

As the highest reach of all his reflections and reasonings, the crown of his intuitions and expectations, the best within the circle of knowledge and the divinest in the sphere of faith, he comes finally to rest love's case with the “Strong Son of God's Immortal Love.”

In the beautiful sonnet, “Crossing the Bar,” written in the evening of life when the shadows of the inevitable summons were gathering slowly about him, we see that the great poet has made his peace with the universe. From hope has come conviction, from conviction, faith personal, inspired, permanent and triumphant. As we see him nearing the end that awaits all mankind, and hear him singing his great calm song of immortal assurance out of the gathering darkness, and see him go forth with so sure a step, so kingly an air and with expectation so grand that we too look to the future with the same serenity and confidence as him, when he says—

“Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound or foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns home again.

“Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

“For though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.”

K. P. CARPENTER.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM OF THE SOUTH.

While the subject of this paper may be termed, by the careless reader, a dry one, it is hoped its contents will contain sufficient interest to repay those who essay its perusal. The title shows that the article is not intended to cover the servant problem universally, but is limited exclusively to the southern section of this country. It is not the intention of the writer to discuss the race problem here, and that part will merely be touched upon so far as it bears on the treatment of the above named subject.

Before entering into the discussion, however, it may be desirable to state what kind of servants are about to be treated. For there are many kinds of servants,—private servants and public servants. Servants of the pulpit, servants of the sick, servants of the bar, and your *humble* servant. But the class under consideration is the first mentioned class, servants of the family, of the house, the kitchen, and the stable.

Let us now see who these servants are, what they stand for and the influence they exert, directly and indirectly, upon the manners, literature and prosperity of the southern people. In the first place, we would note they are not the high-priced, white-skinned Irish servants of the North and north-west; but they represent, generally, the low-priced, dark-skinned element of Adam's offspring, thrown upon us by our own lack of foresight and ill-fate. They stand for a race, that, by fortune or misfortune, has taken its abode among us, ignorant, help-

less, and asking a living at any price from the hands of the well-to-do white population.

While the two populous races of the South are widely separated by color, predjudice, social caste, and prohibition of inter-marriage, they yet exert a reciprocal influence upon each other; if not so palpable of the black upon the white, certainly so of the white upon the black. This difference in favor of the white, moreover, is reasonably accounted for by the onward march of mind and the upward progress of the human race. Much could be said from a humanitarian point of view, of the good accruing to the negro in being brought among us, first as a slave and then freed; but the subject is confined to the other side of the question, the influence these servants have upon the enlightened part of our population.

The influence coming from family servants is first marked on the manners and demeanor of the southern people. This influence is not one of a direct bearing, but these servants as a class being lamentably low and ignorant, make those under whose authority they serve more exacting and absolute in their dealings and intercourse. It has a tendency to make them aristocratic, and in cases causes an aversion to honest work. It creates a sense of haughtiness and conceit, a boss-like or generalship spirit. The truth of this last mentioned quality may be seen in the high degree of generalship displayed in the last unpleasantness between the North and the South thirty years ago. But this influence upon the manners of the people may be traced along another important, tho' much neglected channel. This is the influence of unwholesome diet prepared by these servants, ignorant of cookery and careless in habit. This point may seem to some a too fantastic one, but it is well known to physiologists what an influence bad food has upon one's life. It makes one stupid, dispeptic, and choleric, and causes him to long for an early grave or sigh for more normal institutes.

It may be straining a point for an end, but if the "fair sex" will believe me, there are many mossy bachelors in the world

to-day on account of general ignorance displayed by their sweethearts about culinary affairs. This may be an unpleasant part of the subject, as some will doubtless attest, but it seems a significant one. For if all the graves, whose silent inhabitants were the victims of ill-prepared food, were collected in one "City of the dead," what importance would be given the subject!

It is observed, futhermore, by scientists of the body, that undigested food, instead of feeding the muscle and given proportion to the frame, creates portions of fat and develops some parts of the body more fully than others. This is doubtless the reason why so many strikingly *strong* men are seen among us in the South. But if this theory is found to be true, our class has occasion to congratulate itself that its English professor eats nothing but wholesome food.

Again, let us see what influence these servants exert upon the literature of the South. While we cannot conceive of grown-up persons being affected farther than amused at the ludicrous English of the darky, it is a sad fact that it is not the matured whose grammar is jeopardized from this source, but the youth of the land. In the South, it is unfortunately not mother's hand that "rocks the cradle," but, as in ante-bellum days it was the hand of old "black mammy," it is now that of black "Mary" or "Jane." It is too well-known to require example what ridiculous accents and twists are put on words by colored servants. And by their coming in such close relationship with children and youth, negro phraseology gets rooted into the minds of some so deeply that even high schooling and college training fails to eradicate it entirely. The ear is a most capricious and delicate organ of sense, and hearing so much false grammar in the formation period of life, youth become so used to it that in time they are scarcely aware of its influence. Boys like to loiter around stables where horses are kept and listen to the stories and tales told them by the stable servants. It is a treat for a company of youngsters to gather around an old darky and draw him into conversation along

some subject he is versed in. A darkey's style in telling stories is quite inimitable, and his great loquaciousness makes him an interesting character for a crowd of sportive youths. Besides the bad grammar they thus unconsciously acquire, they often hear many black guards and smutty jokes from these barn-yard fellows. Indeed, this phase of the question seems to be a very grave one if duly considered. For many base thoughts and corrupt imaginations are engendered just from this source. We can all remember when we used to listen, if boys, to the wonderful tales told by these servants, and if girls, to the marvelous inventions of the dusky cooks and nurses. But as the subject in question is literature, we waive this point of morality. While the negro is remarkably imitative, especially in his speech, it is yet not uncommon or without interest to hear an educated white man mimic the negro who imitates him. This amusing habit is so extensively indulged in that it is sometimes difficult to tell which dialect some people adhere to. Then, we contend that our literature has been materially injured by the class of servants among us. Indeed, besides other reasons, this is perhaps a cause why the South has never developed any prominent school of literature. And it is sad but significant to note that the kind of southern literature read mostly abroad is that written in the dialect of the southern negro. True, we may have men of greater literary merit than our dialect writers, and Simms, Hague, Cooke and Poe doubtless stand higher than these; but Harris Cable, Craddock and Page are read more widely than the others outside of the South, with the probable exception of Poe. This is perhaps because the dialect books are more natural and representative of southern life than the others. If it be true, the problem is obvious.

Lastly let us consider this influence upon the general prosperity of the southern people. This feature is of all the most striking one. Without going back before the war to rehearse the bearing the slave system had upon the country, which was to a limited extent similar to that of the servants of the pres-

ent day, we would note the forces in operation as they now exist around us. It is first to be observed that the labor of these servants is cheap labor,—cheap unfortunately in two ways. By its costing little to those that hire it, it may appear on the surface a point in favor of this kind of labor. But it is a truism that what cost little is worth little. The service rendered is as cheap as the pay received for it, and in most cases it requires the continual vigilance of those employing it to get the work satisfactorily done. So it costs not only what the service rendered is worth, but usually a great deal of time in overseeing it, besides much necessary worry. This is one reason why the people of the South are so slow in the modern facilities of living. For if we had servants that understood their business, as for instance, the Irish servants of the North, the time that is now spent in looking after the work done could be given to thoughtful meditation and to methods of improvement.

Again, the great waste of things prevalent in the southern states, as compared with that of the North, is largely due to this slow class of servants. While it requires a good deal of brain to economize and save, it takes none to squander and to waste. And how much to look with a Yankee's eye, is absolutely wasted by kitchen servants! A vast amount is squandered by carelessness and a want of the sense of frugality, but another and prominent means is by slipping it off when the watchful eye of the mistress is turned. This is a practice so well understood that it is perhaps taken into consideration when low wages are given. Whether this evil was the outcome of the low wages, or is merely the inborn proclivity of the race asserting itself, I will not say; but am rather inclined to the latter view. It seems that it would not be overstating it to say, that one-third of the table expense is in this manner wasted, and if this is one half of the people's living expense, then one-sixth of the money spent annually for living purposes is actually thrown away. But this is only one

of the three classes of family servants above mentioned that perpetrates this waste, and if all the loss thro' this source were added together, the ratio would be much larger than stated. It is proverbial that every darkey is apt to get his hands on other people's property, and especially those who raise poultry expect a few nocturnal visits about the hennery and always raise a few fat fowls for the benefit of the darkey's camp-meetin'.

Therefore, from an economical point of view, we should most deeply deplore the situation. What the future outcome of the question will be, is not in the province of the writer to predict, but if Dr. Winston's theory of "the survival of the fittest" prove true, we may reasonably expect a better serving class when the track of the negro shall no longer be seen among us. But for the benefit of those who do not observe, that time may safely be placed beyond the present generation.

J. L. BOST.

SALVATION ARMY.

[A review of an article on this subject by Prof. Briggs in North American Review]

The Salvation Army is one of the most remarkable religious organizations of modern times. It was born in the slums of East London, and resembles the anglo-catholic movement of the first half of our century. It takes strong hold on the common people and uncultivated classes. The great central movement of Christianity was born in Germany, and it continues to pour its life-giving streams into British and American life.

The advance of Christianity in the world is through the action and reaction of conservative and progresssve forces ; it is necessary to conserve every gain. These conservative and progressive forces, serve as checks on each other. The greater part of Christianity is in garrison to-day conserving positions gained in the successive epochs of church history in the older movements of Protestantism, Puritanism and Methodism. The new life of our age burst forth in the Oxford movement and last of all in the Salvation Army, which constitutes the

right and left wings of the progressive force of Christianity at the present time in Great Britain and America.

The Salvation Army was founded by Rev. William Booth, a Methodist preacher in England, and his wife Catherine Booth was born and reared in the Church of England, but was converted in the Wesleyan chapel at the age of fifteen. He soon experienced a call to preach and became a local preacher. His physician told him that he was physically unable to preach, and he was told by a superintendent that preachers were not wanted by the connection; still he preached. In 1854 he began work as assistant minister in London. He made occasional evangelical tours, and seeing his great success in these tours, he abandoned his pastorate and went out as an evangelist. In the meantime his wife yielded to the persuasions of her husband and friends and began preaching with such success that she became fully the equal of her husband in eloquence and power.

Mr. Booth requested the annual conference to release him from pastoral work, which request was refused. Feeling it to be his duty, he resigned from the conference and engaged with his wife in independent work. They began with great success in Cornwall. The Christian Revival Association was formed to carry on the work, and this is regarded as the foundation of the Salvation Army. The East London mission was organized on the Wesleyan plan, and presided over by a council of gentlemen. With twelve years' experience among this lower strata of society, they became convinced of the need of a stronger organization which would give greater unity to their efforts. There was a lack of unity among the workers. They entertained different methods of teaching. Some became discouraged and withdrew from the movement. The final issue was the Salvation Army, which was born in 1877. The mission conference was abandoned and the general direction and control of the mission was put in the hands of William Booth. He at once gave the organization a military foundation, chang-

ing stations into corps, places of assembly into barracks, and training schools into garrisons. Booth became general and his subordinates captains and lieutenants. They adopted a flag : the blue border typified holiness and the scarlet ground, salvation through the blood of Jesus. The yellow star in the center represented the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost. Thus in 1878 the Army was organized, with 81 corps and 127 officers.

The Salvation Army, like the Roman Catholic Church, has its vows. The soldiers are sworn to wear the uniform, to obey their officers, to abstain from drink, tobacco, and worldly amusements, to live in simplicity, and save from their earnings for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. The vows of the officers are more serious. They wear the uniform of officers, abstain from jewelry and finery, and dress in accordance with the directions of headquarters. They cannot marry without the consent of the district officer and headquarters, and their companions in marriage must be officers of equal rank. They cannot earn anything for themselves nor receive presents. The salaries of the officers in the United States, are as follows . for single men, lieutenants, \$6 weekly, and captains, \$7 ; for single women, lieutenants, \$5 weekly, and captain., \$6 ; for married men, \$10 per week and \$1 per week for each child under 14 years of age. These salaries are not guaranteed and no claim can be brought against the Army on account of salary not being paid. The officers are pledged to promptly carry out the orders of superior officers, and hold themselves in readiness to march at short notice to any part of the world. Before a person can become an officer, he must declare that he has experienced full salvation and that he is living without the commission of any known sin.

The Salvation Army is remarkable for its employment of women in all ranks. For the first time in history men and women have engaged in christian work on an equal footing, in entire harmony and freedom. Possibly some day a woman

may succeed to the generalship, as there is nothing in the constitution to forbid it. Prof. Briggs says he has studied the movement very closely during its short history and he does not hesitate to say that in his opinion the wonderful success of the Army has been largely due to its gifted and heroic women.

The chief aim has been to save the lowest strata of society and it has succeeded as no other organization ever has. Many of the leaders have come from the higher and even from the highest classes. They at first disliked the military working of the order, but seeing it was adopted to reach the lowest classes, they have willingly become all things to all men that they might save some.

It is evident that the Army has greatly increased the forces of Christianity. It has given money to the different denominations, for many of its converts do not not feel called upon to take its vows.

The Salvation Army is not a church. Objections have been raised to it because it has no regular ministry and does not administer the sacrament. This could not be done unless it were a church, and for it to become a church it would destroy itself. Its work can be better carried on by lay-members. There is positively nothing in it to keep christian men and women from sympathizing with it and joining its Auxiliary League.

The attitude of many of the Army towards the sacrament is not satisfactory. It is not a case of hostility to the sacraments but simply neglect of them. They allow their members perfect freedom to take the sacrament with the church of their choice, but the Army has been persecuted by so many of the churches that many are inclined to neglect the sacrament altogether.

The doctrines of the order are few and simple. It avoids the difficult points which split the churches. Its flag and motto indicate its doctrines. They require holiness and have

great faith in the Holy Ghost. They realize that they have to work with simple people and they use simple methods. They teach salvation by the blood of Jesus in the simplest manner without going into minute theories on the atonement. The Army is a new development rising out of Protestantism towards a higher Christianity.

It has rendered a great contribution to Foreign Missions. The church missionaries have carried sectarianism and political views with them into the foreign field. The Salvation Army carries none of these. The Army adopts itself to the people. In one month in India seventeen heathen temples were given to the officers of the Army for salvation meetings.

It has made two specially valuable contributions towards the solutions of the evils of modern society, and it has exceeded all other religious bodies in zeal and courage. The first of these was in behalf of social purity. All their methods cannot be approved but the end was noble and the struggle was courageous. The second was Booth's "Social Scheme." There are several stages in the scheme. Drunkards are taken from the gutters and carried to the shelters, and there washed, clothed and cared for. When they are able they are put to work and trained into different occupations. They are put under strict moral influences. Many are carried to the great farm on the Thames and there taught different trades.

Many things still remain unsaid about the work of the Army. The Jubilee of Gen. Booth in London and America, and the attention shown him in his travels are all encouraging. The Salvation Army has enjoyed a remarkable growth during its short history, and it shows by its fruits that it is worthy of the respect and good will of all christian people.

E. K. McLARTY.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	-	-	-	Assistant.

EDITORIAL.

We do not think that it is best for a professor to be continually spurring his students on by reminding them of the fact that examinations are coming and that there is great danger of their falling. But rather, let him show them the great importance of study, let him show them the beauty of learning, and by thus making his work attractive, create in his students a desire for knowledge. Little is to be gained by wholesale grumbling and complaining. The student may be temporarily frightened into work by it, but in the long run it creates in him an intense distaste for work, and causes him to lose all respect for the instructor. There is no reason why the relation existing between professor and student should not be the most beautiful and pleasant. No doubt every professor intends to treat every student with the utmost respect, and every student wishes to treat his professor in the same way. But human nature so often becomes offended at little things, where no offense is meant, and for that reason we should all be very careful of our every word and act toward one another.



LOCALS.

Did you hear the lecture on the catastrophe of Art ?

Mr. R. O. Mayer went to Baltimore a few days ago to get his eyes treated.

Mr. R. M. Crawford has returned from a short visit to his home in Reidsville.

Mr. W. A. Green has returned from a visit to his parents in Washington City.

Some improvements are being made on the grounds in front of the main building.

Prof. J. C. Kilgo will preach the commencement sermon at the Greensboro Female College in June.

Prof. Edwin Mims will deliver the commencement address at Hartland Academy, and at Cedar Grove Academy.

Prof. Mims lectured before the Y. M. C. A. at the University of N. C., Sunday the 6 inst., on "The Book of Job."

Mr. E. T. Dickinson, '94, is visiting us. We are always glad to see the old boys. We wish they would come oftener.

Mr. Henry Patterson Boggs, '93, visited Trinity recently. We were glad to see him. He is now enjoying the bliss of married life.

The series of evenings with famous authors at the literary meetings of the Trinity Church Epworth League, have been very interesting and profitable occasions. Some fine literary work has been done by the League.

The sixth and last entertainment of the College Series will be given on the evening of the 18th inst., by the famous Schubert Male Quartet, assisted by Miss Maude Hughes, Harpiste, and Miss Grace M. Reade Recitationist. The Quartet is from Chicago, and has the reputation of being the finest collection of male voices on the American concert stage.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2nd.

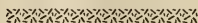
Trinity Church, 11 A. M., Annual Sermon by Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D.

MONDAY, JUNE 3rd.

11 A. M., Annual Address by President E. B. Craighead.
8:30 P. M., Annual Debate of the Literary Societies.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4th.

11 A. M., Commencement—Graduation of Class.
Baccalaureate Address by President John C. Kilgo.
8:30 P. M., Alumni Address by Hon J. A. Lockhart.



EXCHANGES.

He who spends his life seeking a shady place to sit and a soft place to sleep, may find them, but will never be remembered by posterity for having been a blessing to humanity.

“Sophomore Poetry” in *The Seminary Signal*, is a specimen of first class work in versification. The author of “Senior Sorrows” ought to take lessons. It is impossible to tell what metre she uses. It will not do for blank verse, consequently its metre cannot be defined. Perseverance conquers all things; let no one be discouraged in any undertaking.

We sympathize with the *Georgia Tech* in its effort to work up a college spirit among students and faculty. There is no greater task than to run a college magazine when opposed by indifference on part of students, and especially the faculty. The *Tech* is to be congratulated on its remarkable success, despite such opposition. May it soon overcome all opposition and unimpeded reach still greater success.

There is a noticeable tendency on the part of college magazines to discuss questions which, when answered, must determine the future life of society. Prominent among these

questions is Woman's Rights, or, more particularly, the new place that woman is taking in the social and industrial world. The *Randolph Macon Monthly*, contains an article, "A Social Law Condemned," which furnishes food for thought for those interested in the subject under consideration. The writer claims that man and woman should be judged by the same social law, that many men by becoming effeminate have forfeited their places to the woman of the present.

A special feature of several of our exchanges, is the close study of the poets and an awakening of poetic interest. The majority of the colleges of higher literary standing, are becoming enthusiastic to enter the very life and thought in the beautiful of nature. The last number of *The Davidson Monthly*, discusses "Poetic Interpretation of Nature" and "The Migration of the Muses." The named article pleads especially for a distinctively southern poet to make immortal our unsung songs and legends. *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, contains an ably written article, "Three Moods of Modern Poetry." The poet has become more than a singer, he is a teacher of the great truths of life and a prophet of the nobler and grander and destiny of the human race.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His divine wisdom to remove from among us our friend and fellow Hesperian, R. B. Holloway, be it resolved—

1. That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Great Father, who doeth all things well.

2. That in the death of R. B. Holloway the Hesperian Literary Society loses one of its best and most loyal members.

3. That the Hall of the Hesperian Literary Society be draped in mourning for sixty days in honor of his memory.

4. That we extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy in this season of sorrow and sadness.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of H. L. S.; a copy sent to his parents, and a copy be sent to the *N. C. Christian Advocate* and to the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

G. B. PEGRAM,	} Committee.
K. P. CARPENTER,	
H. B. CRAVEN.	

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His providence to call from this life Lee W. Ford, a young man of bright promise and a consecrated christian, be it resolved—

1. That the student body has lost a member whose warm companionship and kindly influence will long be cherished.

2. That the Hesperian Society has lost a loyal and loving member, a faithful and efficient worker, and one whose example and character are worthy of imitation.

3. That we tender our most sincere sympathies to the members of the bereaved family in this irreparable loss.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of deceased, that a copy be spread upon the minutes of the Society, and a copy be sent to each of the following papers for publication: The *North Carolina Advocate*, the *Statesville Landmark*, and the TRINITY ARCHIVE.

J. L. BOST,
F. C. SHERRILL, } Committee.
HAROLD TURNER, }



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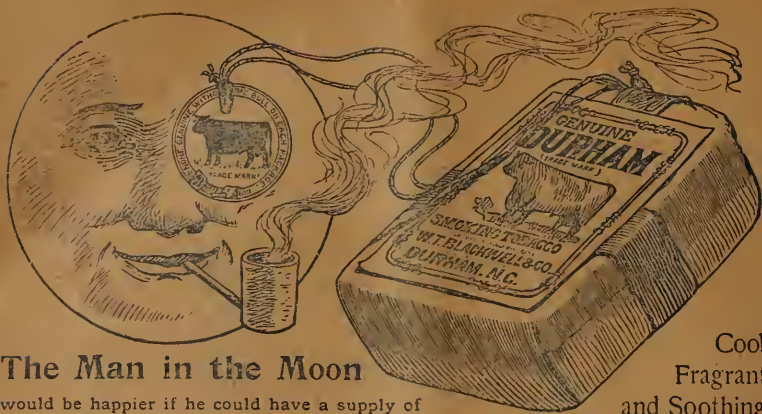
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MAY, * 1895.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, N. C.

MONTHLY.

G. T. ROWE, EDITOR.

PRICE, 15 CENTS

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Fidelity Bank of Durham, N. C.,

MADE TO THE STATE TREASURER

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 18, 1894.

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$233,846.77	Capital \$100,000.00
Overdrafts 27.04	Surplus 30,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures 2,959.50	Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid 5,440.29
Due from Banks \$31,021.08	Deposits \$149,586.74
Cash <u>26,097.41</u>	Cashier's Checks <u>4,444.51</u>
	Due Banks 154,031.25
\$58,018.46	Dividends unpaid 773.75
\$294,851.77	<u>\$294,851.77</u>

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MAY, 1895.

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TAMMANY HALL.

The most fitting time to write an epitaph for a person or thing is on the occasion of its death, but it is not always proper to place an inscription upon a tomb at any time. Sometimes a subject may be sufficiently worthy to demand years of toil in eulogizing its virtues as was the case in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," but sometimes it were better to say nothing at all. The latter would certainly be true of Tammany Hall if the object of its epitaph should be to publish to the world its virtues. If any organization ever lived in the United States any thing like the time Tammany has flourished, and can boast of fewer virtues, it is hard to find. The greatest good that can be said in connection with it must be said in behalf of those who have labored for its overthrow. Coming generations will rise up and call its enemies in last election blessed. There is no fact in the history of our nation that so marks the shedding of senseless prejudice by the public mind as the unpartizan spirit of those who led in the onslaught against it. The pessimistic cry of "no patriotism in this age" is forever hushed by the fearless warfare of such men as Rev. C. H. Parkhurst against an organization which, for more than a century, has defied the strong and the mighty. The great "Tiger" of New York city has been hurled from his throne

and is now in the throes of death; whether or not its life is ended depends on the vigilance of the intelligent citizens of New York city and the country at large.

This remarkable organization has flourished during almost the entire life of our Nation. Washington took the oath of office as the first president of the United States only two weeks before it was organized; or rather a society was formed out of which it grew. The society was formed under the name of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order. Tammany was the name of an Indian chief about whom many interesting legends are told. In its infancy the society was a fraternal, benevolent and patriotic club and still exists under its primitive name. Its principal work is to celebrate the 4th of July by a banquet and address. The society owns a building on 14th street near 3rd avenue and leases its rooms to the "Democratic Republican General Committee of New York City" or the so-called Tammany Hall.

The machinery by which Tammany has worked is run without friction; its spindles are kept well oiled with hard cash of which it always manages to keep a good supply.

The height of Tammany's corruption was reached under the leadership of Mr. Wm. M. Tweed. This remarkably corrupt man was of Irish descent, and was born and reared in the city of New York. In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a chairmaker to learn the trade, but never followed it after he grew up. He associated with the class of men called "toughs" and soon gained considerable influence among them. This brought him into notice among the politicians. They used him, and as a compensation for his services allowed him to receive a small office. His ambition once aroused knew no bounds until he occupied a place in the State Senate, and finally secured the reins of Tammany Hall itself. This goal reached he had but to speak the word and the money flowed into his coffers. He and his "ring" had obtained the control of government of

New York City, and in order to retain it they did not hesitate to use freely the money out of the city treasury. They managed to bribe the Legislature at Albany and secure the passage of such laws as would work to their interest. They secured a new charter for New York City in which it was provided that the mayor then in office should have power to appoint all the important officers in the city for the next four years and in some cases it was extended eight years. This being done they had such other laws passed as would insure them against detection by the citizens in any schemes they might set forth. Thinking themselves secure from any outside interference they now began a system of wholesale robbery unparalleled in history. Every department of the city government was made to enrich their pockets. All kind of claims were trumped up and paid out of the city treasury. Contracts were let at a bonus—sinecure offices were invented and filled by their members at enormous salaries, and even accounts were forged against the city in favor of the most respected citizens of New York and paid into their own pockets. People having valid claims against the city were forced to pay a bonus to Tammany before their claims would be allowed. The city and county debt was doubled every two years. On January 1, 1869, it was \$36,000,000. By the 1st of Jan. 1871 it had been raised to \$73,000,000. Their unsatiable greed still being unsatisfied they proceeded to make monopolies of all the industries in the city that were in any way connected with the government. So numerous were their schemes for getting people's money that a writer of this period says it would require a volume to illustrate and rehearse entire the robberies of the "Ring."

It is marvelous how so much corruption could be practiced among an intelligent people without detection; but so completely did they cover up their tracks that there is no telling how long it might have continued had it not

been for dissension in the camp. A prominent member not being allowed his share of the spoils by the "Boss" gave the whole thing away. The citizens, having already had cause for grave suspicions, immediately appointed a committee of seventy to investigate. After considerable and faithful work on the part of this committee and any amount of chicanery and fraud on the part of the "ring" sufficient evidence was secured to bring a part of its members to justice. Mr. S. J. Tilden was the chief participant in the movement against them, and was largely instrumental in feretting out their rascality. He alleged in his speech at Cooper Institute, November 2nd, 1871, that \$1,000,000, stolen from the city treasury were used by the "ring" to buy a majority of the two Houses of the Legislature.

In the municipal election in November following the appointment of the citizens committee, the ring ticket was overwhelmingly defeated; with one or two exceptions. Thus was Tammany thought to have been overthrown in 1871.

Here we would gladly pause and consign its remains to the dust and place a slab with a charitable inscription upon its grave; but alas, out of its dead ashes it springs into life again. And its second life, if possible, is more diabolical than the first.

The history of Tammany from the overthrow of Tweed to its reception of Richard Croker as Boss we will pass over; for under him it again reaches the high water mark of corruption.

Mr. Croker was born in Ireland and immigrated to this country about forty years ago. Like Mr. Tweed his boyhood was spent among the "toughs" of New York City. He became a member of an organized "gang" of his associates and eventually headed a "gang" of his own. His rise to the leadership of a "gang" was the result of courage shown in physical combat with those who were so

unfortunate as to arouse his Irish ire. This brutal courage linked with the virtue of having few words, and firmness in holding to decisions are said to be Mr. Croker's only virtues. Like many other prominent Tammany men he was at one time a saloon keeper. Later he went into politics and held a small clerkship under Tweed. He rose steadily through various offices in the city until he became the supreme power in Tammany. Though Mr. Croker has held no important office in New York City since he became boss of Tammany, he has, nevertheless, dictated every officer of importance and outlined their policy until the defeat of Tammany ticket on last November. This has been possible only because Tammany Hall has had complete control of New York politics. Its control has been maintained through what is known as "Machine Politics." The minutiae of its workings cannot be pointed out here, but suffice it to say that it has been done by organized oversight of the polls by Tammany men, by buying votes, and by various other means. It was thought that the adoption of the Australian ballot system would check Tammany rule, but when the bill was being discussed in the State Legislature in 1890, Mr. D. B. Hill secured the passage of the poster ballot amendment. Thus the good effects that might have come from this system were cancelled; but it is probable that no law could be enacted which their chicanery would not dodge. Constant vigilance on the part of the better class of citizens is the only means by which they never have been or ever can be successfully coped with.

One of the most remarkable things about the later Tammany is its improved methods of rascality for accumulating revenue. One of its great sources of revenue has been the "strike." A Tammany man in the Legislature would introduce a bill against the interest of a rich corporation and demand a certain sum to prevent its passage. These "strikes" have been so annoying that many instances have

been cited where individuals and corporations have paid Tammany an annual sum to legislate in their interests. It has also received an annual tax from all the saloons and houses of prostitution in the city. In fact it has gathered revenue from all classes, ranging from the worst slum dens of the beggar to the finest mansions of the opulent. It is said that to all contracts with its patrons Tammany has been loyal; all it demands of them is promptness in paying all taxes imposed.

Tammany has never held a place in society in New York City, but rather discredits social standing. No members have been chosen solely for their political influence. As the greater part of the city is composed of the lower strata of society out of which the great bulk of criminals spring its members and even leaders, have been men of bad character, and in many cases criminals. The rule has been to advance men in proportion as they were faithful to their "Boss," and in proportion to their influence. They are required to show no compunctions of conscience in carrying out the orders of their king. Of course every member is compensated for his services and in many respects the amount of his pay varies as his rascality. It might be asked how this den of iniquity has been able to hold together for so long a time. The answer is in the various attractions which it offers. In the first place it offers ambitious young men reward, both in a pecuniary sense and in political standing. In the second place it has social clubs throughout the city where its members meet to chat, drink, and play cards. It is the sum of life to the majority of its members. Perhaps the most potent factor in preserving its union is its perfect organization. Members of its executive committee are scattered throughout every ward in the city. These men know personally every man in their respective wards. Thus by the personal influence of its members upon each other and upon the entire population of the city, Tammany is felt in every throb of life

in our great Metropolis. In its organism it has been compared to the Feudalism of the Middle ages.

From what has been said we can see why it is that this organization has been able for so long to carry on its work with little or no opposition. It simply had the law in its own hands and could put any construction it chose upon it. So that it was to everyone's personal interest, from the smallest to the greatest, to court its friendship. We may appreciate then the work of Dr. Parkhurst in hurling his anathemas against it both from the pulpit and through the press when strong men quailed before it. It was a courage born of God. Through the influence of his preaching a mass-meeting was held at the Cooper Institute, in October 1893, and a committee of fifty was appointed to invite the co-operation of the citizens in securing as far as possible, an observance of the election laws. In the election following, the committee brought to light the most shameless frauds that have ever been practiced in a civilized nation. Every law that had been passed for the purification of the ballot had been converted into a means of polluting it. In this election sufficient knowledge was gained to secure intelligent movement in the next. So in November 1894, the Tammany ticket was again overwhelmingly defeated. As the first overthrow was due largely to the efforts of Samuel J. Tilden, so was the second to the courageous efforts of Dr. C. H. Parkhurst. Now that its second life has ended may the liberty loving citizens of New York bury it so deep that it may never again see the light.

J. H. FITZGERALD.

THE NAPOLEONIC REVIVAL.

No man in modern times has been such an enigma to historians and students of history as Napoleon Bonaparte. At one time the historian tenderly, reverently, lifts the veil from the memory of the fallen chieftain, and pours

out his soul in rapturous praise of his matchless life and imperial deeds, while again he ruthlessly and shamelessly tears it away and hurls his anathemas at the arch-fiend incarnate, who waded through seas of blood in order to tear crowns from kingly brows, made a useless devastation of prosperous states, and made subservient to his base designs the church itself. But there is one thing that friend and foe alike are agreed upon; that he was the most remarkable man in military affairs the world has seen for many centuries, if not in the world's history. But while all agree that he was very remarkable, many deny him the epithet of great. His detractors concede that he was so remarkable only because he was the "child of destiny," and claim that only peculiar circumstances made him what he was. Without controversy all can arrive at another conclusion; that he was either a man of superlative ability and inherent greatness, or he was the object of whatever is expressed in those common terms luck, fortune and chance. In this paper I shall take the former view.

First, in considering Napoleon we must consider the circumstances under which he was born. His island home was the scene of revolution and civil war just before and after his birth. His father was a man who took a part in the revolutionary affairs, and his mother, a very strong-minded and active woman was ever at her husband's side, and when he was forced to flee for protection to the mountain fastnesses, she went with him and braved all peril. A few weeks following the worst of these privations, Napoleon was born. Still surrounded by the scenes of war, he was sent to France at nine and a half years of age to study war as a profession, remaining at a military school until he was sixteen. At this time he entered the army as second Lieutenant of the Artillery. It is no wonder, in view of these facts, that he was very fond of war. Those accusing him of blood-thirstiness should remember

that there was an inborn, irrepressible inclination for war in him, as much as there is in the poet to write poetry.

In my opinion, the key to Napoleon's life is to be found in his eight years of military life from 1785 to 1793. Allowing that the circumstances of his birth, his early environments, and the endowment of a naturally wonderful intellect, were favorable to a great military career, we have but to follow him through the eight years above mentioned, in order to get an index to the great warrior's life, and account for some of the traits of character for which he was afterwards censured.

About the time he entered the army, his father died, leaving the mother, with her large family of children, in unfortunate circumstances. Though Napoleon was the fourth of the children, the headship of the family seemed to naturally devolve upon him. In those revolutionary times, even those considered wealthy were often in bad circumstances, and a destitute family like the Bonapartes, was the most of the time in the greatest straits. It was a very heavy responsibility then, that the soldier boy had upon his soldiers. During these eight years he made no less than four or five trips from the army in France to his home in Corsica, where he went to look after the fallen fortune of the family, his entire absence amounting to something over four years. Therefore, it is little wonder that he found, on his return from one of these long trips in 1791, that he was disgraced and deprived of his command. It was not till the next year that the command was restored, during which time he was a miserable wander in Paris, and took his scant meals at a six-cent restaurant. But when the command was restored, through his adroitness and misrepresentations, he was made a captain. While he was on these trips to Corsica to look after his mother's wants, he spent much of his time in revolutionary schemes on the island. He seems to have had an ambition to become the chief military man

in Corsica. It was also during this period, in the great destitution and poverty of the family, that he made attempts at authorship, both to revive their perishing fortunes and gratify his ambition for fame. Time and again he made desperate efforts to get before the public his poorly written "History of Corsica." He also wrote a novel called "The Masked Prophet," and a story called "The Count of Essex." But all of these desperate attempts in literature were failures. What a miserable life he must have led at this time! Unable to obtain either money or fame as an author, or to rise higher in the army, his condition was rendered more desperate now by sickness, which left his system full of malaria, that depressed and troubled him for a number of years to come. I have never read of a struggle more desperate, and so full of vicissitudes, as that of Napoleon from '85 to '93. He is accused of falsehood and misrepresentations, of scheming, and of being an agitator during this time. But is it not natural that he should become a schemer and agitator during the struggle? While others were scheming against him, was it any wonder that he should play the same role in his own defence? It was "every man for himself" in those times, and this hard-fated youth of twenty was not likely to be an exception to the general rule of intrigue, and if he falsified to carry his point, it was only a case of "diamond cut diamond." Falsehood was incorporated into the code of ethics of that age. This hard course of training in trial, hardships and misfortune developed traits of character and shaped courses of action, which I will here indicate: 1. The dire poverty and straightened circumstances of that period drew forth those fertile qualities at intrigue and scheming which afterwards characterized him. 2. The fierce conflict of those eight years made him very self-reliant and independent. This spirit of self-consciousness followed him through life even to St. Helena, where he continually referred to himself as one of the world's

greatest men. His detractors make him a contemptible egotist. 3. His contact during this period with men of every variety of character enabled him to cultivate his remarkable ability to judge character. His success as a general thing is largely due to the fact that he always *knew* his man when he chose him. 4. This time of hardship and ill treatment from the world, likewise chilled within him many of the tender emotions and feelings. Little wonder that the future Bonaparte should be cold and stern. 5. It goaded him on to greater effort, and but kindled into a stronger flame, that fire of ambition which was in later years to take complete control of him.

I have thus dwelt upon this period to show that it was not by chance that fate showered laurels upon him. The same mysterious abstraction had showered dire disaster and poverty upon him, and in this way prepared him for his marvelous achievements. Prof. Sloane of Princeton says that "it was neither blind luck, nor the revolutionary epoch in which he lived, nor the superlative ability of the man, but a sort of compound resultant of all these that made such a miracle of his life." Certainly he could not have been a soldier had there been no war, nor would history speak of Napoleon had he not made some very wonderful escapes—which some call "blind luck,"—but most assuredly his name to-day would be lost in eternal oblivion, had he not been a man of superlative ability.

In 1794 he was made a brigadier-general of Italy, but one more trying ordeal yet awaited him. He had been a friend and supporter of Robespierre, and now this infamous wretch met his doom at the guillotine in July 1794. Bonaparte being a friend and supporter of the tyrant, was now looked upon with suspicion, and if he had been in Paris at the time, might have been included in the general slaughter. As it was, he spent several days under arrest, and though released, was for a year disgraced. But in October 1795, Barras, of the Convention, and a friend to

Napoleon, gave to him the task of defending the Tuileries against the rioting mob. With characteristic energy his guns were placed so as to command the points of attack, and when the insurgents came the artillery swept the streets, the mob was driven back, and "that night Paris rested in peace." The next year he was made commander-in-chief of the armies of Italy, and sealed his everlasting fame with the most sweeping victories. It was during this campaign, at the battle of Lodi, as he led the charge across the bridge swept by the enemy's cannon, that the horizon of his ambition suddenly widened, and assumed that astonishing breadth which his future genius was to traverse. As stated before, I have laid stress upon that period of his life from '85 to '93 as furnishing the key to his future life, then merely touched upon the ensuing events till he assumed the chief command of the armies of Italy.

The scope of this paper will not permit me to further follow his star, which after this steadily arose and grew in lustre till 1812, when it began to wane, for a year was hid behind the clouds at Elba, and sank forever at Waterloo.

Considering his greatness, I began by saying that Napoleon was the greatest man in modern times because he was the greatest leader of men and nations the world has seen for centuries. No man is great unless he can and does lead men. I do not mean by this that to be great a man must lead men to the beat of drums and the measure strains of martial music. Any man who shapes thought, influences men to action, or has followers in any line, is a leader, and only in proportion as he is a great leader can he lay claims to greatness. Shakespeare was one of the world's greatest men because such countless numbers have become his followers and disciples. Napoleon was great because he possessed those magnetic and matchless qualities of soul that would induce men to follow him through Egyptian sands or Alpine snows, if only he were in the van.

He was great as a leader of nations, in changing the mil-

itary tactics of the day, and even while he lived, the old tactics were passing away, and the new, which he instituted taking their place.

He was great in that he taught the world lessons of self-reliance and independence. What matter if he did take the crown from the cowardly brow of the Bourbon King? Louis would have sat there in stupid inactivity and indolent enjoyment till the day of his death. What matter if he did overthrow rotten dynasties? It only taught the world the ridiculous folly of trusting in title, name and blood. By such innovations as these into the contemptible customs and usages of the age, he forced Europe from her reverential regard for them, and aroused in her a spirit of reformation and independence.

The Corsican warrior was great in his imprisonment and death. Confiding in the generosity and humane principles of the English nation, he surrendered himself into their hands after the battle of Waterloo, in the belief that he would receive just treatment. Instead of that he was hurried away as a base criminal on a man-of-war to St. Helena, where his rock-bound spirit chafed as a bird in its iron cage. To the last he departed himself like an Emperor, and died like a hero. To the chagrin of the English government, its base treatment of him has only brought greater renown to the great warrior, and his imprisonment and the circumstances of his death elicited the sympathy of the whole world.

THOS. A. SMOOT.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

At present much is being written on the progress of Civil Service Reform. It is necessary to keep the principles of any reform movement constantly before the public mind in order that the righteousness of the cause may be well understood. It is pleasant to be able to note progress along any lines, and especially so in regard to morals and

good government. No worthy citizen, who desires a clean government, can abate his pride in the progress of Civil Service Reform.

The evils which the reform movement is designed to remedy are not new. They are as old as the government. The seed were brought over from the mother country and transplanted in American soil. Mr. Lodge makes the statement, and sustains it, that the spoils system did not originate during Jackson's administration. Mr. Jackson's change was one of degree and not of principle. Every President down to Mr. Jackson had made use of patronage to some extent. The evil had not proved serious before this time simply because there was a lack of political division. All parties had practically merged into one and the Presidents did not think it necessary to turn out the old officer who had served well under their predecessors. John Adams' "midnight appointments" show partizanship in filling offices as much as any period of our history. On May 15, 1820, an Act passed Congress which limited the period of office of all persons engaged in collecting the revenue to four years.

However, on the accession of Andrew Jackson a new era began. A new party had been born which was destined to make its impress on the character of the government. The much quoted doctrine, "to the victors belong the spoils," was made use of by Mr. Marcy, of New York, and its evils became alarming. Office seeking had come to be a profession and for the first time Washington was filled with office-seekers. Henceforth all appointive offices were to be filled and refilled with every change of policy. The people were not wholly blind to the evils which followed the rigid application of the spoils system. They saw them and soon began to take steps towards reform, but just at this time a greater question was beginning to agitate the public mind—the question of slavery. In the excitement over slavery and the civil war, the evils of pat-

patronage were overlooked and allowed to continue until after the slavery question was settled.

The Constitution gives the President the right to appoint federal officers, by the consent of the Senate in case of the most important ones. No doubt the early Presidents used this power to the best of their knowledge and were actuated by the highest and most disinterested motives. They sought the best information they could obtain in selecting their officers. Yet it is true that they used these offices in most cases solely as a matter of personal patronage. Mr Jefferson talked as if politics would have no influence on him in making appointments, but his words and actions did not agree. In case of applicants unknown to the President and his Cabinet officers, he must necessarily seek information from some one as to their fitness. He naturally turned to the member of Congress from the district to which the applicant belonged for the needed information. The Senators were not slow to see the political advantages which this method offered. They clamored for the right to recommend men for office that by this means they might be able to reward their followers for service. They have maintained this right and the system has produced the enormous political corruptions with which we are acquainted to-day.

The spoils system has produced professional politicians, political machines and bosses. Offices are held out as prizes to tricksters, regardless of character or merit, to encourage them to stuff ballot boxes, bribe voters and engage in those base measures which corrupt a people and disgrace a nation. Public office is no longer looked upon as a public trust but simply a means of securing a livelihood and the officers do not feel themselves bound to the public but to their bosses. Assessments are laid on them which they are compelled to pay to the campaign fund to be used in elections. The spoils system is the fountain head of all sorts of political corruption. It is the worst political evil

in existence to-day. It is driving our best and purest citizens out of politics in disgust. Pious mothers had rather follow their sons to the graveyard and see them buried than to see them enter the political field. Does not this condition of affairs cry out for reform?

It was the evil effects of government patronage that led to the Civil Service Reform movement. To Mr. Jencks, of Rhode Island, belongs the honor of sowing the first seed. He introduced a bill in Congress in 1867 and defended it ably. Unfortunately he died before the bill had gained much favor. At the urgent request of the President in 1871, Congress reluctantly passed an Act authorizing the President to appoint a commission and administer through it such rules as he thought best for the regulation for the Civil Service. The President appointed a commission and for two or three years it did its work well, but in 1874 Congress refused to grant an appropriation necessary for its support. The commission was forced to resign. Meanwhile the federal offices were increasing and the evil of patronage were more and more. President Grant's second term of office was one of profound demoralization. Matters gradually grew worse until Mr. Garfield became President. As soon as he took charge of the government he showed a strong desire to reform the Civil Service. In less than four months after his inauguration he was shot and killed by a disappointed office-seeker. The country was at last aroused to see what the scramble for office meant. The time for reform had come, and public opinion was so strongly in favor of it that Congress could no longer refuse its demands. Then Mr. Pendleton, a democrat of Ohio, proposed what is known as the "Pendleton Civil Service Act." The Act passed both houses by good majorities, was promptly signed by the President and went immediately into effect. It provided for a Civil Service Commission, consisting of three persons, not more than two from one political party, to be appointed by the

President and confirmed by the Senate. It prohibited political assessments and the appointment of more than two members of the same family to public office.

The Civil Service Reform has had a stormy existence of twenty-eight years, though 1883 is the date when it gained such a hold on the government as not to be uprooted. Its great aim is to take the offices of the government which are not political out of politics. It does not propose to reform the Civil Service but to reform the method of filling the offices, by using the merit system. It is not a return to the good old times, it is distinctly a new movement. All applicants for offices under its care must stand competitive examination. It substitutes honest, demonstrated worth for patronage. The commission work is conducted from a non-partisan standpoint. The officers of the commission do not know nor ask to which party an applicant belongs. Of course the appointments are given to those who make the highest grades, with regard to giving each State its due representation. Thus the Civil Service is put as nearly as possible on a business basis. Its enemies claim that its method is unlike that of business, that there are no competitive examinations held for business positions. But there are practical examinations for business positions of the severest sort, though they are not written. It is certain that no successful business man would dare to select his clerks from the greedy rabble which surrounds Washington city, howling and begging for government positions. The most ardent supporters of the Civil Service Reform do not claim for it absolute perfection. They do claim that it is infinitely better than the system which it displaces. Some kind of competition must be adopted for government positions to check the growth of a large number of people who regard politics as a mere battle for office and for money. A better quality of service is secured by the system of examinations and longer term of office than by patronage. That two hundred thousand offices are subject to be emptied

every four years and scrambled over makes men desperate and ready to do desperate things. If this condition of affairs is allowed to continue, it will tear out the last pillar from our system and destroy our faith in popular government.

Patronage should be abolished because it places a heavy burden on executive and legislative officers which was not designed for them and for which they are not prepared. It hinders them from the performance of their proper duties. President Garfield said one-third of the working hours of Senators and Representatives was scarcely sufficient to meet the demands in reference to the appointments to office. Patronage lowers the standard of public life. It is un-American and has no place in a democratic government. Great victories for the public good can never be gained by reward of offices.

The bitterest enemies to the Civil Service Reform are professional politicians, party orators and political newspapers. They have shaken the people's confidence in the justice of the system and told them that the whole movement was a sham. By their sneers and by the ridiculous names which they have attached to it, they have kept the people away from the examinations. It was by the hardest effort that the commission got the people of the bordering States to attend the examinations. For a long time in spite of their efforts, the Gulf States were almost without representation in the Civil Service. Now, however, each State is duly represented.

The Presidents have all been friendly to Civil Service Reform. In 1889 the Railway Mail Service was added, in 1883 all the Free Delivery post-offices, in 1894 all the smaller Custom Houses and the Internal Revenue service. There are now fifty thousand offices under the protection of the Civil Service Act. The Senate has been hostile to the movement as it has to many other good causes.

No one disputes the fact that the highest officers and the heads of departments should be changed with every change of policy, for the principles which are to be enforced are those which have been decided in the elections. What do post masters, clerks and many other minor officers have to do with tariff, finance or foreign policy? Every office, whose incumbent has nothing to do in choosing between policies, should be put under the care of the Civil Service Commission and be filled by a man whose fitness for the position has been tested by the merit system. The divided power set forth in the Constitution is one of the greatest drawbacks to Civil Service Reform. It is a very hard matter to draw the dividing line between political and non-political offices. The enemies of reform have taken advantage of this difficulty and are trying to injure the cause by crying out that the spirit of reform is being violated. The trouble does not lie in the reform movement. Legislation cannot make a corrupt government pure. It must have the co-operation of the people. While it is difficult to decide between political and non-political offices, yet it is certain that there are thousands of offices still under the spoils system that have nothing to do with politics. There are said to be but fifty political offices in Great Britain, and these fifty are filled and re-filled as the balance of power shifts from party to party. The number certainly ought not to be much larger in the United States. The greatest task of the age is that of purifying politics. The Civil Service Reform has done everything its supporters have claimed for it. The books of the Commission are open to any who may desire to examine them and the members of the Commission invite newspaper men to come and examine them for themselves and see that its work is done strictly on a non-partizan plan. The system is no longer a possibility, it is an established reality and the great body of American people is becoming to understand its value. It has made steady progress in the face of a

solid phalanx of organized opposition. The arguments of its enemies scarcely deserve the name of argument. They are all destructive and show prejudice. Its enemies acknowledge that there is corruption in the spoils system and say they are in favor of reform but of a different kind. They would not dare to offer the patronage system in place of the merit system.

The cry for reform was made by the people and not by Congress. Public opinion made the demand and repeated it again and again with such determined emphasis that Congress was forced to heed it. The people raised the opposition to government patronage and declared that the filling of the public offices should not be left to the fiat of the dominant party. Public opinion is necessary for the final triumph of Civil Service Reform. We cannot rely on Congress to carry the movement forward, it must be forced into action.

The reform is progressing more rapidly now than ever before. There are now fifty thousand offices under the care of the Civil Service Act and each year is adding to the number. The eyes of the people have been opened to the necessity of reform and they are willing to sacrifice their political opinions to bring it about. The last triumph of democracy is coming. The party in power that fails to satisfy the demands of public opinion must fall. The voters of New York have ignored party lines in their great struggle for municipal reform. Civil Service Reform linked with the Parkhurst movement predicts the final triumph of the nineteenth century and the time is coming when all civil officers shall be responsible to the people and politicians shall be statesmen.

E. K. McLARTY.

“THE LADY OF THE LAKE.”

This beautiful poem though not considered so great as Marmion is said to be the most pathetic in thought, and

polished in expression, of all Scott's writings—winning for him the hearty applause of his contemporaries and causing the country to ring with loud praise of the poet. Crowds flocked daily to gaze on the magnificent scenery and entrancing beauty of Loch Katrine, which until then was comparatively unknown. Where in all English Literature can we find more rhythmic phrasing, more beautiful descriptive power, or greater perfection in the art of poetic landscape painting than in "The Lady of the Lake?" It presents itself to us as a great panorama of interesting scenes, some dramatic and exciting, others quite romantic and sad. So beautifully has Scott painted these word pictures, that we can easily imagine we hear the loud call of the hunter's bugle, or see Ellen, the Chieftain's daughter in her mantle of silken plaid as she guides her fairy-like skiff across the quiet surface of the lake.

The characters presented in this poem are James Fitz James, represented as as Snowdown's Knight, but really James, King of Scotland, James of Douglas, uncle to the banished Earl of Angus, who with his kinsman and friends was banished for trying to usurp the throne. Having been banished, they joined themselves into clans and dwelt among the Highlands and were bitter enemies to the Saxons, often making great inroads on the Lowland towns, burning them, and killing the people. Roderick Dhu—a Highland chieftain, noted out-law, and leader of the Alpine Clan; the most dreaded of all the highland chiefs, and a nephew of Douglas, Ellen Douglas, "The Lady of the Lake," daughter of Douglas, and first cousin of Roderick.

Margaret, mother of Roderick Dhu and aunt to Ellen with whom she and her father lives. Allan Bane, an old grey haired minstrel. Malcolm Graem, a noble youth of the distinguished house of Graeme, Ellen's lover, and a rival of Sir Roderick.

The scene of "The Lady of the Lake" is laid chiefly among the Western Highlands of Perthshire, in that por-

tion of the country where the great cliffs mirror their cone shaped summits in the blue waters of Loch Katrine. The poem opens with "The Chase" showing Fitz-James accompanied by a hundred huntsmen and hounds in hot pursuit of a stag, who being aroused from his home among the heather by the baying of the dogs is giving them an exhausting run over and among the Highlands.

Mendelssohn one of the greatest of our musical writers has beautifully described "The Chase" in one of his "Songs without words" portraying the merry song of the hunters, amid the loud bugle calls and wild barking of dogs making this Tone-picture especially interesting to all admirers of "The Lady of the Lake." The chase continues until sun set when the exhausted stag, making a final run for his life, dashes into *Trasach's* wildest nook and is forever lost to hunters and hounds. Fitz-James full of enthusiasm and excitement, had followed fast the deer, leaving his comrades far behind, little thinking of the failing strength of his horse, who at this critical point, falls to the ground and dies. Now left alone in this wild deserted spot, he calls his dogs and begins making his way back to his friends, but finds it a difficult task, as high cliffs rise about him, and tangled undergrowth obstructs his way. Still he struggles on until reaching a lofty point, he beholds in all its entrancing beauty, Loch *Katrine*, gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, like a sheet burnished gold. Here he pauses and gazes with rapture on this enchanted scene, but soon his mind reverts to the unpleasantness of his situation, and that he may have to spend the night upon some mossy bank underneath a heavy oak, is not a very desirable thought, especially if he should encounter a clansman. Therefore he blows his horn loud and long, hoping that some straggler of the hunt, hearing the sound will come to his rescue, but he gets no response save the wild mockery of many echos, and scarcely had the last sound cleared away when :

A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontary steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright and as snow,
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.

This was Ellen Douglas, who stood in her boat and listened, thinking the sound she hears is the horn of her father, and that of Malcolm Graem; but instead of the familiar forms of her father and friend, she beholds a stranger; and being frightened pushes her skiff some distance from the shore and turning, gazes upon him. Then, Fitz-James tells his story, to which she listens with great interest, and coming again to the shore, tells him how his fate had been told that morning by Allan Bane, and that now at her father's house a coach awaited him, and stepping into the boat bids him follow, and soon they are swiftly gliding across the lake.

What scene can be more beautiful than this? In the background the lofty form of Benvenne with its wooded sides, around which peep the waves of ebbing day, bathing everything with floods of living fire. In the foreground the figures of Fitz-James and Ellen, he, in his hunting suit of Lincoln Green, tassled horn and jaunty cap with heron plumes,—she, with her pure sweet face, raven tresses, wrapped in her mantle of silk plaid, gazing with an amused expression at her companion as he awkwardly guides the boat, while just behind, swims the faithful dogs. After touching the other shore, Ellen leads the way through massive undergrowth to her father's lodge which resembles a rustic tower, more than a house. Here Fitz-James spends the night and meets Lady Margeret, who true to Highland hospitality, gives him a hearty welcome. He wonders at her courtly mein and being impressed with the

warlike implements that hang upon the wall, tries in vain to discover her lineage, after having disclosed his own. When morning comes he leaves this kindly bower, and is guided by Ellen and Allan Bane to the border of the lake where he bids them adieu and is soon lost in the distance.

While standing there Ellen beholds four darkening specks upon the tide, which prove to be four barges rigged in gay colors on which Roderick Dhu and his Alpine Clan are returning from a great foray amid loud shoutings, and victorious war-songs. As they draw near the shore Lady Margeret with her household, hastens to meet them and seeing Ellen with Allan Bane, and knowing what will best please Roderick, she bids her come, and welcome her kinsman. Reluctantly she goes, but on hearing her father's horn turns to Allan Bane and bids him go with her at once to meet him and row him safely home—leaving Margaret and her friends to do honor to Sir Roderick, who, disappointed at not seeing Ellen, lingers on the shore until she and her father return—but is filled with jealousy when he beholds them accompanied by Malcolm Graem—nevertheless he gives them a kindly greeting, after which, they spend the hours of the summer morning in talk and sport,—but at noon a courier arrives announcing evil tidings to Roderick, who tells no one until the evening banquet is spread. Then tells them of how King James, pretending to come on a hunting expedition within their borders, came armed for war, making waste their lands, and killing the people, and boasts of having subdued the Border side, and is now holding high revelry at Sterling Castle preparatory to his coming again. Roderick fearing for the life of Douglas and Ellen, proposes that she shall become his wife, therefore more closely uniting the House of Douglas with Clan Alpine—but Douglas beholding the distressed face of his daughter, refuses such a union. Malcolm in his sympathy for Ellen, steps to her side—this infuriates Roderick,

who springs upon him and would have killed him but for Douglas.

The next morning the "Fiery Cross,"—used to summon the clan in time of war, is sent by Roderick Dhu throughout the land. Ellen and Douglas fearful of the oncoming strife, hide themselves away in a lonely grotto on the summit of Benvenne, known by the Saxons as the "Goblin Cave,"—accompanied by Allan Bane, who helped to drive away the dreariness of this isolated spot by the sweet strains of his harp. "O, music, soul of Art, how often are the desolate places of this earth made glad by the sweet ministry bidding Sorrow sleep, and dream of joy."

Roderick, being disappointed in his most cherished hopes determines to drown his love for Ellen and think of her no more, but being drawn by some strange fascination he ascends Benvenne and lingers near her dwelling place listening to the sweet strains of the "Ave Maria" as it swells from the minstrel's harp—then returning with his page, joins his clansmen on Lanrick height. It was customary among the Highlanders before going into battle, to have a person wrapped in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited in some unusual condition where he revolved in his mind certain questions proposed. On this occasion an old hermit was selected to perform the augury and was placed near a water-fall, in a spot said to be haunted in order that he might consult with the spirits as to who should be victorious in the coming battle. After a delightful night of torture, he comes to Roderick and delivers his message, saying :

"WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE?"

Douglas being very much affected by a dream which Allan Bane had one night concerning Malcolm Graem, in which he saw him chained by Ellen and fearing that he is really a prisoner at Sterling Castle, and thinking himself to be the cause of so much war and strife, takes leave of

Ellen and Allan Bane one morning, saying, "If not on earth we meet in Heaven," and goes to present himself as a peace offering to the King.

Fitz-James who still remembers "The Lady of the Lake" and bears in his bosom a warm and tender love for her, returns to the Highlands, and directed by a competent guide ascends Benvenne and comes unexpectedly to the "Goblin Cave" and proposes to Ellen that she become his wife and go with him to Sterling Castle where she will be forever sheltered from the strifes and turmoils of war—but she refuses, telling him of her love for Malcolm Graem and begs him to depart. He unwilling to go, but realizing that persuasion would be in vain, asks that she will accept the ring he offers, which, if presented to the King with any request, it will be granted. She accepts the ring, and Fitz-James, placing it on her finger, kisses her hand and is gone. On his way down the mountain he discovers that his guide instead of leading him in the right way, is decoying him into Clan Alpine's ambuscade. He demands him to disclose his treachery, but refusing to do so, Fitz-James kills him. Realizing the danger of his position he hides himself until night-fall, then resumes his journey. He had not traveled far when he comes upon a mountaineer, wrapt in his plaid sitting beside a watch-fire. On seeing Fitz-James he springs up, demands his name and purpose, asking if he is a friend to Roderick Dhu. Fitz-James tells him that he is a foe to him, and all his murderous band; then the mountaineer announces himself to be a kinsman of Roderick and that he will avenge every word spoken against his honor, but being a stranger, he is welcomed to share his plaid and await til morning as *stranger* to him is a holy name. He also tells him that at dawn he will guide him beyond Clan Alpine's outmost guard and then his sword must be his warrant.

Early next morning they leave the camp and on the way talk of Roderick Dhu. Fitz-James tells his guide that he

had been twice among the Highlands both times in peace but his coming again would be with banners, bows and brands and that he panted for the hour when he should behold Roderick and his Alpine Clan. "Have then thy wish," says the guide, giving a loud whistle—and up rise from every side 500 men equipped for war. Then fixing his eye on Fitz-James exclaims,

"These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave, though startled by such an unexpected sight. His heart almost stopped its beating but firmly bracing himself against a rock he exclaims,

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Roderick, though his bitterest enemy, admires his courage and seeing the unfairness against one, and having promised to protect him to the outmost guard, waves his hand and all disappear. They are not long in reaching their destination, where they engage in a hand to hand conflict, in which Fitz-James mortally wounds Roderick, and carries him in a dying condition to Sterling Castle. Here he finds the people assembled to witness great feats of strength and archery—the king having offered prizes to the most successful ones. Douglas, who has made his way to the Castle to offer himself as a sacrifice for his people, arrives just in time to enter the contest. Although an old man, he wins every prize but got into a difficulty with one of the court soldiers and would have been killed, had not the king recognizing him as James of Douglas ordered him to be brought to the Castle where he is placed in prison. Next morning the towers of Sterling ring and soldiers in the guard-room speak often of the fight on Katrine's shore and how during the combat, a soldier with a "flag of truce" came wildly riding up, forbidding the desperate fight, say-

ing that Douglas and Roderick Dhu were both captives at the Castle.

Ellen, after the departure of her father, determined to go to the king, and present the ring, asking for her father's liberty. She and Allan Bane arrive just at dawn conducted by Betram of Gent. Through the Court of Guard they enter the Castle and are received with much courtesy. Ellen is given an elegant apartment, but its elegance cheers not her sad heart, and turning toward the window, she gazes upon the dazzling splendor of the rising sun. While standing there, she hears one singing and recognizes the voice of Malcolm Graem, singing of her and his Highland home. She had scarcely turned from the window, when to his surprise, she beholds Fitz-James, who offers to conduct her to the king, and help plead for her father. On entering the spacious court, she vainly looks for the king, and wonders why such homage is shown Fitz-James; but soon discovers, that *he*, Snowdown's Knight, is Scotland's King, at whose feet she falls—presents the ring and pleads for her father. He bids her ask naught for Douglas, for all is forgiven, and tells him to come forth and prove his statement. Then asks Ellen if there is no other request, who then asks if the life of Roderick Dhu—but it is too late, he having died in prison—Fitz-James knowing her love for Malcolm Graem asks if there is no other whose freedom she would desire. Then she, with a pleading look, gives the ring to her father that he may ask for her lover, but the king refuses to grant any request except for Ellen and bids Malcolm come forth, telling him that no one pleads his cause: consequently he must bind him in chains, therefore taking his golden chain, he puts it around Malcolm's neck, and places the clasp in Ellen's hand, thus pardoning the father, and uniting the lovers.

KNOWLTON WOODWARD.

THE WALDENSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In Northern Italy, within the principality of Piedmont, where the Pelice, the Clusone and the Germanasca cleave the sides of the crescent-shaped Cottian Alps, there are three valleys known as the Waldensian valleys that with their sequestered shades, their dark gorges and their beautiful waterfalls ravish the eye of the passing tourist. Here in sight of the snow-capped Genevere, have lived since about the fourteenth century a people whose past is as glorious and as grand as the picturesque scenery of their Alpine valleys. They are not a new people in history; for, the cruelties inflicted upon them for their heresy as early as the thirteenth century, have given them renown, and Fisher entitles them to a place among the predecessors of the reformation of the sixteenth century. When in 1655 the armies of France at the instigation of the Pope fell upon these God-fearing people, free-thinking Waldenses for their heresy and persecuted them with the most brutal atrocities, the conscience of all Europe was aroused; Cromwell interfered and Milton immortalized their bold faith and beautiful lives in the well known lines.

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worship't stocks and stones
Forget not.”

Guizot gives a true account of them when he says, “They are honest, laborious and charitable farmers.” Their love for their native valleys, their unconquerable wills and their unchanged faith in God have been phenomenal facts of history.

These traits given us by history of their fathers, the writer from his own observation knows to be facts of the Waldenses in this State. So while the colony came to North Carolina about two years ago, poor in temporal pos-

sessions, they came with an unimpeachable record of five centuries; and, while at times, during financial panics they have needed our assistance, we might do well to enumerate their Christian virtues.

There are besides this colony about thirty-five thousand remaining in Piedmont, Italy. There is also a colony of about four thousand souls in the Argentine Republic, South America. It is then no surprise when two years ago a company of about forty came to this State to prepare the way for others that they aroused such universal interest. They now number about one hundred and sixty of which number probably a third are children under ten years of age. There are in all forty men, heads of families. The cause of this emigration lay in the fact of the overcrowded condition of these people in the Alpine homes and of a desire on the part of the poorer classes to do better for themselves in the New World. The cost of land there is too high for them; the same that would purchase five acres there would secure fifty acres here. Before investing they sent one of their pastor's and a committee of their native farmers to inspect the lands. Owing to the interest taken in them by a Northern capitalist, who owns considerable tracts of land in Burke county they were enabled to purchase several thousand acres on most liberal terms. At first they were a corporation governed by a board of directors, but as this did not give satisfaction they have since dissolved the corporation and now each man owns his own farm of about eighty acres or less.

Their village, "Valdese," a flag station on the W. N. C. R. R., is located eight miles east of Morganton, the county seat. The area of this village is about twenty acres tastefully laid off in streets and building lots. Here is situated their church, school, post office, store and also a hosiery owned by Mr. J. Meir, the latter giving work to about twenty-five boys and girls. Some distance from Valdese they have a saw mill which gives work to a dozen

men. Upon their farms they raise principally corn, wheat, and potatoes. Quite recently they have planted large vineyards in the cultivation of which they are quite skilled. Owing to their ignorance in the use of our farming implements, to their devoting most of the time to building and cleaning up new farms and to the drought etc., the farming last year was not so successful. But their diligence has been unquestionable, working as they do from dawn until dark with two hours intermission for meals; one at ten and the other at two.

The peculiarities of dress, the antique fashioned bonnets of the women; the fancy colored kerchiefs of the young girls and the heavy thick-soled shoes of the men invariably attract the attention of the stranger. He finds a people of low stature, thick-set and stout. Their complexion is dark, they have bright intelligent eyes and very expressive faces. Of a hopeful temperament, they are the most sociable people imaginable. They do not fail to welcome the stranger to their house with the utmost cordiality and are highly insulted if he refuses to drink the universally offered cup of tea. Perhaps the most attractive trait of these people is their universal, genteel politeness. It is such a whole-souled politeness that the Waldensian doffs his hat to every visitor and gives him a "good morning" that comes from the glowing heart of a natural gentleman. Every child is careful to answer all questions politely as if death were the penalty. In fact politeness as seems to be peculiarly natural to them, it would be unnatural for them to be impolite.

The colony has its own local pastor, Rev. Barth Soulier, who is a pleasant, highly educated and attractive gentleman, speaking and writing Italian, French and his own dialect. He came to America one year ago with his bride, to work as teacher for the children and spiritual adviser for the adults of his people. The Creed of the Waldenses is practically that of the Presbyterians of this country.

They are a God-fearing, pious people and are very rigid in the observance of family worship. The doctrine of the word is inculcated in the minds of the children at a very early age. They are given a French testament to read as they mind the cows in the pasture. It will be remembered that at one time in their persecutions when there was danger of their bibles being taken from them, they compelled different children to memorize certain chapters of the bible until they possessed the entire bible in the minds of their children in case of its loss. It is an interesting scene to see them as they assemble to the house of worship on the Sabbath, every man woman and child of them coming in their own simple-minded, honest way to worship the God who has not failed them and their fathers in the hour of their deepest sorrow. The writer was forcibly impressed with their piety when the first colony arrived; as soon as they had lighted from aboard the train they knelt and thanked their God for their safe voyage; a thing that most men seem to forget in the rush of this rapid age. Morally they have proven themselves an honest and law abiding people which recommends them to us as a valuable addition to the citizenship of our commonwealth.

The education of the mass of the colony is undoubtedly far superior to that of the same caste of American citizens. Situated as they were on the boundary line between Italy and France they were compelled to speak both Italian and French. With the exception of the very small children, who only speak the three languages, they all read and write Italian, French and their own dialect. As is usually the case, the children learn to speak English much faster than the adults. The State has given them a school district with the usual appropriation, Mr. and Mrs. Soulier being the teachers. The children, I am told by their teacher, are very precocious and diligent students. It is rather a remarkable fact that they are able to read French and Italian by the time they are ten or twelve years of age.

Will the colony be a success? This question if asked of any one acquainted with it will inevitably be answered in the affirmative. Their lands are well timbered and thoroughly irrigated by the numerous little mountain streams of pure healthy water. While they are poor people and deserve the sympathy and encouragement that has been given them by their neighbors, they are thoroughly acquainted with the hardest of work and simplest manner of living. They are far more frugal than we are and can live on far less. The rugged mountain scenery of Western North Carolina satisfies that prevalent longing among them for mountain districts. Their homes are poorly, but neatly furnished, giving that homelike spirit among them. They are happy and contented.

In a recent letter from Rev. Barth Soulier, he voiced the conclusion that all who are acquainted with the colony have reached when he said, "I am sure the colony will be a success."

B. R. PAYNE.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.

G. T. ROWE,	"	"	"	"	Editor-in-Chief.
T. A. SMOOT,	"	"	"	"	Assistant.

EDITORIAL.

With this issue our connection with the ARCHIVE ceases. While we cannot say "we have fought a good fight" yet we can joyfully say "we have finished our course." The Magazine has fallen far short of what we had hoped to make it, but we have no apology to make. That support which we expected and which we had a right to demand has been lacking, and there are many ways in which we have been disappointed. What the ARCHIVE has been, it has been, and we will let it rest.

We have had many and varied experiences during our editorship; some pleasant and some unpleasant, but all valuable. We have learned to bear opposition and criticism without flinching, and we have also learned not to criticise anyone who is trying to succeed. The homliest little weekly in the State could come before our eyes in all its glory, every day and not draw forth one word of adverse criticism.

In conducting the editorial department, we have been fearless and candid, saying what we thought needed to be said, regardless of anyone. We have tried not to be personal and have written every editorial with the hope of doing good. Some have been offended when no offense was intended; we are sorry for it, but would not change in the least, if we had our course to go over again.

We shall always think of the ARCHIVE with pleasure and look for its coming with great anticipation. May our successor have all our joys and pleasures, without the troubles and sorrows. May the ARCHIVE grow and prosper abundantly, and may the students of Trinity College begin to appreciate

their College paper more and support it better. May this, the day of our farewell, be the darkest that the ARCHIVE and the College shall ever see.

We wish that it might be our privilege to utter these words, with all the enthusiasm and earnestness of our soul, in the hearing of every student that returns to College next fall : Do not be afraid to associate with, and make a friend of, an honest, true, noble-hearted boy, merely because he does not wear fine clothes, has no money, and has not the accomplishments of a "society man." We are sick and disgusted with hearing such remarks as these : "What makes Blank go with such-and-such a fellow?" "Why, what is wrong with that fellow?" "O, he doesn't dress well ; and look how he carries himself ; why he never goes anywhere, and has no style on him at all." In the name of our pioneer fathers who chopped down the forests, fought Indians, and went through privations, are "style" and "dress" and "genteel accomplishments" the sole criterion of true worth and fitness for friendship ? It is only the savage and ignorant man that passes by the diamond in the rough, merely because it does not glitter ; or the gold ore because it is not in polished coin. What kind of man do you want for your friend ? First of all you want a man with character, nobility of heart and mind, who will be of help to you ; and if you find such a man in combination with nice clothes and pleasing address, why, to be sure, it is all the better ; but for the sake of wisdom and truth, do not discard him for lack of the latter qualifications. The world does not stop to ask to-day : "Did your friends at College wear fine clothes and go in society?" but rather, "Did they possess sterling character?" And to be candid, the world can tell whether they possessed sterling character or not without asking you.

OF RELIGIOUS IMPORT.

In considering the relations that should exist between professors and students, we can think of no relationship at present so important as that which pertains to the professor's Christian influence over the student. Giving the result of our observation as we go out from college, we are frank to say that in our opinion this relationship has not been close enough. This result has been brought about we are sure, from no wilful fault on the part of either professor or students, but from misconceptions on the part of each of their respective spheres. It seems that the college professor feels that he should not take an active part in prayer meetings, Y. M. C. A., and other religious meetings with the students, lest they should be abashed at his presence. But why should they be more abashed at his presence there than in the class-room? Is not the knowledge of God and Christian truth of far more importance to both student and professor than any knowledge of science, philosophy, and the classics? And if so, why should they not search for that knowledge together? The college professor does not seem to feel that it is his sphere to take individual students apart into the privacy of their own rooms, and impress upon them there the great truths of Christ, which must be the salvation of every life, if indeed salvation can ever come to that life. But, why? Should he not impress his personality upon the student along religious lines as well as along other lines in the class-room? Most assuredly so, especially in a church college. We know of students who feel that professors take very little interest in their spiritual welfare merely because that subject has never come up between them. Once in our college course, a professor took us to his room and there impressed upon us some of the great truths of Christ, and we shall ever warmly remember him for it. Would that this unnatural barrier between professor and student might be forever broken down. We believe that the character and salvation of many a student's life depend upon it. This means that there is an awful responsibility resting somewhere.

LOCALS.

The Class of '95 bids you adieu in this issue. The Class of '96 will greet you in the next.

Judge Winston addressed the students on the evening of the 3d inst. on "The influence of the Supreme Court in United States history." The Judge gave us an able address which was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Mr. H. W. Luce, of the Students Volunteer Movement, paid us a visit this month in the interest of the volunteer movement and the Southern Students Conference to be held in Knoxville, Tenn.

Messrs. G. B. Pegram and R. B. Crawford have been elected to conduct the High School at Old Trinity. May you have great success, boys, and send us many boys to educate.

Mr. Alexander Graham addressed the Historical Society on the evening of the 4th, on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. This subject is dear to the heart of every North Carolinian, and was presented by Mr. Graham in a manner worthy of himself.

President Kilgo will preach the baccalaureate sermon at the Graded School Commencement.

The old vandal spirit occasionally asserts itself among the boys. Its latest manifestation was seen recently in a skirmish between a Junior and Senior on one of the tennis courts. We were very much chagrined that the Senior could fall so far below his dignity.

Prof. Merritt's many friends will be glad to learn that he will renew his connection with the College next year. He will find a hearty welcome among the boys.

Prof. W. I. Cranford will be with us again next session. He has completed his course at Yale and will be prepared to fill the Chair of Philosophy with extraordinary ability. We most heartily welcome him among us.

The famous ex-Governor of Tennessee, "Bob Taylor," lectured in Stokes Hall on the night of the 24th on "The Fiddle and the Bow."



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